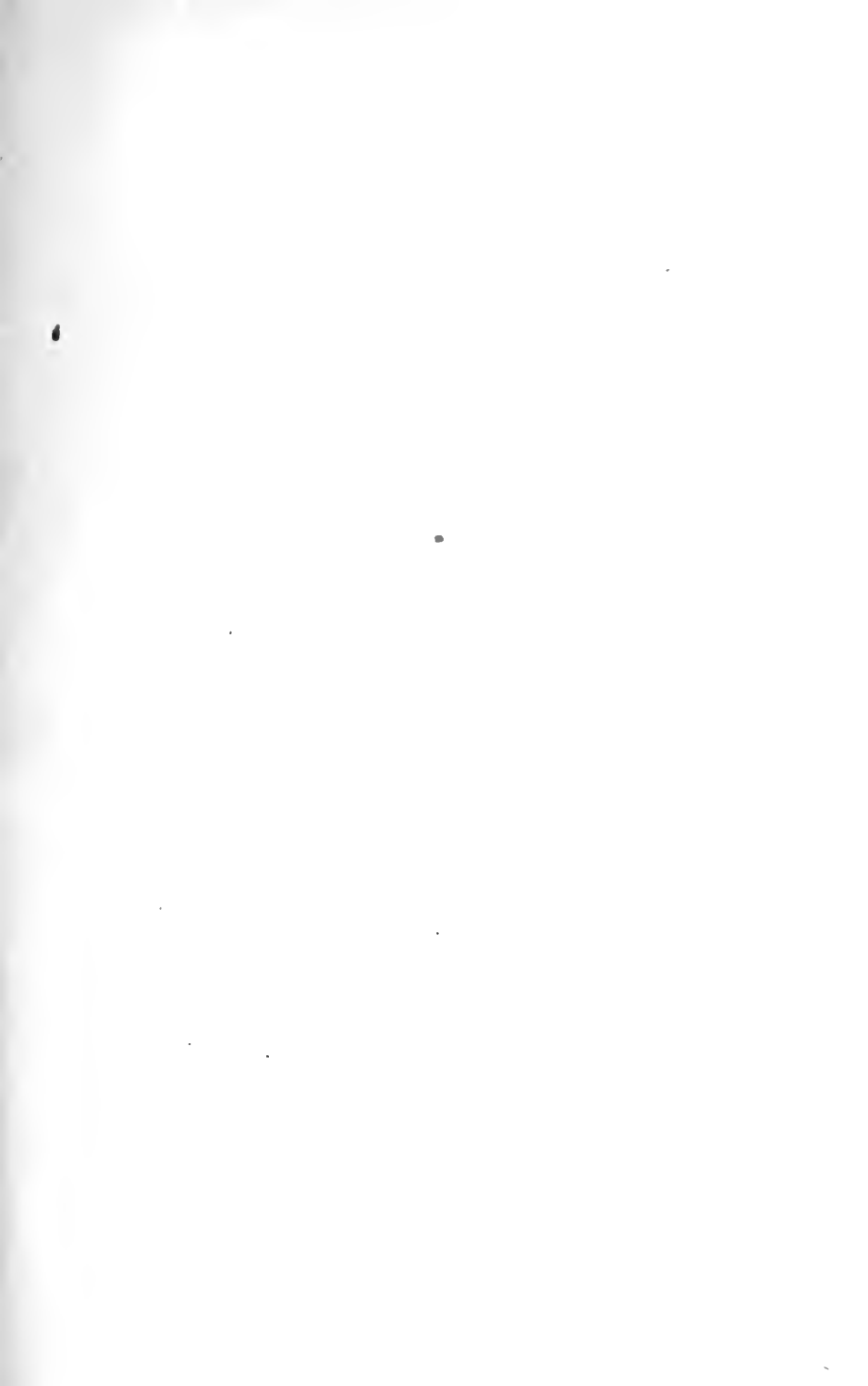
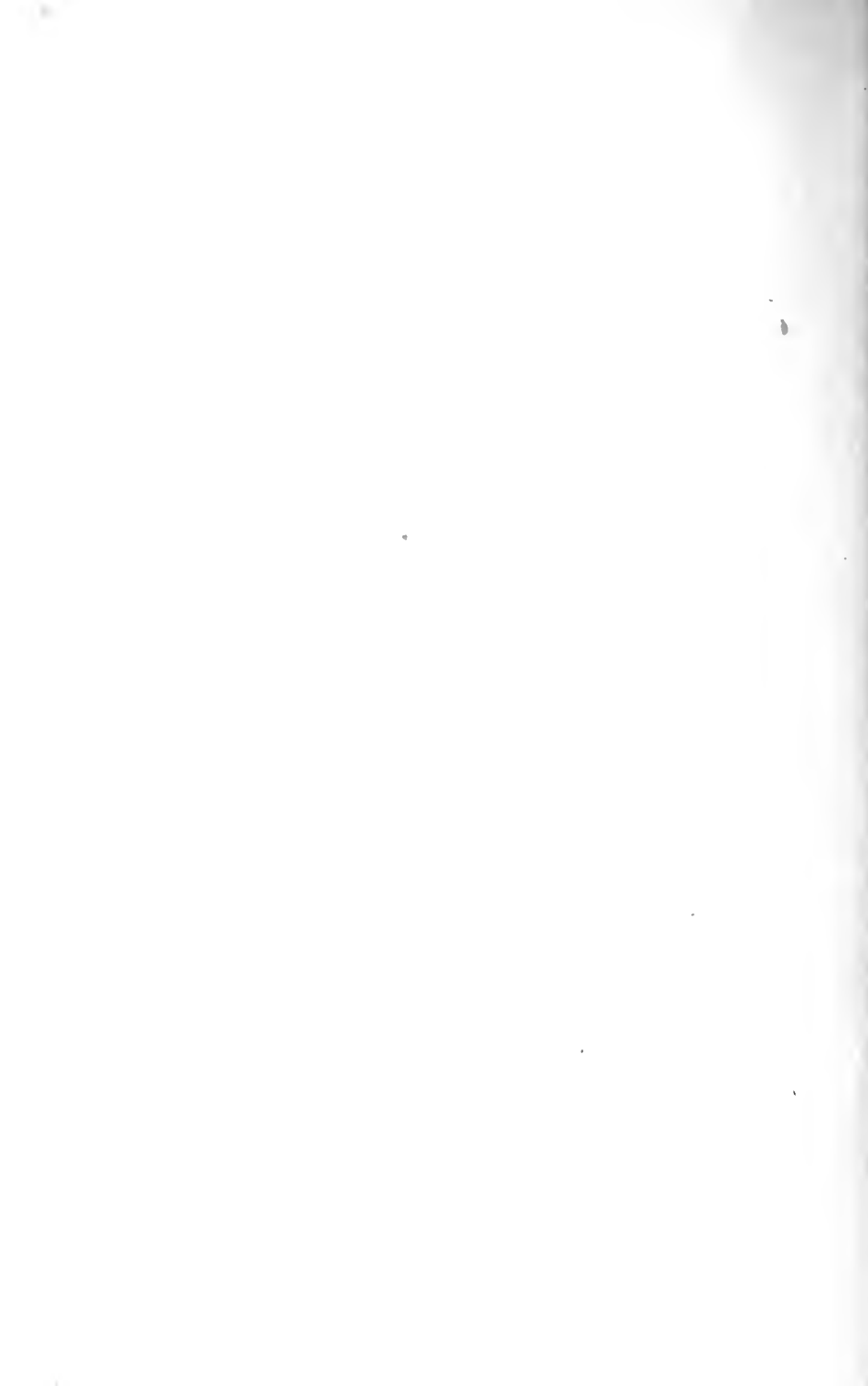
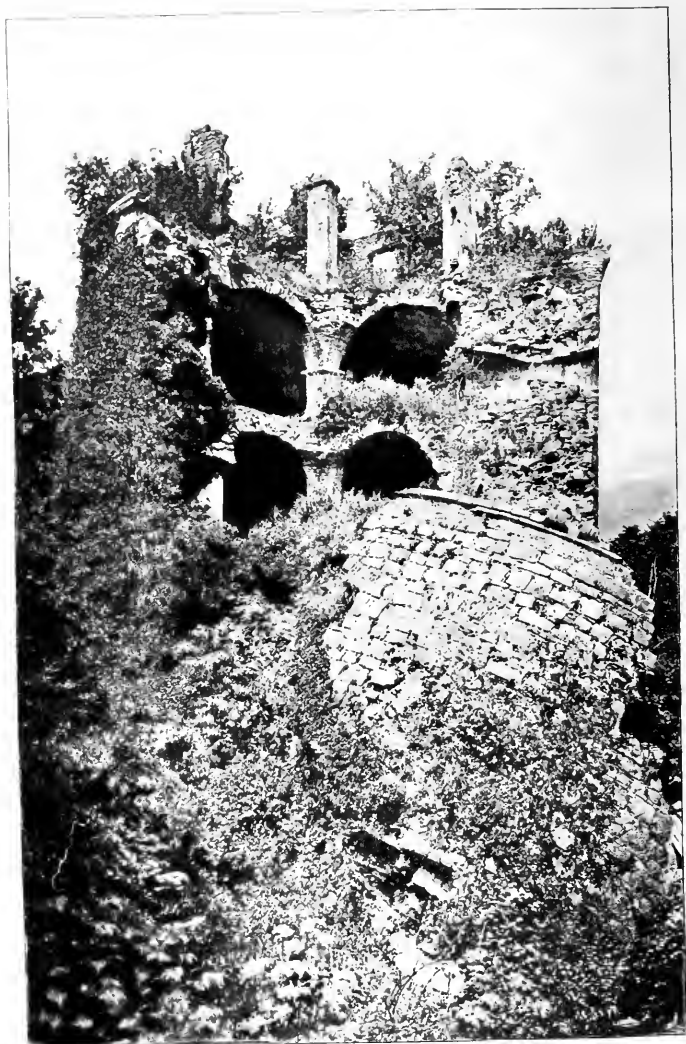


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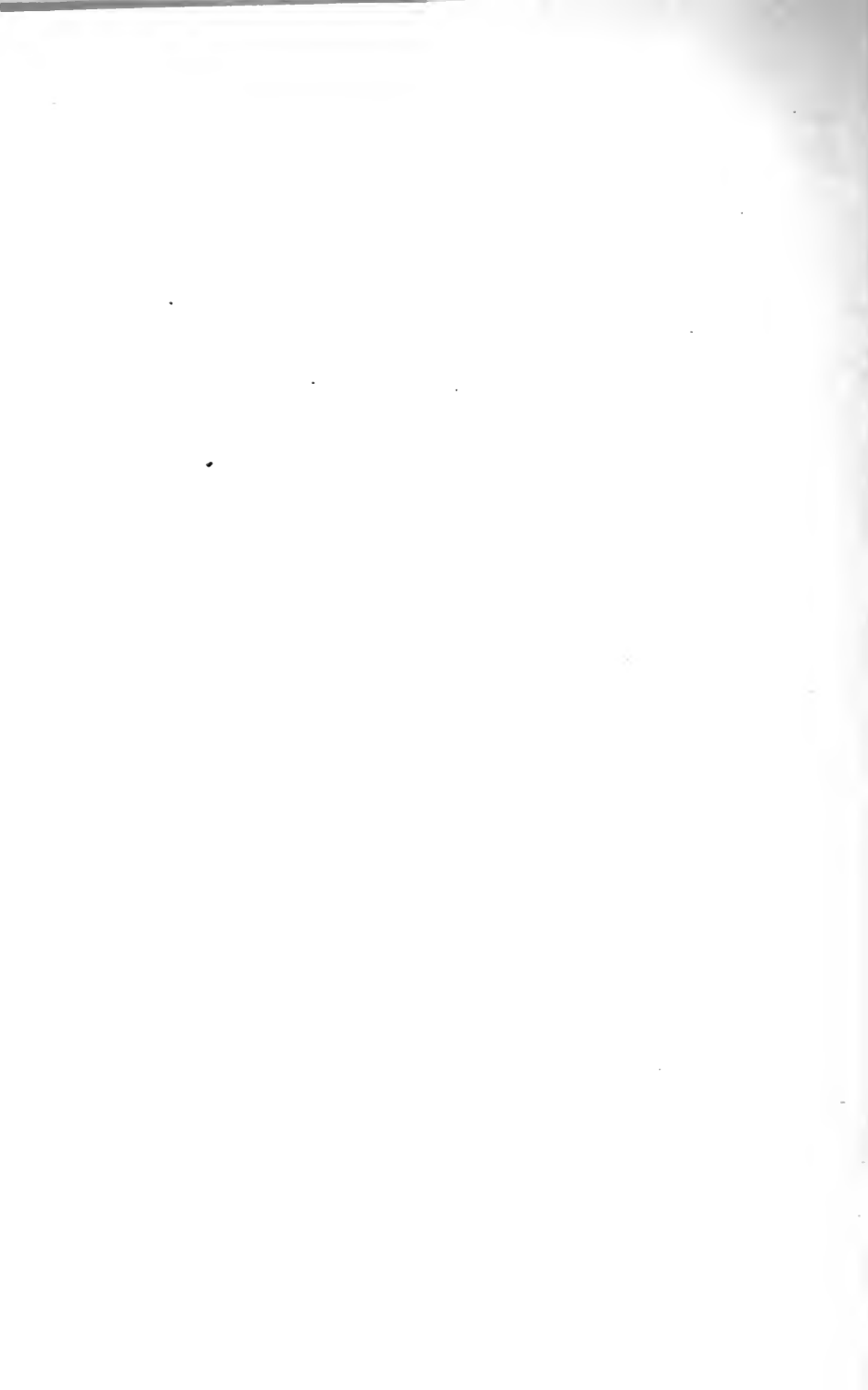






Heidelberg Castle — Blown-up Tower.

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INTERNATIONAL LIMITED EDITION

THE RHINE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

BY VICTOR HUGO



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE RHINE.

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THE RHINE.

CHAPTER I.

WORMS. — MANNHEIM.

The Instability of earthly Grandeur. — Worms. — Past and Present. —
The Cathedral. — Its Neighbour. — Mannheim.

IT is nearly dusk. That indescribable melancholy which takes possession of the heart at the close of day seems to extend over the entire landscape. Which is really sad at such times? Is it nature, or is it ourselves? A white mist rises from the depths of the immense valley of the Vosges; the tall reeds along the river-bank sigh lugubriously; the steamboat struggles on through the water like a big, tired dog; all the weary, drowsy passengers have gone down into the cabin, which is filled with bundles, valises, loaded tables, and sleeping people. The deck is almost deserted. Three German students still linger there, silent and motionless, smoking their pipes, without making a gesture or uttering a word, — three statues; I make a fourth as I stand staring out into space.

“I can see nothing,” I say to myself. “We shall not reach Worms until long after dark. How strange! I had no idea that Worms was so far from Mayence.”

The little steamer suddenly stops.

"Oh, yes," I say to myself, "the water is very shallow here in this valley, and the bed of the river is obstructed with sand-banks. We must be aground."

The captain emerges from the pilot-house. "Well, Captain, this is too bad. We shall not arrive before midnight now."

The captain gazes at me with astonished eyes. "We have arrived," he replies.

I stare at him with equal astonishment.

"We have arrived, Captain?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Arrived where?"

"Why, at Worms."

I exclaim, and gaze wonderingly around me. At Worms? Am I awake or am I dreaming? Is the captain amusing himself at my expense, or have my powers of vision suddenly failed me? At Worms? Where is the magnificent cincture of massive walls flanked with imposing towers which extended to the river-bank and arrogantly used the Rhine as a moat? I see nothing but a broad plain, dotted with tall poplars, a scarcely distinguishable shore, so thickly is it overgrown with rushes, except directly in front of us where there is a stretch of emerald turf where some women are spreading out linen to bleach.

Meanwhile the captain leads me towards the bow of the boat and points out a large, square, hideously ugly new house with green shutters, which I had not noticed before.

“ That is Worms, sir. ”

“ Worms ? that white house ? Why, that is only an inn. ”

“ Yes, it is an inn. You will be very comfortable there. ”

“ But the town ? ”

“ Oh, is it the town you wish to see ? ”

“ Most assuredly. ”

“ You will find that further over on the plain, but you ’ll have to walk. It ’s quite a distance off. Passengers very rarely stop here, and those that do generally content themselves at the inn. But Monsieur is anxious to visit the town ? That is different. As for me, I always pass here late in the evening, or very early in the morning, and I have never seen it. ”

To have been an imperial city ; to have had land-graves and archbishops, four fortresses, fine bridges over the Rhine, three immense monasteries, fourteen churches, and fifty thousand inhabitants ; to have been fourth in importance in that formidable league of one hundred Hanse towns ; to have been one of the most ancient, most romantic and most widely renowned of European cities ; to have had in your wonderful past all of history and fable the past can contain ; to be the city that saw Cæsar vanquished, Attila’s legions pass, and Charlemagne take to himself a wife and consort ; to be the city that witnessed the combat between Siegfried and the dragon in the Garden of Roses, that witnessed that thrilling scene between Kriemhilde and Brunhilde which furnished the material for an epic

poem, and that eloquent and impassioned defence by Luther from the benches of the Diet, which gave to the world a new religion; to be the Borbetomagus of Drusus, the Wonnegau of the poets, the home of the heroes of the Niebelungen, the capital city of the French kings, the judicial court of the emperors,—to be Worms, in short, and have a tobacco-chewing boor say of you: “Oh, Worms is somewhere over yonder. I have never seen it”!

And yet Worms was all I have said. A famous city, as you see. The abode of kings and of emperors, with a population of fifty thousand souls, and with fourteen handsome churches whose names, even, are now forgotten.

I persisted in my intention of landing, however, to the great surprise of my travelling companions, who seemed utterly unable to comprehend such a desire on my part, and a few minutes afterwards the steamer had resumed her course towards Mannheim, leaving me in a small, narrow boat that pitched and tossed in a rather alarming manner in the big waves the steamer left in her track. Nevertheless, I reached land in safety, and I stepped on the little wharf without paying any particular attention to two men who were standing there. One of them, a sort of Hercules, with sleeves rolled up, was puffing away at his pipe with an insolent air, leaning indolently against a big handcart the while. The other, a puny, insignificant-looking creature, was standing beside a small wheelbarrow. His was one of those wan and shrivelled faces that give a beholder very little idea of its owner's age.

Turning to glance at the poor fellow as I set foot on *terra firma*, I failed to notice that my valise, which the boatman had placed on the grass at my feet, had suddenly disappeared; but in an instant, the sound of wheels made me turn my head, and I saw my property being borne swiftly away in the handcart by the man who had a pipe in his mouth. The other man gazed at me sadly, without moving a step, or making a gesture or saying a word, but with an air of wonderful resignation, nevertheless. I darted after my property.

"Here, my friend, where are you going with my valise?" I shouted to the man.

The noise made by his cart, the smoke from his pipe, and perhaps a sense of his own importance as well, prevented him from hearing me, and I was almost out of breath when I overtook him and repeated my question.

"Where am I going?" he asked in French, but without pausing.

"Yes," I replied.

"There, of course," he answered, indicating with a movement of his head the white building, now barely a stone's throw from us.

"And why are you going there, may I ask?"

"Why, that is the hotel."

"But it is n't there that I am going."

He stopped short and gazed at me with an even more amazed and stupefied air than the captain of the steamer, then added with all the arrogance of an inn-keeper who has no rivals and consequently considers himself indispensable:—

"Does Monsieur intend to sleep in the fields?"

I think I succeeded admirably in suppressing any signs of surprise or dismay as I replied, —

"No, I am going on to the city."

"The city?"

"To Worms."

"What! to Worms?"

"Yes, to Worms!"

"Worms?"

"Worms."

"Ah!"

How many emotions a single *ah* can express! I never shall forget this one. In it, there was surprise, anger, indignation, scorn, irony, pity, a profound and perfectly legitimate regret for the loss of my thalers, and in addition, a certain amount of undisguised contempt. "What kind of a man is this? With what contemptible rubbish have I encumbered myself? He insists upon going to Worms! Think of having taken the trouble to build a hotel on the banks of the Rhine for such travellers as this. He certainly ought to have spent at least ten francs of French money at my establishment. He owes that much to me. He's no better than a thief. And to think that I troubled myself to pick up his luggage, — this shabby old valise! A nice traveller to have no baggage but a valise! I wonder what old rags he has in it? It is very evident that this Frenchman has n't any money. He would probably have gone away without paying his bill. What scoundrels one encounters nowadays! I wonder if I ought n't

to take him before the marshal. But I may as well take pity on him, I suppose, and let him go where he pleases, — to Worms or to the devil, as the case may be.”

That single *ah!* expressed all this. How many long speeches are utterly devoid of meaning! How truly eloquent a monosyllable may be!

He seized my valise and threw it on the ground, then proceeded majestically on his way. I ventured a remonstrance.

“You are going off like this!” I exclaimed. “Confound you! I think you might at least take the trouble to put my valise back where you took it from.”

But he continued to move serenely on. “Come back here, you rascal!” I shouted.

But he had ceased to understand my language, and proceeded on his way, whistling as he went.

There was nothing for me to do but make the best of it. True, I might have run after him and dragged him back by main strength; but what could one do with such a boor as that, except knock him down? And when I compared myself with him, I shrewdly suspected that he was not likely to be the man that would measure his length on mother earth. Nature, who is no lover of equality in her works, had instituted no equality between this Teuton and me. Here, in the twilight, in the open air, upon the public highway, I was the inferior, he the superior, man of the two. Consequently, I resigned myself to my fate, picked up my valise, and turned my face eastward.

It was quite dark now. The sky was overcast, and

the only object I could clearly discern was the house upon which I had just turned my back ; the only sound, the soft murmur of the Rhine.

" Worms is over there," the captain had said, pointing across the plain, but that was all the information he had vouchsafed. Was it two rods off or two leagues? Worms, the city of legends, the city I had come so far to see, began to impress me as being one of those fairy cities that recede in proportion as the traveller advances.

The ominous and ironical words of the proprietor of the handcart recurred to my mind : " Does Monsieur intend to sleep in the fields?" and I fancied I could hear all the gnomes and elves and familiar spirits of the Rhine repeat the words with mocking laughter.

To sleep in the fields would be hard indeed. Should I retrace my steps, ask for hospitality at the inn I had disdained, encounter another *ah !* from the owner of the handcart, who very possibly would shut the door in my face to the mischievous delight of the listening gnomes and satyrs. Such humiliation was not to be thought of. Far better sleep in the open air, or even tramp all night, if need be.

After having thus taken counsel with myself, I decided to return to the landing. There I should probably find a path that would take me to Worms.

The moon was just appearing above the horizon, and I addressed a mental invocation to the goddess made up of quotations from all the poets who have prated of the moon, from the time of Virgil up to Lemierre. I called her *pale wanderer*, and *queen of night* ; I begged her to

guide me on my lonely way, then, valise in hand, turned my steps resolutely in the direction of the Rhine.

I had proceeded only a short distance when a slight sound aroused me from my reverie. I looked up and saw distinctly a few steps from me, beside an old willow, a haggard, livid face, — a spectre, — who seemed to survey me with a frightened air.

The spectre was pushing a wheelbarrow, and another glance satisfied me that it was the pale-faced, puny man who had witnessed my landing upon these inhospitable shores.

He retreated a step or two on perceiving me, and seemed so much alarmed that I thought it advisable to reassure him as soon as possible.

“Our meeting was evidently foreordained, my friend,” I remarked in my most affable manner. “I have a valise that I find much too heavily laden just now, and you have an empty wheelbarrow. What would you say if I put my valise in your wheelbarrow, eh?”

On the west bank of the Rhine everybody speaks and understands French, — even phantoms.

“Where is Monsieur going?” the apparition asked.

“I am going to Worms.”

“To Worms?”

“To Worms.”

“Then Monsieur will perhaps stop at the Golden Pheasant.”

“Very possibly.”

“And Monsieur is really going to Worms?”

"Yes, to Worms."

"Oh!" exclaimed the man with the wheelbarrow. This *oh!* was the exact opposite of the handcart-man's *ah!* It expressed astonishment mingled with joy, gratified pride, ecstasy, tenderness, love, admiration for me personally, and a sincere enthusiasm for my pfennigs and kreutzers.

This *oh!* meant, "What a wise and discerning traveller! This gentleman is going to Worms! He intends to put up at the Pheasant. He will spend at least three thalers at my inn, and give me a generous *pour boire* besides. He is a generous gentleman, and a remarkably intelligent one, unquestionably. He is going to Worms. He has the rare good sense to visit Worms. Welcome, illustrious stranger, to our town, where there are three inns ever in readiness for the single traveller who honours us with a visit about every three years! This noble stranger is coming to Worms, coming plainly and unostentatiously with his cap on his head, and his valise in his hand. He comes without pomp or any striving after effect! How noble, how commendable! What a truly great nation the French nation is! *Vive l'Empereur!*"

After this monosyllabic monologue, he picked up my valise and placed it in his wheelbarrow, regarding me all the while with an expression of ineffable contentment on his features and then took up his line of march, saying to me in a gentle, almost caressing voice: "This way, sir."

Happiness has made him garrulous, and he talks inces-

santly as we plod along. The poor devil comes to the wharf every day to wait for travellers. Most of the time, the steamer passes without stopping, and with scarcely a person on deck to catch a glimpse of the melancholy silhouette the four towers of Worms make against the distant horizon, brilliantly tinted with the last rays of the setting sun. But sometimes the steamer stops; the boatman rows out from the wharf in response to a signal, and returns with one, two, or three passengers, as the case may be. Once there were even six of them! What a wonderful godsend! The new arrivals land with that bewildered, astonished air that fills a landlord's heart with joy, but alas! the hotel-keeper on the river-bank gobbles them up forthwith. Who ever thinks of going to Worms? Who even knows that there is such a place? So the poor fellow sees the big handcart move off groaning under the weight of a huge pile of trunks and valises, and then this sad-eyed philosopher trundles his empty barrow homeward by the light of the stars. These continual disappointments have reduced him almost to a skeleton, but a sense of duty still brings him to this lonely landing every day only to see the waters of the Rhine flow derisively by with their living freight or the neighbouring hotel greedily seize upon each traveller that drifts ashore. He has ceased to rebel against fate; he wages no warfare against it; he says never a word; he only trundles his little barrow homeward resignedly. True, that protests, as much as a small wheelbarrow can protest against a big handcart.

On our way across valley, dale, and moor, we came

to a small arm of the Rhine, which we crossed with the aid of a shapeless, incongruous collection of beams and piles surmounted by a dilapidated covered platform with openings on the sides, — the remains after the lapse of two centuries of the handsome covered bridge terminating in an imposing tower, built by Maximilian I. The moon had dispersed the clouds, and the magnificent outlines of the cathedral with its towers and turrets and buttresses stood out in bold relief against the sky, an immense mass that reminded one of a huge vessel anchored in the midst of the stars.

Another and much broader arm of the Rhine was still to be crossed. We turned to the left, so I conclude that the handsome stone bridge leading to the fortified gateway near Frauenbruder is no longer in existence. A few minutes' walk through luxuriant verdure brought us to a rickety old structure, probably constructed on the site of the old wooden bridge of the Porte Saint-Mang. This bridge crossed, I could partially trace the course followed by the old city wall, — that magnificent wall crowned with eighteen massive towers on the side overlooking the Rhine alone. Alas! what remains of it now? Here and there one sees the base of a ruined tower transformed into an humble dwelling, with white curtains at the windows, and green shutters and trellises instead of battlements and machicolations; the rest is little more than shapeless piles of stone overgrown with ivy. I fancied that a huge mass of stone at the eastern extremity of the wall was the Nideck Tower; but though I strained my eyes to the uttermost, I failed to

discern near this poor Nideck Tower either the tall sharp spire of the minster or the handsome low tower of the Church of Saint Cecilia. As for the Frauenthurm, the square tower nearest the Nideck Tower, that seems to have given place to a vegetable garden.

The Worms of years gone by was already asleep. Darkness and silence reigned everywhere; an old woman, gathering herbs by moonlight near the pathway which traversed the fields of tobacco and beets that environ the city, was the only living being we saw.

We entered the city: no chain creaked, no drawbridge fell, no portcullis rose. We entered this old feudal stronghold of landgraves and reigning bishops through what had once been a fortified gateway, but was now merely a gap in a tumble-down wall. Two tall poplars stood on the right of it, a huge pile of manure on the left, for many of these old *châteaux* are now inhabited by humble farmers.

We turn to the right, my companion whistling cheerily, I musing deeply. We follow the inner line of a ruined wall some time, then enter a perfect labyrinth of deserted streets. The somnolent aspect of the city undergoes no change however. It seems more like a graveyard than a town. No light is visible in a window; not a single pedestrian is on the street, and yet, it is only eight o'clock in the evening.

At last we reach a large square, the termination, as nearly as I can judge in the moonlight, of a long, broad street. One side of the square is occupied by the ruins, or rather by the ghost, of an ancient church.

"What church is that?" I inquire of my guide, who has paused to take breath.

He responds by that eloquent shrug of the shoulders that so plainly signifies, "How on earth should I know? I have n't the slightest idea."

But the church, unlike the town, is neither silent nor deserted; a mysterious sound issues from it, and rays of light steal through the closed door. I walk up to the door. And such a door as it is! Imagine a few rough planks held together by still rougher cross-pieces secured by heavy iron bolts, barricading with plebeian insolence a magnificent fourteenth century portal.

I peered through the cracks and caught a confused glimpse of big piles of barrel-staves, iron hoops, empty barrels, and superb archivolts of the time of Charles IV., but dimly visible in the shadow. At the farther end of the building a man with a leather apron and sleeves rolled up was hammering lustily away on a big hog-head by the light of a tallow-candle placed on a mass of stone which must once have been the main altar.

What church could this be? Above the main entrance was a massive tower which should have been surmounted by a lofty spire. We had left the four towers of the cathedral a short distance behind us on our left. A little way ahead of us, I perceived an apse which must belong to the Church of the Prédicateurs. True, I did not see the two low towers of Saint Paul, on the left, but we were not penetrated sufficiently far into the town nor near enough the Porte Saint Martin for this to be the

Church of Saint Lambert; besides, I did not see the slender spire of Saint Sextus, which should have been on the right, nor the taller spire of Saint Martin, which should have been on the left, so I conclude that this must be the Church of Saint Rupert.

This question settled to my satisfaction, I resume my examination of the dilapidated interior of this venerable edifice,—this dim candle flickering where jewelled lamps had shone brightly down upon gorgeous coronation scenes; this leather apron flaunting itself where the imperial purple had so often proudly floated; this solitary cooper, pursuing his craft on the very steps of the sacred altar. The illustrious past of this famous church rose before my mental vision. This same nave of Saint Rupert's had witnessed the imposing entrance of more than one pope and emperor,—sometimes of both together, under the same dais, the pope on the right, riding his white mule, the emperor on the left, mounted on his jet black steed; clarions and pipes sounding, banners floating gaily in the breeze; a long line of princes and cardinals in advance of the pope and the emperor; the Marquis of Montferrat bearing the sword, the Duke of Urbino bearing the sceptre, the Count Palatine carrying the sphere, and the Duke of Savoy the crown.

Alas! alas! what a change!

‡ A quarter of an hour later I was comfortably established at the Golden Pheasant, where an excellent supper was served for me in a large room where the furniture consisted of a long table and two men deeply engrossed in their pipes. Unfortunately the room was very dimly

lighted, and the effect, consequently, was rather depressing. On entering, I could scarcely discern the one solitary candle, so dense was the haze; for these two men made more smoke than a dozen heroes.

Just as I began my supper, another guest entered. He was not a smoker, but a talker. He spoke French with a very peculiar accent; in fact, it would have been quite impossible for a person to decide whether he was a German, an Italian, or an Englishman. He was a man probably about fifty years of age, — though he looked much older, — endowed with all the conceit and assurance of a narrow mind, but with considerable pretensions to good looks, too much cravat, and an inordinate amount of shirt-collar.

He began a conversation with me, and sustained it in a most remarkable manner, the two Germans smoking and I eating all the while.

“Monsieur is from France, — a fine country, a noble country! Classic soil, a land of taste and culture! The home of Racine! I am no admirer of your Bonaparte, however. The emperor spoiled the general for me; for I am a Republican, sir, and I do not hesitate to say that your Napoleon is not the great man he pretends to be. But what masterpieces Racine’s tragedies are! They are the real glory of France. Racine is not appreciated here in Germany, — it is a barbarous country. The people here are almost as fond of Napoleon as they are in France.”

As I finished my partridge at the same instant he finished his sentence, I replied by turning to the waiter and saying, “Another plate, please.”

This response seemed perfectly satisfactory however, for he continued: "Monsieur did well to come to Worms. One makes a great mistake if he neglects to visit Worms. Are you aware, sir, that Worms ranks as the fourth town in the grand-duchy of Hesse; that Worms is the capital of the canton; that Worms possesses a permanent garrison, sir, and a gymnasium, sir? We raise large quantities of tobacco, here, sir, and a good deal of wheat and wine and oil. In the Lutheran church there is a fine fresco by Seekatz, done in 1710 or 12. You must see it, sir. Worms has some very fine roads, sir, especially the new road to Mayence by way of Hessloch, and the Mont Tonnerre road through the valley of the Zell. The old Roman road along the bank of the Rhine is only a curiosity now. As for me, sir,—is it with you as it is with me, I wonder? —I am not fond of curiosities. Long as I have lived in Worms, I have never yet set eyes on their famous Rosengarten where their Siegfried is said to have killed the dragon. Did any one ever hear such beastly nonsense? Who would ever have the patience to listen to these old women's stories after reading Voltaire? As if such a person as Siegfried ever existed! And did you ever see a dragon in your life, sir? Was Cuvier, the learned Cuvier, a believer in dragons? Is it within the limits of human possibility that any beast could belch fire from its throat and nostrils? Fire is a great destroyer, sir; it would reduce the unfortunate animal to ashes in less than no time, sir. Don't you think so, sir? Certainly no person of intelligence can believe

such trash! And their Luther-tree that you pass in going to Alzey by way of the Pfalzerstrasse, the old palatine road, — Luther, what do I care about Luther? A follower of Voltaire can feel naught save contempt for a Lutheran. And as for their church of Our Lady just outside the Mayence gate, with its portal representing the five wise and the five foolish virgins, that is worthy of respect only on account of its vineyard, which yields the famous Liebfrauen-milch wine. Try it, sir; they have some here at the inn. Ah, you Frenchmen are a nation of *bon vivants*. And try some of the Katterloch and the Luginsland wines while you are here. Upon my word, it is well worth one's while to come to Worms merely to get a taste of these three wines."

He paused to take breath, and one of the smokers took advantage of the pause to remark to his neighbour: "Yes, my good friend, my inventory at the end of the year always runs up into the thousands." This was doubtless said in answer to some question that the other smoker had asked prior to my entrance; for two smokers, especially German smokers, are likely to let the conversation drag. Their pipes engross most of their attention; the conversation must stumble along through the smoke as best it can.

The smoke served me a good turn, however; for having finished my supper, I managed to make my escape unobserved, leaving my loquacious friend to contend with the smokers.

I was shown to a chilly but rather pretty and exceedingly neat room, with white curtains at the windows,

and white napkins on the bed. You understand why I say napkins, perhaps. Such things as real sheets are never seen on the banks of the Rhine; and as the beds are very broad, the effect is certainly one of the most absurd things imaginable. The persons who manufactured the mattresses intended them for giants; the persons who made the sheets expected to entertain pygmies. It gives one an opportunity to display his philosophy. The humble traveller must needs accept the weather God bestows and the bed his host provides.

My room is furnished in a rather haphazard manner, as is not unfrequently the case in inns. There are some travellers who carry off everything they can lay their hands on, and others who are in the habit of forgetting their belongings, and the result of this ebb and flow is generally apparent in hotel chambers. For instance, a long wooden trunk, evidently left by some guest, has been converted into a couch with the aid of a cover and a couple of cushions, and now occupies the space between the two windows of my room. On one side of the chimney hangs a small bronze barometer; on the other side there is nothing left but the nail from which its companion once depended, — a portable thermometer, probably appropriated by some unscrupulous traveller. On the mantel, between two bouquets of artificial flowers in glass cases, there is an antique vase, probably found in some excavation in the suburbs, — a sort of tankard, similar to those found near Sologne on the banks of the Sauldre.

Over the head of the bed, in a black frame, hangs one

of those romantic engravings of the Empire style, with which our Rue Saint Jacques has been flooding Europe for forty years. Below the picture is this inscription, which I copy verbatim: "BIANCA AND HER LOVER FLEEING TOWARDS FLORENCE, ACROSS THE APENINS." The fear of being pursued has caused them to select an unfrequented route, where they lose their way several times. Bianca's feet being cut and torn by stones and briars, she makes herself some shoes out of leaves and rushes.

The next day I take a walk through the town. You Parisians are so accustomed to seeing a city in a state of perpetual change that you cease to pay any heed to it. A continual growth of wood and stone is going on around you. The city grows as a forest grows. The foundations of your dwellings are not foundations but roots, living roots, through which sap courses exuberantly. The little house becomes a big house as naturally as a young oak becomes a mighty tree. You hear the sound of the saw and hammer day and night. You are absent a couple of months. When you return, everything is changed. In front of your door, where there was a garden, there is now a street, — a new but completely finished street, with buildings eight stories high, crowded from cellar to garret. You do not rub your eyes. You do not declare it a miracle. You do not imagine that you must be dreaming. No, you do not even consider it anything marvellous. They have opened a new street in your absence, that is all. Only one thing astonishes you: your neighbour opposite

had leased the property for a term of years. How was it managed? Another neighbour explains. The gentleman paid a yearly rent of fifteen hundred francs; he was offered a hundred thousand francs to move away, and he went. Where will this growth end? Paris has already overflowed five different fortified walls; you are now talking of making a sixth. Every year, every day, every hour, by a sort of slow but irresistible infiltration, the city flows into the faubourgs; and the faubourgs become towns, and, eventually, a part of the great city itself. And you do not marvel in the least. The population is increasing, and of course the city must grow correspondingly. But you inhabitants of thriving, bustling Paris, which is fast becoming one of the largest cities of the world, quite forget that there are cities that are diminishing in size, and slowly but surely dying.

Worms is one of these cities. Alas! Rome is the foremost of all. Rome which Paris so strongly resembles! Rome which was the Paris of the pagan world.

A dying city! what a solemn and melancholy thing it is! Street after street becomes a thing of the past. Where a long row of houses once stood, there is only a bit of wall here and there or an occasional pile of rubbish. Grass replaces the pavement. Life slowly retreats towards the centre of the town, towards the heart, as in the case of a dying man. It is always the extremities that die first, — the limbs in the case of a man, the faubourgs in the case of a city. The churches fall into a state of decay and finally crumble into dust, — not for want of faith, as in our industrial enterprises, but for

want of worshippers. Some portions of the town become well-nigh deserted ; in others, the passer-by is filled with astonishment as he notes the almost uncivilized nature of the people that have taken up their abode there. It is no longer the city overflowing into the country ; it is the country regaining possession of the city. A church is converted into a stable, the palace degenerates into a farmhouse, the tower into a dove-cot, the house into a hovel, the store into a booth, the citizen into a peasant. The city is dead ! Solitude, *ennui*, discouragement, dust, and ruin confront one on every side. Over the deserted squares, over the few gloomy pedestrians, over the long lines of crumbling walls, over the silent, dingy houses, the thoughtful eye sees the long, melancholy shadows of approaching night slowly creeping.

In spite of all this, or rather by reason of all this, Worms, nestled between the Vosges and the Taunus mountains is a beautiful, curious, and interesting city.

I tried in vain to find any trace of that portion of the town that once lay between St. Martin's Gate and the Rhine. That suburb is no longer in existence. Nor could I find any trace of the New Tower, which with its tall spire and eight massive turrets formed the termination of the east wall of the city ; nor is there a single stone left of the magnificent Mamzer Tower which stood near the New Tower, and which with its two tall belfrys, seen from the Rhine, strongly resembled a church, but seen from the plain, with its ponderous towers, looked like a mighty fortress.

The little church of Saint Amandus, too, has disap-

peared; and as for the Liebfrauenkirche (Church of Our Lady), once so closely hemmed in by roofs and houses, it stands alone to-day in the midst of the fields. In front of the handsome portal embellished with the five wise and the five foolish virgins, some young girls as beautiful as the wise virgins and as gay as the foolish ones were spreading linen washed in the Rhine upon the grass to dry. Several old men were sitting between the buttresses of the nave, warming themselves in the sun. "Aprici senes," says Perses; "Solibus apti," says Horace.

As I was wandering about the streets, one of the fashionable young men of the town quite dazzled me. This courageous young man was attired in a small, low-crowned rough beaver hat and wide trousers which reached barely to his ankles. As if to atone for this, his stiff shirt-collar reached to the middle of his ears, and his coat-collar nearly covered the back of his head. Judging from the gentleman's complacent manner, this garb must be considered the height of elegance in Worms. I recollect that it was the costume worn by men of fashion under the Restoration. I am wont to attach no little importance to trifles. It is a favourite theory of mine that even the veriest trifle connected with a man helps to reveal his real character, and the nature of his surroundings, so I study a person's clothing as I study an edifice. This exquisite of Worms, this living anachronism, reminded me of the marvellous improvement that has been made in dress in France, and consequently throughout Europe, during the last twenty

years, thanks to the powerful influence exerted by women, poets, and artists. Feminine attire, so grotesquely ugly under the Empire, has become charming; and even the attire of the lords of creation has greatly improved. Hat-crowns have become taller, and hat-brims broader. Coat-collars have been lowered, and coatskirts lengthened; the vest has been opened and lowered, so, too, has the shirt-collar. This is all very well, but there is still room for improvement. We by no means equal the exquisites of Louis XIII.'s, or even Louis XV.'s, time in grace and invention. We still have many gigantic strides to make before we attain to the truly beautiful and artistic; and our chance of reaching the goal is the more doubtful from the fact that fashion, capricious goddess that she is, flits now forward, now backward, as the whim seizes her. To spoil everything, it is only necessary for some rich young simpleton to suddenly return from London, and another era of tiny hats, towering coat-collars, mutton-leg sleeves, high cravats, short waistcoats, and short trousers will be inaugurated, and the exquisite of Worms become the exquisite of Paris again. *Di, talem avertite vestem!*

The cathedral at Worms is one of the finest specimens of romanesque architecture on the banks of the Rhine. Its double apsidal necessitate four towers, do away with portals in the façade and permit doors on the side only. The parable of the wise and foolish virgins, which figures on the Liebfrauenkirche, is reproduced here on the south portal of the cathedral.

When one enters the church the impression it creates

is both varied and profound. The brilliant frescos, the old Flemish paintings, the admirably preserved thirteenth century bas-reliefs, the exquisite, though highly ornate Gothic chapels, the tombs in the Renaissance style, the delicate ornamentation at the termination of the double arches, the gorgeously coloured and gilded armorial escutcheons, the intercolumniations peopled with statues of divers kinds, form one of those extraordinary *ensembles* in which every style, every epoch, and every branch of art is simultaneously represented. Here and there large spaces of wall, once painted and ornamented, but now bare, testify to the progress of taste by their so-called simplicity and chasteness, but fortunately the ornamentation of the cathedral at Worms is too lavish for these blemishes to destroy it entirely. One encounters magnificent relics at every step. In the large, low chapel used as a baptistery, I saw several fifteenth century marvels of art, — among them the baptismal font, an immense urn on which there is a representation of Jesus surrounded by his apostles, the apostles infantile in size, Jesus tall as a giant; a number of admirably executed high-reliefs, poems in stone depicting scriptural scenes; and an almost life-size representation of Christ upon the Cross, which cannot fail to excite one's enthusiastic admiration when one notices the wonderful delicacy and perfection with which every detail is brought out without marring the sublimity of the expression.

In a narrow, gloomy space only a few steps from this wonderful edifice, with its prodigious wealth of adorn-

ment, statuary, and metaphors in granite, a poor little Lutheran church, surmounted by a sorry Roman dome, and still further marred by a cold, white, angular, Grecian front, stands sullen and morose, as if in mute though envious protest.

As I peruse the lines I have just written I feel strongly tempted to erase them, for I do not wish to be misunderstood. What I just said is an artist's opinion of two works of art,—nothing more. It is no criticism upon the two religions. Every religion is sacred to me. Catholicism is necessary to society; Protestantism is useful to civilization. Besides, to insult Luther in Worms would be a twofold profanation. It was in Worms that that really great man was most great. No word of irony shall ever fall from my lips with relation to the great thinkers and sages who bravely suffered for what they believed to be the truth, and spent their strength and talents without stint to increase either devout faith or human knowledge. Their work is a blessing to the universe, and profoundly sacred in my eyes. Happy, indeed, are those who love God and who believe in him, whether they make a religion of philosophy like the Catholics, or make a philosophy of their religion like the Protestants.

Mannheim is only a short distance from Worms on the other side of the river. Its principal claim to distinction, in my eyes, is that it was born the same year as Corneille, —1606. A city two hundred years old has scarcely arrived at a state of adolescence. People who mistake the correct for the beautiful, and

the monotonous for the harmonious, of course admire Mannheim. It is extremely tiresome to me. There are thirty streets, and yet there is really only one street; there are a thousand houses, and yet only one house. All the dwellings are exactly alike; all the streets intersect each other at right angles. Neatness, simplicity, regularity, and whitewash reign everywhere.

God has always seemed to me the creator of antitheses, and the greatest he ever made was in placing Mannheim beside Worms. Mannheim is still in its infancy, Worms is dying; the past belongs to Worms, the future to Mannheim. Worms is on the remains of a great Roman highway; Mannheim lies between a steamboat wharf and a railroad. It is hardly necessary to say which I like best. So far as cities are concerned, I infinitely prefer the old ones.

This fact, however, does not prevent me from admiring the beautiful and fertile plain on which Mannheim stands, — a plain about thirty miles in width, lying between the mountains of the Neckar and the hills of Isenach. The first fifteen miles from Heidelberg to Mannheim are traversed by rail, the remaining fifteen between Mannheim and Durckheim in a diligence. Here again, the past and the future clasp hands.

In Mannheim itself, I saw very little worthy of notice save the magnificent trees in the castle park, an excellent hotel, the Palatinate, and a very beautiful rococo fountain of bronze in the public square.

CHAPTER II.

SPEYER.

Its Etymology and History. — The Thoughts inspired by its Cathedral. — 1693–1793. — “Memento Conradi.”

WHAT shall I say of Speyer, as the Germans call it, or Spira, as the Romans called it. In legendary lore it figures under the name of Neomagus; in history, as Augusta Nemetum. It is an illustrious city. Cæsar once encamped there, Drusus fortified it, Tacitus spoke of it, the Huns burned it, Constantine rebuilt it, Julian enlarged it, Dagobert converted its temple of Mercury into the Convent of Saint Germain, Conrad I. made it the capital of the empire, Conrad II. made it the sepulchre of the emperors. All the numerous hordes of men that have devastated or enlightened Europe have passed through Speyer, — in early times, the Vandals and *Alamans* (men of every nationality); in after years, the French. Between the years of 1125 and 1422, Speyer underwent eleven severe sieges; so the old Carlovingian city is only a wreck of its former self. Its privileges have been curtailed, its blood and its population drained nearly dry. It once had the Imperial Chamber, which Wetzlar subsequently inherited; the diet, whose phantom is now seen at Frankfort. It once boasted of over thirty thousand inhabitants; now it has barely eight thousand.

Who remembers good Bishop Rudiger now? Where is the stream that flowed through the ancient town of Spira? What has become of the church of Saint John? What is the condition of the chapel known as the Mount of Olives, — the chapel which the writers of those days describe in such glowing terms? What has become of the massive tower at the gateway of the road leading to Bac? What vestige remains of Saint Vilduberg? Where is the palace in which the Imperial Chamber held its sessions? Where is the building in which, according to an old historical document, the Aulic Council administered justice in the name of his Imperial Majesty and of the electors and other princes of the entire empire established by Charles V.? What trace of this exalted tribunal remains? Nothing, not even the massive stone gibbet in the open field on the banks of the Rhine. The sun alone continues to treat Speyer with the same deference as if she were still the queen of imperial cities. The famous wheat of Speyer is still as fine in quality and rich in colour as in the time of Charles V.; and its excellent red wine is still worthy of being drunk by bishop-princes in scarlet hose, and proud electors in ermine-trimmed hats.

The cathedral, begun by Conrad I., continued by Conrad II. and Henry III., and completed by Henry IV., in 1097, is one of the most superb edifices built in the eleventh century. Conrad I. dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin Mary, — at least, so say the chronicles; and it is a structure of incomparable beauty to-day. It has withstood time, fierce assaults, long sieges, fires, revolutions,

and even the embellishments of the bishop-princes of Speyer and Bruchsal. I visited it, but I shall not attempt to describe it. In this case, as at the Ibach mansion, I can scarcely say that I saw the church itself, so completely was I absorbed in the thoughts and recollections it awakened. Look in the guide-books for a description of the cathedral of Speyer, if you wish; you will get none from me. An emotion more profound and more full of awe than any work of man could arouse, filled my heart as I gazed upon the massive walls of this ancient edifice. I have often had occasion, and probably shall often have occasion hereafter, to show you churches; this time let me show you the power of God.

From 1024 to 1308 the wishes of Conrad II. were faithfully carried out. Of the eighteen emperors who reigned during that time, nine were interred in the crypt under the cathedral of Speyer. Of the other nine, — Lothair II., Frederick Barbarossa, Henry IV., Otho IV., Frederick II., Conrad IV., William, Richard, and Alphonso of Castille, — only two (and they were not Germans) were buried in their native land; Richard in England, Alphonso of Castille in Spain, Lothair in the monastery at Koenigslutter, Otho IV. in Brunswick, William in Middelbourg, Henry VI. and Frederick II. in Palermo, Conrad IV. in Poggio, Barbarossa in the river Cydnus.

Barbarossa, especially the great Barbarossa, where is he? In the Cydnus, says history; in Antioch, say the chronicles; in the Cave of Kiffhoeüser, say the legends

of Wurtemberg; in the grotto of Kaiserslautern, say the legends of the Rhine.

The nine monarchs who reposed beneath the cathedral at Speyer were nearly all great emperors. It was the founder of this cathedral, Conrad II., the contemporary of the great Canute, who framed for his country a constitution that the Republic of Poland adopted centuries afterwards.

Henry IV., who maintained universal peace for three years, preferring to a war between nations the royal duel between monarch and monarch which he proposed to Henry I. of France, also rested there, as well as Henry IV., the conqueror of the Saxons, but who was himself so abjectly conquered by Gregory VII., and Henry V. the ally of Venice, and Conrad III. the friend of Diets, and Philip of Suabia the redoubtable adversary of Innocent III. The exterminator of burgraves, the founder of dynasties, the father of emperors, Rudolph of Hapsburg, too, was there; and so was Adolphus of Nassau, the brave soldier assassinated on the field of battle, as well as his mortal enemy, rival, and murderer, Albert of Austria, who forced the King of Bohemia, crown on head, to wait upon him at table, — a prince as inordinate in his ambition as he was absolute in power, the prince to whom Boniface VIII. so kindly presented the kingdom of France one morning. Really, when one thinks of it, one hardly knows which to admire most, — the pope who had the audacity to offer such a gift, or the emperor who had the audacity to accept it.

Alas! how fleeting did all their glory prove! What a strange similarity there was in the wretched fate that befell many of them!

Albert of Austria, at Gellheim, near Mayence, killed with his own hand his cousin and emperor, Adolphus of Nassau. Ten years afterwards, John of Hapsburg killed his uncle and emperor, Albert of Austria at Vindich on the Reuss. Albert, who was hideously ugly in person and who had for an adviser, according to Boniface VIII., a woman of viper blood, — *sanguine viperali*, — had been surnamed the Regicide; John was surnamed the Parricide.

All these monarchs, good, bad, and indifferent, were reposing side by side, thus concealing diversity of temperament, character, and fate under the mantle of martial glory that belonged to some, and the pomp of empire common to all, in the crypt at Speyer, enshrouded in all the grim majesty of death. Throughout Germany there was a sort of superstitious awe environing the sepulchre of these dead emperors. It was considered a hallowed spot. The people of a nation possess the quarrelsome, rebellious instincts of children, and entertain a natural hatred of existing authority simply because it is authority, and because it is existent. "The people of Flanders," said Philippe de Comines, "always love the *son* of their ruler, but never their ruler." The Bishop of Olmutz wrote to Gregory X., "Volunt imperatorem, sed potentiam abhorrent." But as soon as the power has fallen, they love it; when it has been overthrown, they admire it; when it is dead, they respect it. Consequently,

there was no more august and sacred spot in Germany, or in all Europe, than these nine imperial graves, covered,—as with a triple pall,—with silence, gloom, and veneration.

Who broke this silence? Who disturbed this gloom? Who profaned this venerated spot? Listen.

In 1693, Louis XIV. suddenly despatched into the Palatinate, an army commanded by Marshal Boufflers, the Duke of Lorges, and Marshal Choiseul; Lieutenant-Generals Marquis of Chamilly, Marquis of Feuillée, Marquis of Uxelles, Lord Mountcassel, Marquis of Revel, and Marquis of Villars.

Civilization was beginning to conceal barbarism, but the coating was still very thin.

The army of the great king entered Speyer. They found everything closed,—houses, churches, and tombs. The soldiers burst open the doors of the private dwellings; they battered down the doors of the churches; they dragged the dead from their graves.

They desecrated the home, they desecrated religion, they desecrated death itself.

The first two are ordinary crimes. War, even in these enlightened days which we admire so much, accustoms men to them. The last was a monstrous act.

Death was not only thus grossly outraged, but with death, imperial majesty,—a thing that had never been done before; and with imperial majesty, the history of a great nation, the entire past of a great empire. The soldiers ransacked the graves, tore off the winding sheets, stole from the dead emperors their golden scept-

tres, their jewelled crowns, and the signet rings with which they had signed treaties of peace and of war. They sold to the Jews what popes had blessed. They quarrelled and haggled over the imperial rags, — the valuables covered with dust. They carefully picked out all the gold and diamonds and pearls, and when they could find nothing more of value in these sepulchres, when there was nothing left but dust, they swept the bones which had belonged to emperors pell-mell into a hole. Drunken corporals kicked the skulls of these nine Cæsars into one common grave.

That was what Louis XIV. did in 1693. Just one hundred years afterwards, in 1793, this is what God did:—

In France, too, there was a royal sepulchre like the imperial sepulchre in Germany; and one day, one fatal day, when all the barbarism of ten centuries reappeared on the surface of civilization and submerged it, hordes of ragged, hideous, blood-thirsty, horrible men, waging war not against one king, but all kings, not against one church, but all religions, not against one city or government, but the entire past of the human race, forced their way into the ancient resting-place of the kings of France. These men, too, came to break open graves, and insult the dead, and reduce dust to dust. Listen to this. The first body they disturbed, the first king they dragged roughly from his resting-place, as one roughly shakes a valet who has overslept himself, the first purple-robed skeleton they seized and dashed upon the ash heap was Louis XIV.

1693, 1793. Note the grim exactitude of this retaliation of destiny. At the end of a century, which is as but a single hour in the eyes of eternal God, that which Louis XIV. had done to the German emperors at Speyer, God did to him at Saint Denis.

There is another fact well worthy of notice. The founder of the cathedral of Speyer, — one of the first of the old German princes, Conrad II., — before he became Emperor of Germany, was a duke of Rhenish France; so it was a French duke that was thus grossly outraged by a French king. Behold the chastisement!

If Louis XIV., during his German campaigns, had passed through Otterberg, where I was a month ago, he would have seen, as at Speyer, a handsome cathedral also built by Conrad II., — a sight which might perhaps have been of profit to the great king; for over the main portal of the gloomy church he might have read the melancholy warning one still sees there to-day:—

MEMENTO CONRADI.

CHAPTER III.

HEIDELBERG.

A remarkable Inn. — An Enigma carved on the Walls of a Hovel. — Heidenloch. — The four Castles of Neckarsteinach. — The Castle of Heidelberg. — The Great Tun. — Perkeo. — The White Lady. — The Ruins by Moonlight.

I ARRIVED in this town ten days ago, and cannot tear myself away. One should not pass through Heidelberg; one should make a long sojourn here. I might almost say that one should live here. I certainly cannot say as much of Mannheim, — insipid town! I tarried there only long enough to hire a carriage, then fled in hot haste to Heidelberg. Do the same if you ever come this way.

Heidelberg, thickly embowered in magnificent trees, at the entrance to the valley of the Neckar, between two wooded elevations that are higher than hills, but not as high as mountains, has its wonderful ruins, two fifteenth century churches, a remarkable sixteenth century inn with a red façade and gilded statues, called The Knight of Saint George, its ancient towers, its bridge, and, above all, its river, — its clear, picturesque river, abounding in trout and in charming legends, and bristling with rocks; a delightfully romantic stream, where one may feel sure no steamboat will ever penetrate, for by reason of countless sandbars the channel

is a marvellous network of whirlpools and conflicting currents.

I am leading a busy though very unmethodical life here, but I do not waste a minute. I haunt the forest and the library; and in the evening, on my return to my chamber in the inn, I jot down the adventures of the day, like Benvenuto Cellini, on leaves that will fly I know not where.

“Questa mia vita travagliata io scrivo.”

But Benvenuto's record treated of fierce combats with sword and dagger, of thrilling escapes from the Castle of Saint Angelo, of fortified towns, colossal undertakings, desultory wanderings with his two pupils Paul and Ascagne, the attack upon the Hôtel de Nesle and subsequent ejection of its inmates and furniture through the window, and now and then of some *chef d'œuvre*, “*qualehè bell' opera*,” as he himself says, a silver Juno or Jupiter tall as Francis I., or a golden cup in exchange for which the King of France gives the Cardinal of Ferrara an estate yielding an income of seven thousand crowns a year.

My adventures and achievements are of a much more quiet and modest character, and consist chiefly of a solitary stroll along some lonely forest path, the contemplation of a ray of sunshine playing on the moss, a visit to some old church or cathedral, the perusal of some ancient tome in the shade of a venerable tree, or long reveries in some ruin by the riverside. Here in Heidelberg, the life of a thoughtful, quiet man is inex-

pressibly charming; and if the summers lasted a little longer, and I had my loved ones with me, I should never care to leave this delightful spot.

Every morning when I start out I direct my course so I shall have an opportunity to feast my eyes on the quaint old inn previously mentioned. It is certainly a charming edifice. Imagine a building three stories high, with narrow windows, and an immense triangular pediment deeply notched on the sides; two small rectangular watch-towers surmounted with fantastic roofs extend up all three stories of the house and project into the street, and the entire front of red sandstone is covered from top to bottom with graceful arabesques and medallions and gilded statues. When the poetic soul that built this house finished it, he inscribed in letters of gold upon the middle of the front, these devout and humble words: "*Si Jehova non ædificet domum, frustra laborant ædificantes eam.*"

This was in 1595. Twenty-five years later, in 1620, the Thirty Years War began with the battle of Mont Blanc, near Prague, and continued until the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648. During this long Iliad, in which Gustavus Adolphus played the part of Achilles, Heidelberg, four times besieged, taken and retaken, and twice bombarded, was burned in 1635.

Only one house escaped destruction,—the house built in 1595. All the others were destroyed.

After peace was declared, Elector Carl Ludwig, surnamed the German Solomon, returned from England and rebuilt the city. Solomon was succeeded by a Helio-

gabalus in the shape of Count Carl; after his death, Louis XIV. laid claim to the Palatinate, and another war began. In 1689, a man whose name even now serves to strike terror to the hearts of the children of Heidelberg, — Mélac, lieutenant-general of the armies of the King of France, — sacked the city and reduced it to ruins.

But one house escaped, the house erected in 1595. Heidelberg was immediately rebuilt. Four years later, in 1693, the French returned. The soldiers of Louis XIV. desecrated the sepulchre of the emperors at Speyer, and the tombs of the Counts Palatine in Heidelberg. The Marshal of Lorges set fire to each of the four corners of the elector's palace, and all Heidelberg was soon in flames. When the whirlwind of fire and smoke that enveloped the city subsided, one house and but one was seen standing intact in this immense heap of smouldering ruins.

Then, as before, it was the house built in 1595. To-day this building, with its quaint red front, richly embossed with gold, looks as fresh as on the day of its completion. The triumphant inscription which I read every morning as I pass, declaring Jehovah its builder and its preserver, glitters as brightly in the sunlight as it did then. In short, it is the only building worthy of mention in the Heidelberg of to-day. After respectfully saluting this wonderful house, I pass the bridge and begin to ascend the mountain. There I wander about all day, with my eyes fixed on the ground and my hands clasped behind my back, taking the first path that pre-

sents itself, and scarcely knowing where I am. I stretch myself out on the luxurious couches of velvet moss under the ancient oaks. Like a kind-hearted sovereign, I liberate all the flies and butterflies I see ensnared around me, — a trifling act of amnesty which, like all other amnesties, incenses only those who have the victims in their toils. As I rove about in this fashion every day, I am beginning to be recognized and regarded as a friend by the people of the village and the surrounding country. The children who are playing soldiers step aside to let me pass; the wagoner smiles out at me from beneath his high-crowned felt hat adorned with silver braid and artificial roses, the peasants bow gravely and raise their broad-brimmed Henry IV. hats, the young girls and old women bid me a cordial but respectful "good-day." By the way, here as everywhere else, I ask myself whenever I pass through a street or village, how such pretty girls can make such hideously ugly old women.

In this region, so often devastated by feudal, monarchical, and revolutionary wars, many of the humblest cottages have been constructed out of the ruins of superb castles, and the effect is peculiar to say the least. The other day I came upon a cottage, the four walls of which were composed of white-washed clay. There was but one window and one door in the front, but to the right of this door there was a slab of red sandstone, with the crowned lion of Bavaria, holding the globe and sceptre, carved upon it. On one side of the window is another red sandstone slab, with a *bas-relief* representing a

clinchéd hand resting upon a block and half severed by a hatchet. Above the hatchet this date, half effaced: 16 . . ; below the block another date, 1731; between the two dates the word RENOVATUM. Could anything more grim and mysterious be imagined? The two slabs are inserted in the wall a little below the roof. The lion turns, as if deeply infuriated, towards this half-severed hand. Who could have brought this lion here? What is the real signification of this grim *bas-relief*? What crime is depicted here? How strange the chance that led a peasant to complete a hovel with this raging lion and this bleeding hand! A vine, loaded with grapes, wreathes this gloomy enigma.

By assiduous search, I finally discover some letters cut on the upper part of the *bas-relief*, and after pushing aside the leaves and clusters of grapes, I decipher the word BURG-FREYHEIT.

That same day, towards evening,—I had left the town about noon by a path known as the Philosopher's Walk, which leads nobody knows where, as befits a philosopher's walk,—I found myself in a small valley; and after exploring it leisurely for awhile, I set to work climbing the side of a steep hill by one of those old paths one often finds in this region,—staircases paved with stone, one might truly call them.

Twilight was slowly settling down upon the valley behind me, and as I turned when about midway up the ascent I beheld one of those weird, evening landscapes in which the mountains that border the horizon remind one of a long procession of immense snails, and the

mist-veiled rivers and streams the silver track they leave behind them.

The ascent was becoming more laborious, the stone stairway seemed to extend on and on indefinitely, but the young chestnuts around me emitted a friendly and hospitable murmur, as if urging the visitor to persevere in his endeavours, so I went on.

Soon the full moon, which rises with a coppery tint in the plains and a golden hue in the mountains, suddenly appeared before me, a welcome friend, for I was beginning to need her aid. At the same time, my shadow began to walk along beside me as if to keep me company. Ten minutes afterwards, I had reached the summit. It was much higher than I had supposed when I gazed up at it from below, — and, by the way, is this not equally true of all great things seen from below, and may not the disparaging opinion ordinary men are wont to express of great men be partially due to this fact?

The sky was cloudless; but not a star was visible, so brilliant was the light of the moon. From the broad summit, covered with a thin growth of heather and pitilessly swept by the wind, the country below looked, not like a landscape, but like a huge, nearly round geographical map similar to that which Christ must have beheld when Satan took him up into a mountain to show him all the kingdoms of the earth. By the way, to make such a proposition to one who knew himself to be God, and whom the tempter knew to be God, — to offer the kingdoms of earth to one who possessed

the kingdom of heaven was an act of stupidity I could never understand on the part of the antedeluvian Voltaire we call the devil.

On the north, the stretch of heath was bordered by a forest. No human habitation was in sight. A profound silence reigned.

Suddenly I perceived, a few paces from the path, near a clump of bushes, a big hole in the ground, towards which I directed my steps.

It was a large, square opening, ten or twelve feet deep, and eight or nine broad. Even in the moonlight I could see that the bottom of it was paved with enormous stone slabs, and that the four sides were composed of substantial masonry, now thickly covered with weeds and moss.

It was only an old cistern perhaps, but the hour, the place, and the moonlight imparted a strange weirdness to this mysterious chamber buried in the ground with only the sky for a roof.

What can it be? Pushing aside the tall weeds and briars with my cane, I seize hold of a young sapling, and leaning over the side of the opening, peer eagerly down into the depths below.

Just then I hear a sad and quavering voice behind me distinctly utter the word "Heidenloch."

Though I know very little German, the meaning of this term is familiar to me. It means the pagans' dungeon.

I turn, but no human being is visible. The soft sighing of the wind is the only sound I hear.

But it seems to me that about thirty yards from me,

between me and the forest, there is a tall clump of shrubbery I had not noticed before.

I tell myself that I must be mistaken, and once more resume my examination of the subterranean chamber.

But the voice becomes audible a second time, and again I hear behind me those three strange syllables: "Heidenloch."

I look around hastily and speak in my turn: "Who is there?" I demand, in a loud voice.

Almost simultaneously, it occurs to me — not without a slight sensation of fear, I admit — that the clump of shrubbery is several yards nearer me than it was before.

"Who is there?" I repeat, and just as I am about to march valiantly up to it, I see it coming straight towards me, and from it resounds for the third time the quavering voice that falters: "Heidenloch."

In these lonely spots, at such a late hour of the night, one is a little inclined to be superstitious; and I must confess that some of the wild legends of the Rhine and Neckar were beginning to recur to my mind when this extraordinary bush suddenly turned, and as the moonlight fell full upon it, I perceived in the centre of the moving mass a little bent old woman, supporting herself by a staff, and almost concealed from sight by a huge pile of fagots that trailed on the ground behind her and waved to and fro above her head in a most fantastic manner. "Heidenloch! Heidenloch!" she repeated, gazing at me with dull grey eyes.

The supposed apparition was merely a poor woman who had gone out to gather wood in the forest, and hav-

ing encountered a stranger and kindly given him this bit of information, was now wending her way homewards, dragging her load of fagots behind her down the giants' stairway.

I rewarded her with a few kreutzers, regarding her with profound wonder the while, for never before had I seen such a tiny creature carry such an immense load of brush.

In return, she gave me a grateful grunt and a frightful grimace, which was doubtless an artless and charming smile fifty years ago; then she turned her back, or rather her load of brush, upon me, and in a few moments had vanished from my sight. Her explanation explained nothing. It was a lugubrious name applied to a lugubrious object, that was all.

I confess that I remained gazing down into the pagans' dungeon a long time, imagining it the empty tomb of some giant, perhaps, or a temple of the Druids, or the reservoir of some ancient convent, or even the site of a demolished gibbet whose grim sides had been sprinkled with human blood or piled high with lifeless bodies.

As I descended the mountain I descried, among the trees on a neighbouring knoll, a ruined tower with which this mysterious excavation was doubtless in some way connected.

The pagans — that is to say, the Sicambrians according to some writers, the Romans according to others — occupy a prominent place in the local traditions in which history and romance are so closely interwoven. At

Lorch there is another Heidenloch; at Winkel on the Rhine, the ancient town of Vinicella, there is a Heidendengasse, or pagans' street; at Wiesbaden, the ancient Visibadum, there is a Heidenmauer, or pagans' wall.

I have not included among these relics an ivy-covered arch on the hill behind Caub, a few miles from Gutenfels, which the peasants call Heidenbrücke, — the pagans' bridge. But it seems very evident to me that it is the remains of a bridge built by the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War. Tradition is not so very far astray, after all. Gustavus Adolphus was really very like Scipio, and his conquests on the Rhine in the seventeenth century constitute the great classical war of that country. The very same strategies Polybius describes in the Punic War, Forlard describes in the Thirty Years' War.

Two miles from Heidelberg there is a beautiful valley where four ancient castles, perched upon as many lofty crags, gaze down like so many vultures upon a poor little village which seems in her terror to have sought a refuge on the summit of a hill whence she has been anxiously watching the threatening attitude of her enemies for six hundred years. The Neckar seems to have espoused the cause of the village, for it surrounds the hill with her arm of steel. Venerable trees, now gorgeous with the hues of autumn, rear their colossal forms everywhere as if eagerly awaiting the beginning of the strife; and the whole scene reminds the beholder not of a landscape, but of an enchanted valley in a fairy tale, and one is in momentary expectation of seeing this village and

these castles, this crowd of Lilliputians, and these four petrified giants, awake to life and engage in mortal combat.

This charming place is called Neckarsteinach.

One of the four castles has been restored, and converted into a gentleman's country-seat; another into a farm-house. The other two, which are completely in ruins and entirely deserted, interested me most, and I have visited them several times.

One of them, which has been known from the thirteenth century as the Schwalben Nest, (the Swallow's Nest), frowns down from the top of an enormous sandstone quarry.

In the time of Rudolph of Hapsburg, it was the abode of a lordly brigand called Bigger the Scourge. The whole valley from Hulbronn to Heidelberg was preyed upon by this vulture.

The Diet summoned him before it, with others of his kind. Bigger did not go.

The emperor issued an edict depriving him of his rank, property, and privileges. Bigger only laughed.

The league of one hundred towns sent their best troops and their best military commander to besiege the Swallow's Nest. By three spirited sorties, the Scourge managed to exterminate his assailants.

Bigger was a man of colossal stature, and struck a blow with the power of a sledge-hammer.

At last the Pope excommunicated him and all his adherents.

When Bigger heard the sentence of excommunication

read outside his castle walls by one of the dignitaries of the Church, he only shrugged his shoulders.

The next morning when he woke he found his fortress deserted. All his men-at-arms had left the castle during the night, and had walled up the places of egress.

One of these men, who had concealed himself on the mountain behind a rock which commanded a view of the fortress, saw Bigger slowly pacing the courtyard with his head bowed upon his breast. He did not once re-enter the castle, but stalked sullenly to and fro until evening; then, just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, the much-dreaded burgrave fell full length on the stone pavement.

He was dead.

His son could lift the ban of excommunication from the family only by engaging in the Crusades and bringing the head of the sultan back from the Holy Land, which achievement figures to-day on the escutcheon of a marble knight who is known as Ulrich Laudschat, the son of Bigger, and who reposes on a tomb in the church at Steinach.

The family is now extinct, but the Swallow's Nest looks as grim and unapproachable as of yore. It is square in form, but the two corners next the valley are covered with round, machiolated towers. A double rampart covered with ivy surrounds it, and the massive structure is built upon the side of a mountain which rises almost perpendicularly out of the Neckar.

I scaled the steep pathway down which boiling oil, burning pitch, and molten lead so often flowed in ages

gone by, and entered the fortress through the postern and gateway which Blicher's henchmen walled up, but which are now huge gaps through which any stranger may pass; and with a nail I scratched these words upon the stone casing of the door: "When the door of the tomb closes upon a family never more to open, the door of the home opens, never more to close."

The interior of the fortress is gloomy in the extreme. The roots of trees have displaced the stone flags against which Blicher's ponderous armour clanged when the burgrave fell dead upon the pavement. The rock is full of springs, and water continues to ooze drop by drop into the crumbling cistern. Flowering strawberry plants peep out from between the big stones in the courtyard, and superb ferns wave in the inaccessible windows of the towers. The main hall, though its roof and ceiling are entirely gone, is still sufficiently adorned with thirteen large windows which overlook the beautiful valley. When I visited it, one of these windows framed a magnificent Claude Lorraine sunset.

The other castle seems to possess neither name nor history, though it must have been an even more formidable fortress than the Swallow's Nest, and is evidently at least two centuries older. The only portions of it that are not entirely in ruins, are a square tower, and part of a round tower which flanked one of the corners of the enclosing wall. I noticed this last tower as I was climbing the mountain, but I had considerable difficulty in finding it again after I entered the ruined fortress. At last, between two big clumps of briars, I

discovered the narrow entrance to a winding passage. I entered it, and soon found myself on a queer sort of landing from which four low, narrow, cell-like rooms radiated, each room ending in a long, narrow, arched window which was really little more than a loophole. The landing might be compared to the foot of an enormous eagle, the four cell-like rooms to the claws. From the middle of this landing, the burgrave could see through the first aperture, on his right, the mountain-side; through the second, directly in front of him, the Swallow's Nest; through the third, the village on the hill; and through the fourth, which was on the left of him, the other two castles of the valley. A massive granite wall separated these four cells, each of which originally contained a ponderous onager.

In springtime, this ruin, transformed into a gigantic bouquet of flowers, must be lovely indeed.

No one seems able to give any reliable information in regard to this fortress, nor does there appear to be any legend connected with it; it cannot even boast of a spectre. The many generations of men who inhabited it, have apparently been buried, one after another, in a bottomless pit from which not even a ghost could make its escape.

As I did not reach the castle until about sunset, it was considerably after dark when I left it. Reader, if you are ever tempted to talk of the silence of the night, pray except the nameless castle at Neckarsteinach. Never before did I hear such a strange medley of sounds. With the coming of twilight, all the grim monsters of

darkness awoke. Hundreds of bats flitted wildly about, the spider tapped upon the wall with his hammer, the frog uttered his dismal croak, and then the strange moans and faint sighs and mysterious noises one heard close by ! Some times wild shrieks resounded through the dismantled and deserted rooms, — screech-owls wailing and shrieking like a soul in distress ; the next moment, one fancies one hears footsteps only a few feet away, and then two fiery eyes suddenly blaze out at you from the middle of a clump of bushes, — it is an owl gazing at you. It became so dark that I was obliged to grope my way out of the ruins ; and it was with a feeling of inexpressible relief that I emerged from the dense growth of shrubbery that enshrouded the ruin and found myself once more under the blue vault of heaven.

On my way back to the town I meet many of the students of the famous university, fine-looking, dignified young men, whose faces already show traces of profound thought. My path lies along the bank of the Neckar. The bell of the Abbey of Neuberg can be heard at intervals, in the distance. The mountains and crags cast long shadows upon the stream, the water gleams brightly in the moonlight, the valley is silent, the river deserted, and the fantastically shaped rocks that project out of the turbulent current look like crocodiles and gigantic frogs which have come to the top of the water to breathe.

While I am on the subject of sunsets, twilights, and moonlight nights, I must describe my expedition of night before last. These grand phases of Nature never

appear exactly the same to me. I feel no less inclined to admire the sky to-day because I saw it yesterday.

Late in the afternoon, I climbed a high hill overlooking the castle, and known as the Little Geisberg. In the twelfth century it was the site of a fortress built by Conrad of Hohenstaufen, brother-in-law of the Emperor Barbarossa. From the ruins of this castle, burned in 1278, at the same time as the town of Heidelberg, the Swedish soldiers constructed a line of intrenchments in 1633, and out of these fortifications erected by Gustavus Adolphus, a peasant has built the wall that encloses his potato-patch.

The valley of the Rhine, viewed from the Little Geisberg, resembles the ocean seen from the cliffs of Bois-Rose. The extent of country visible to the eye is immense, and includes Mannheim, Philippsburg, the tall towers of Speyer, a host of villages and forests, boundless plains, the Rhine, the Neckar with its countless islands, and in the dim distance the Vosges.

To the right, upon the Heiligenberg, — a wooded mountain known two thousand years ago as the Mons Piri, and one thousand years ago as the Mount of Abraham, — there are ruins which tell almost the same story as the ruins of Conrad's fortress upon the Little Geisberg. The Romans erected a temple to Jupiter and a temple to Mercury there; and from the remains of these temples, Clovis, after the battle of Tolbiac in 495, built a palace which became the residence of the Frankish kings. Four hundred years later, under Louis, the German, Theodoch, Abbé of Lorges, constructed a church

from the débris of Clovis's palace. In 1622, the Imperial troops, under command of Tilly, levelled the abbey to the ground and built a formidable line of intrenchments from the material thus secured. To-day, with these same stones which have been in turn a temple to Jupiter, the abode of Frankish kings, and an imperial battery, the peasants of the neighbouring villages now build their cabins.

I seated myself on the summit of the Geisberg, beside a luxuriant clump of wild honeysuckle, and upon a big stone placed there during the Thirty Years' War. The sun had disappeared below the horizon, but the sky was perfectly clear save for a few fleecy clouds that were floating lazily eastwards; and as I sat there, it seemed to me that all the great men and all the phantoms who had peopled this region during the last two thousand years, passed in review before me. Attila, Clovis, Conrad, Barbarossa, Frederick the Victorious, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne. At my feet were the Hohenstaufens in ruin; on my right, the Romans in ruin; beyond, perched upon the brink of a precipice, were the palatine's strongholds in ruins. Below me, in the town, was an insignificant church built by the Catholics in the fifteenth century, appropriated by the Protestants in the sixteenth century, and now divided by a wall in order that it may be used by both Romanists and Protestants. Grouped around this shabby church, was an insignificant town four times destroyed by fire, three times bombarded, sacked, laid waste, and rebuilt. In former times it was the abode of princes, now it is a university and manu-

factory, a school and workshop, a town of students and workmen. Before me, in the distance, I beheld pearly streams, a sapphire sky, gorgeous clouds tinged with purple, and here and there a glimmering star, while close by me were fragrant flowers, exhilarating, joyous breezes, and vigorous, ever growing, ever moving young trees; and as I involuntarily compared these works of God with those of man, I realized in all their fulness the utter insignificance of man and the infinite greatness of God.

The plain which one views from the summit of the Geisberg proper, is fully four hundred square miles in extent, and was once an immense lake which laved the base of a huge circle of mountain peaks; Mts. Tonnerre, Taunus, Mélibocus, Pirus, and the Vosges. The Rhine, like another Niagara, flowed from lake to lake, and then on to the ocean. Tradition says that a sorcerer, taken prisoner by some king, drained the lake in order to secure his freedom; but the captive magician was really the River Rhine, which wore away the eastern confines of the lake so it might widen out and fill the entire space between the double chain of extinct volcanoes that begins with the Taunus and ends with Sept Monts. The lake was thus transformed into a plain where generations of men succeeded waves, and castles succeeded rocks.

I have mentioned some of the famous conquerors who have crossed this plain during the last two thousand years. Cæsar was the first, Bonaparte the last.

There are towns over which, at almost periodical

seasons, either by reason of a sort of fatality in the surrounding air or their geographical situation combined with some special political value, the clouds of war are sure to gather.

Heidelberg is one of these towns.

Take its castle for instance (it is quite time I mentioned that; I ought really to have begun with it); through what strange vicissitudes it has passed!

For five hundred years, and ever since it was built, in fact, its attitude has been one of continuous opposition to the dominant powers. This state of things dates from the very laying of the corner-stone in 1300, the Palatinate being at that time composed of Rudolph and the Emperor Ludwig, those two unnatural brothers.

In 1400, Prince Palatine Rupert II., assisted by three electors of the Rhine, deposed the Emperor Wenceslas, and usurped his place. One hundred and twenty years afterwards, in 1519, Frederick II. made Charles I. of Spain, Charles V. of Germany. In 1415, Count Louis le Barbu declared himself the protector of the Council of Constance and imprisoned a pope — John XXIII. — in this same castle of Heidelberg. A century afterwards, Martin Luther took refuge in Mannheim, near this same Heidelberg. In 1619, Frederick V., a young man, seized the royal crown of Bohemia, despite the determined opposition of the emperor; and in 1687, the Count Palatine Philip William, an old man, seized the electoral hat, despite the opposition of the King of France. Then ensued the Thirty Years' War, which won Gustavus Adolphus his warlike fame, and the war of

the Palatinate, the disgrace of Turenne. Three emperors — Louis of Bavaria, Adolph of Nassau, and Leopold of Austria — besieged this castle; Pius II. hurled an edict of excommunication against it, and Louis XIV. hurled his legions against it.

Even Heaven itself seemed to join in the league, for on the 23d of June, 1764, the very day before Charles Theodore was to take up his abode there, the building was struck by lightning, and reduced to its present condition in a few hours. Two hundred years previous to this, the castle built by Conrad upon the little Geisberg, and converted by Frederick II. into a powder magazine, had been struck by lightning and almost entirely destroyed. How strange that the same fate should have befallen these two remarkable castles, — the proud fortress of the Hohenstaufen and the superb palace of the electors.

The intense, though concealed, jealousy of the elector against the emperor is plainly shown in the façade of the Otto-Heinrich's-Bau, which is decorated with medallions of Roman emperors. The artist, with the full approval of the prince, doubtless, omitted Nero from the series and substituted Brutus. In the four lower niches are statues of Joshua, Samson, Hercules, and David, selected as the best known representatives of strength and courage, not of kingly power; for David is portrayed as a shepherd, not as a king. Under each statue is an inscription which still further explains the real feelings of the Palatine. Below the statue of Joshua, one reads, —

“JOSHUA, WITH THE HELP OF GOD,
PUT TO DEATH
ONE AND THIRTY KINGS.”

The record of Samson's achievements reads very much as if he had been a palatine elector.

“SAMSON THE MIGHTY
WAS THE SERVANT OF GOD,
AND RULED OVER ISRAEL
FOR TWENTY YEARS.”

Hercules is really Frederick II., who says, after having twice saved Germany, and defeated the Turks at the head of the army of the German Confederation, —

“I AM HERCULES,
SON OF JUPITER,
KNOWN BY MY MIGHTY WORKS.”

And David, — David, the shepherd, — holding his sling in one hand and the head of the giant in the other, is Frederick the Victorious, who seems to be saying to the Emperor Adolphus, —

“DAVID WAS A
COURAGEOUS AND PRUDENT YOUTH.
HE CUT OFF THE HEAD
OF THE INSOLENT GOLIATH.”

This palatine elector was certainly a mighty and formidable prince. He held the same rank among the elector-dukes as the archbishop of Mayence held among the elector-bishops. He carried the globe at all great ceremonials.

The Counts Palatine prided themselves on being

munificent patrons of literature and art. Rupert I. founded the University of Heidelberg in the fourteenth century; in the seventeenth, Count Palatine Charles received the degree of doctor from the University of Oxford; Otho the Magnanimous was a very fair artist and sculptor; Charles V. picked up Titian's brush; Francis I., as well as Charles IX., was no mean artist and poet.

Thanks to his old instructor, Mathias Kemnat, Frederick the Victorious was also a highly educated prince. This monarch might, indeed, have been the twin brother of Charles the Bold, the brave Duke of Burgundy who prized Frederick's friendship high above kingly honours. He is unquestionably one of the proudest characters in history. He began, it is true, by an act of usurpation; but his country needed a man, not a child. He defended the Palatinate against the emperor, and the archbishop of Mayence against the Pope. He was excommunicated three times; he triumphed over the league of thirteen princes; he lent a helping hand to the Hanse towns; he held all Germany in check; he won the battles of Pfeddersheim and Seckinheim; he waged a relentless warfare against the bandit counts of the Neckar, and finally purged that region of them as Barbarossa and Rudolph of Hapsburg had previously purged the Rhine; and finally, after a life spent in camp, he retires to a cloister to die, — a military career which was to have its counterpart in that of Frederick the Great; a death, in that of Charles V.

Viewed from above, the castle of Heidelberg strongly

resembles the letter F in form, as if fate had decreed that it should form the gigantic initial of the victorious Frederick, its most illustrious inmate.

The vertical line of the F runs parallel with the Neckar and faces the town, which the castle proudly dominates. The longer wing overlooks a beautiful little valley which lies between the castle and the mountains east of it.

Every known style of architecture is represented in these magnificent ruins. There are towers which far surpass those of Pierrefonds, elaborately decorated façades as at Anet, immense moss-covered fountains as at the Villa Pamfili, magnificent fireplaces overgrown with briars as at Meung-sur-Loire. It combines the grandeur of Tancarville with the grace of Chambord and the weirdness of Chillon.

Traces of prolonged sieges and fierce warfare are visible everywhere. You can easily imagine the fury with which the French troops, in particular, ravaged this palace from 1689 to 1693. They renewed the assault three or four different times. They constructed mines under the terraces and beneath the towers; they set fire to the roofs again and again; they aimed their bombs at the goddesses that adorned the façades. I saw any number of bullets in the frames of the beautiful windows in the Hall of the Chevaliers, from which the daughter of one of the palatines leaped in the hope of thus becoming a man. This same princess, so ambitious, so unscrupulous, and so discontented because she was a woman, was the subsequent cause of the war! How strange! there

are cities which have been ruined through women who were marvels of beauty; this marvel of feminine ugliness ruined Heidelberg.

Nevertheless, as one approaches the castle, one cannot help regretting that the side which is next to the town, and which terminates at the west end in a ruined tower, once known as the Great Tower, and at the east end in a handsome octagonal tower which was formerly the bell tower, is so monotonous in its character, in spite of the seventeenth-century palace in the centre, which was the residence of Frederick IV. I must confess that I longed for two or three breaks in this long line of wall. Had I had the honour of accompanying the Maréchal de Lorges on his campaign of 1693, I should certainly have hinted that a few shots would impart a pleasing variety to this north front. When one is making a ruin, one should do one's work thoroughly.

You recollect the beautiful castle of Blois, so stupidly used as a barrack, where each of the four façades in the inner courtyard illustrates an entirely different style of architecture? Ah, well! when one enters the inner court or *Schlosshof* here, the impression produced is no less striking and no less bewildering, there are so many things that claim one's attention simultaneously.

If you turn towards the palace of Frederick IV., you behold an imposing structure four stories high, with colossal statues of nine Counts Palatine, two kings, and five emperors in the niches between the windows.

On your right is the beautifully sculptured front of the Otto-Heinrich's-Bau, with its gods and goddesses,

allegorical figures, and Roman emperors, and its magnificent portal with an entablature supported by gigantic caryatides. On your left you have the Gothic front of Ludwig's palace, disfigured by huge gaps here and there, as if it had been rent by the horns of a gigantic bull. Behind you is a covered well, the roof of which is supported by four columns of sienite presented to Charlemagne by the Pope. They were brought from Ravenna in the eighth century to adorn the palace of the great emperor at Ingelheim, and in the fifteenth century they were transported from the banks of the Rhine to the banks of the Neckar by Count Palatine Ludwig.

The two fine specimens of Renaissance architecture which impart such an air of splendour to this inner courtyard are both of red sandstone; the statues that adorn them are white,—an admirable combination which proves that these great sculptors were also fine colourists. The red sandstone has become much darker with time, and the statues are now of an almost golden hue. Of these two façades, that of the Frederick's-Bau is unquestionably the more imposing, but that of the Otto-Heinrich's-Bau is much more beautiful and attractive. The first is historical, the second allegorical in character; Charlemagne presides over one; Jupiter, over the other.

The more one studies these two palaces, and the more one notes the marvellous perfection of every detail, the deeper one's sadness becomes. How strange has been the fate of these *chefs-d'œuvres* in marble and in stone! A bombshell destroys them, any passing ignoramus mutilates them; and it is not the names of their builders,

but the names of kings, that are now connected with them. No one even remembers the names of the gifted men who planned and adorned these beautiful palaces. Soon these poems in marble, too, will perish; the poets themselves are already forgotten.

And for whom did these gifted men toil? For the whispering breeze. Alas! and for the waving grass, for the ivy that struggles upward to compare its foliage with theirs, for the wandering swallow, and for the falling rain.

It seems strange that the three or four bombardments to which these buildings have been subjected, should not have affected them both in a like manner. Only the cornice and the architraves on the front of Otto-Heinrich's palace are seriously damaged. The gods and goddesses of Olympus have not suffered in the least. No Hercules or Minerva or Hebe has undergone the slightest mutilation; but sixteen knights in armour, with crowns on their heads, that make such a brave show on the palace of Frederick IV., have been treated like real, live foemen by the enemy's cannon-balls. There is scarcely a knight that has not been sorely wounded. The face of the Emperor Otho has been frightfully disfigured; Otho, king of Hungary has had his left leg fractured; Otto-Heinrich, the Palatine, has had one hand shot off; Frederick the Devout is but a wreck of his former self; a cannon-ball has cut Frederick II. in twain; Charlemagne has lost his globe, and Frederick IV., his sceptre.

Still, it would be hard to conceive of anything more

imposing than this long line of princes. The wrath of Leopold I. and of Louis XIV., the wrath of the nation, and of Heaven itself, has been vented upon them, but they still stand there, with heads proudly erect, valiantly defending their home. The Lion of Bavaria scowls fiercely beneath them. Under a luxuriant fern, which has forced its way through an architrave, and is now toying with the stone plumes of his helmet, Frederick the Victorious is drawing his sword from its scabbard. The sculptor has given to this face the expression of an Ajax defying Jupiter.

What a marvellous sight these two palaces must have presented, seen in the lurid light of the bombardment on that fatal night of May 21, 1693!

M. de Lorges had stationed one battery on the plain in front of the village of Neuenheim, another on the Heiligenberg, a third on the road to the Wolfsbrunnen, a fourth upon the little Geisberg. From these four opposite points, the mortars, surrounding Heidelberg like a circle of hydra-headed monsters, poured a continuous rain of shot and shell into the castle courtyard. The shells tore up the pavement with their iron teeth, cannon-balls and red-hot shot whistled through the air, and the lurid glare streamed upon the colossal forms of these mail-clad palatines and emperors standing sword in hand, grim and terrible, and longing for the fray; while upon the other façade, dimly lighted by the reflection from the grenades, the radiant gods and blushing goddesses smiled serenely amid this shower of shot and shell.

Among these royal figures, which seem to be petrified souls rather than statues, there are but two that appear to have lost any of their pride and composure. These are Ludwig V. and Frederick V. True, they do not form a part of the dazzling constellation of princes that adorns the palace of Frederick IV. They stand back to back in the shadow of the ruin which was once the Great Tower.

Frederick V. wears a most dejected air. He seems to be thinking of the blunder that caused his ruin. The crown of Bohemia, removed by the Bohemians themselves from the brow of Ferdinand of Austria, was offered by them to the Elector of Saxony, who declined it; then to Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, who declined it; then to Christian IV., King of Denmark, who declined it; at last they offered it to the Elector Frederick V., who, urged by his wife, accepted it. He was crowned at Prague, in 1619; then the war broke out. His complete defeat at the battle of Prague ended his brief assumption of kingly honours, and the rest of his life was spent in banishment. His wife was Elizabeth of England, the granddaughter of Mary Stuart. She seems to have brought to her husband, as a dowry, the strange fatality that attended all the members of her family. Elizabeth did not marry a throne; it was Frederick V. who wedded the exile.

Frederick V., in a gloomy niche, where he is almost concealed from sight by a clump of bushes, still wears upon his head the crown of Bohemia which caused the Thirty Years' War; but the hands with which he seized

it, are gone. Strange to say, a Swedish cannon-ball severed them from his body.

Ludwig V., his neighbour, is no less gloomy and despondent of mien. One would suppose there were no more guards in the armory, — that the *Jamais-Vide* (Never-Empty) Tower was empty; that there were no more priests in the chapel, or lions in the Giant's Tower; that there were no more palatines in Heidelberg and no more electors in Germany, and that the Great Tower, which he made the tallest tower in Europe with the exception of the tower at Bruges, had fallen in ruins behind him.

The colossal tower just referred to had its counterpart at the other end of this palatial fortress. This was the tower of Frederick the Victorious.

About 1455, Frederick I., wishing to make his fortress impregnable, built a strong tower at the south-east corner overlooking the narrow valley that separates the castle from the mountains to the east of it. This tower was eighty feet high, built of granite, with massive iron doors. The wall of the most exposed side of this tower was twenty feet in thickness. In 1610, his great-nephew, Frederick IV., added another story to the immense structure. Nevertheless, when the angry King of France laid his hand upon it, he cracked it like a walnut.

To-day, the tower of Frederick the Victorious is known as the *Gespringte Thurm* (Blown-up Tower) or *Pulver Thurm*. It was so strongly built that when the castle was blown up by the French, in 1689,

more than one half of the immense structure fell in an unbroken mass into the moat, where it still lies.

A few steps from this grim ruin, there is one of bewildering loveliness. It is the interior of the Otto-Heinrich's palace, the façade of which has already been described. It stands there, open to the sun and rain and snow and wind, with its dismantled walls and its superb Renaissance doorways, *chefs-d'œuvres* of the sculptor's art, charming idylls in stone, embowered in a luxuriant growth of wild-flowers worthy of the Palatines. It is almost impossible to describe this compound of art and reality; it is at once harmonious and discordant. One hardly knows which to admire most, the living or the sculptured foliage.

It almost seems to me that this palace must have been built by fairies, and that it is now in its original state. All these exuberant creations of fancy must have felt terribly out of place in halls where treaties of war and peace were signed, and where grim princes plotted and conspired, — as if these Ganymedes and Pomonas could comprehend in the least any of the ideas they heard expressed by Henry IV. or V., by the grace of God Prince Palatine of the Rhine, Elector and Duke of Upper and Lower Bavaria. A *grand seigneur* once reposed in this room beside a king's daughter, beneath a ducal baldachin. There is no seigneur here now, or king's daughter, or baldachin or even ceiling; it is the home of the bindweed now, and the wild mint perfumes it. It is well. It is even better so. These exquisite

carvings were made to be kissed by the flowers, and gazed at by the stars.

Just Nature thus pays her homage to this superb edifice whose builder has been forgotten by man.

Besides an innumerable number of fountains and grottoes, pavilions and triumphal arches; besides the chapel dedicated to Saint Udalrich; besides the large armory, the two arsenals, the tennis court, the den of lions, the aviary, the chancellor's residence, the treasury, flanked by four towers, — the castle of Heidelberg contained in its entirety eight palaces, built by eight different princes, and in eight different styles of architecture: one of the fourteenth century, built by Rudolph I.; one of the fifteenth century, the palace of the Emperor Rupert; three of the sixteenth century, — the palace of Ludwig V., the palace of Frederick II., and the palace of Otto-Heinrich; three of the seventeenth, — the palace of Frederick IV., the palace of Frederick V., and the palace of Elizabeth. In addition to the turrets and lantern-towers in the interior, there were nine towers on the outer wall, five of which are still in existence.

Strange to say, this immense palace, which has been the scene of so many superb *fêtes* and terrific combats, which has been the abode of Counts Palatine and Dukes of Bavaria, Kings of Bohemia, and German Emperors, is to-day merely a covering for an immense wine-cask.

The cellar of Tournus is a church; the cellar of Saint Denis is a sepulchre; the cellar of Heidelberg is a wine vault.

After you have inspected these vast and imposing ruins, a man approaches with a lantern in his hand, opens a low door for you, points to a dark stairway, and motions you to descend. A dim, religious light pervades the place, and you expect to be solemnly ushered into the sepulchre of the Palatines. Instead, you behold a monster cask; and when your eyes fall upon it you almost fancy you hear the arches ring with a loud explosion of laughter from Gargantu.

The great tun in the Heidelberg castle is Rabelais installed in the house of Homer.

The famous tun is eighty feet in diameter and thirty-three feet high. Two winding staircases have been built around it, leading to a platform on top. It will hold forty-nine thousand gallons. It was filled by means of a trough and emptied by a pump. It has been full of Rhine wine three times. The first time, the elector with his court danced upon the platform that surmounts it. Since the year 1770, it has been empty.

This, however, is not the original Heidelberg Tun built in 1595 by Count Palatine Casimir, and covered with quaint carvings to commemorate the reconciliation between the Lutherans and Calvinists. Elector Charles had that demolished in 1750, and constructed this, which is much larger but less ornate.

The castle vaults formerly contained at least ten or a dozen smaller tuns, but there is only one of these left now,—a tun about one fifth the size of its gigantic companion. It is made of sturdy oak, and is ornamented with the coat-of-arms of Bavaria, and with three lions'

heads on each end. It also bears the marks of numerous blows from an axe. These were inflicted by French troops in 1799. The tun was full of wine at the time, and the soldiers tried to break it open; but it resisted their efforts. They had shattered the walls of the citadel, but they could not shatter this cask.

Near the great tun stands a quaint figure carved out of wood. It represents a little, jovial, grotesquely dressed old man, with a big watch hanging at his side. A cord hangs from this watch; you pull it, the watch springs open and a fox's tail flies out and hits you in the face. This little old man is Perkeo, the court fool of Elector Charles Philip; and this watch is one of the tricks he was wont to play upon people. He was exactly three feet six inches in height, like his statue, and drank fifteen bottles of Rhine wine a day.

Once, when several of the neighbouring princes were visiting the elector, some one proposed to compare Perkeo with one of the famous grenadiers of Frederick William of Prussia. The buffoon barely reached to the top of the grenadier's boot, — "a fact which excited a vast amount of merriment," remarked a historian of the time.

When Perkeo failed to drink his fifteen bottles a day, he was soundly flogged. As a natural consequence, the poor creature's forced smile concealed both hatred and disdain, but his tormentors in their arrogance perceived it not. Now, amid the shadows of this ruin, the fact is glaringly apparent; and the buffoon's real feelings can be plainly read in his face. The facetiousness has

disappeared; the scorn and irony remain, and nothing could be more sinister than this unnatural mirth. It is not even the contemptuous smile of a mocking buffoon; it is the sneer of an avenging demon. In these ruins, peopled with phantoms, Perkeo too becomes a spectre.

For there are many phantoms, it is said, here in Heidelberg Castle. They walk here in moonlight, and in stormy nights, alike. Now, it is Jutha, wife of Anthyses, Duke of Franconia, who, with her crown on her head, sits pale and silent in Ludwig's balcony. Sometimes it is the two knights who walk the inaccessible frieze on the palace of Otto-Heinrich, that one sees. Sometimes it is the White Lady who glides through the arches, and whose voice can be distinctly heard. It was this same White Lady who appeared to Frederick in the grand *salon* of Otto-Heinrich's palace, in 1655, and predicted the overthrow of the Palatinate. From the very founding of the Palatinate, she invariably appeared whenever one of the sovereigns of the country was about to die.

This *château* has been subjected to depredations of every sort and kind. I have spoken of the work of destruction wrought by Tilly, Birkenfeld, the Maréchal de Lorges, the Emperor of Germany, and the King of France; but I have made no allusion to minor depredations. When one sees the ravages made by lions, one fails to notice the mischief done by rats. Those infamous vandals, government architects and engineers, have appropriated this ruin to their own use precisely as if it were in France, or rather, in Paris. An engineer

intrusted with the work of supplying Mannheim with water from Heidelberg, tore down the arches in the Hall of the Chevaliers to obtain material for the construction of his aqueduct. In our own city of Paris, the handsome railing around the Place Royale, a triumph of seventeenth-century skill, was sold last year in front of my door at five sous per pound. Our Parisian vandals, it seems, were only plagiarists, after all; for around the perron of Otto-Heinrich's palace there was a superb balustrade in the Renaissance style. This too was removed and sold by government officials at the rate of six pfennigs per pound.

The reader has probably forgotten that I was on the summit of the little Geisberg when I began to describe the Castle of Heidelberg; and in fact, I relapsed into such a profound reverie there that I almost forgot it myself. Darkness gathered around me, clouds drifted up from the horizon over the sky, the moon had mounted nearly to the zenith, and I still sat there upon the same rock, absorbed in contemplating the visions which the time and place evoked. At last a bell sounded in the town below me. It was midnight. I rose to my feet and began to descend the mountain. The path to Heidelberg led me directly past the castle, and the idea of revisiting it occurred to me. The stone giants that guard the outer court allowed me to pass unchallenged. I walked through the dark and gloomy archway where the old iron portcullis still hangs, and entered the courtyard. The moon was almost concealed by fleecy clouds, and

the ruins, seen in this light and at this hour, were wonderfully beautiful and imposing. A profound silence reigned, broken only by the soft, mysterious whispering of the leaves.

I ascended the damp, moss-covered steps of the railingless perron ; I entered the old palace of Otto-Heinrich. You will smile, perhaps ; nevertheless, I assure you that to wander at dead of night through a building which was once the abode of man,— a building whose doors are still decorated, and whose apartments still retain their distinctive character ; to say to yourself, “ This is the dining-hall ; that the bed-chamber ; there, the alcove where the bed stood ; here, the fireplace,” and feel the grass growing under your feet all the while, and see nothing but the starry heavens above you, is a weird, uncanny thing. The house is no longer a house, nor is it a tomb.

As I was about to pass through the doorway leading into the Hall of the Chevaliers, I suddenly paused ; for I heard a strange noise, which was the more startling from the fact that a death-like stillness pervaded all the rest of the ruin. It was a faint, continuous whirring sound, broken at regular intervals by a short, sharp click that seemed to come, now from the farther end of the room, now from beneath the marble pavement under my very feet.

What produced the noise I cannot say, but it reminded me of the sound made by a spinning-wheel ; and as I listened to it, I could not help thinking of the hideous demon of the legend who spins rope for the gallows in

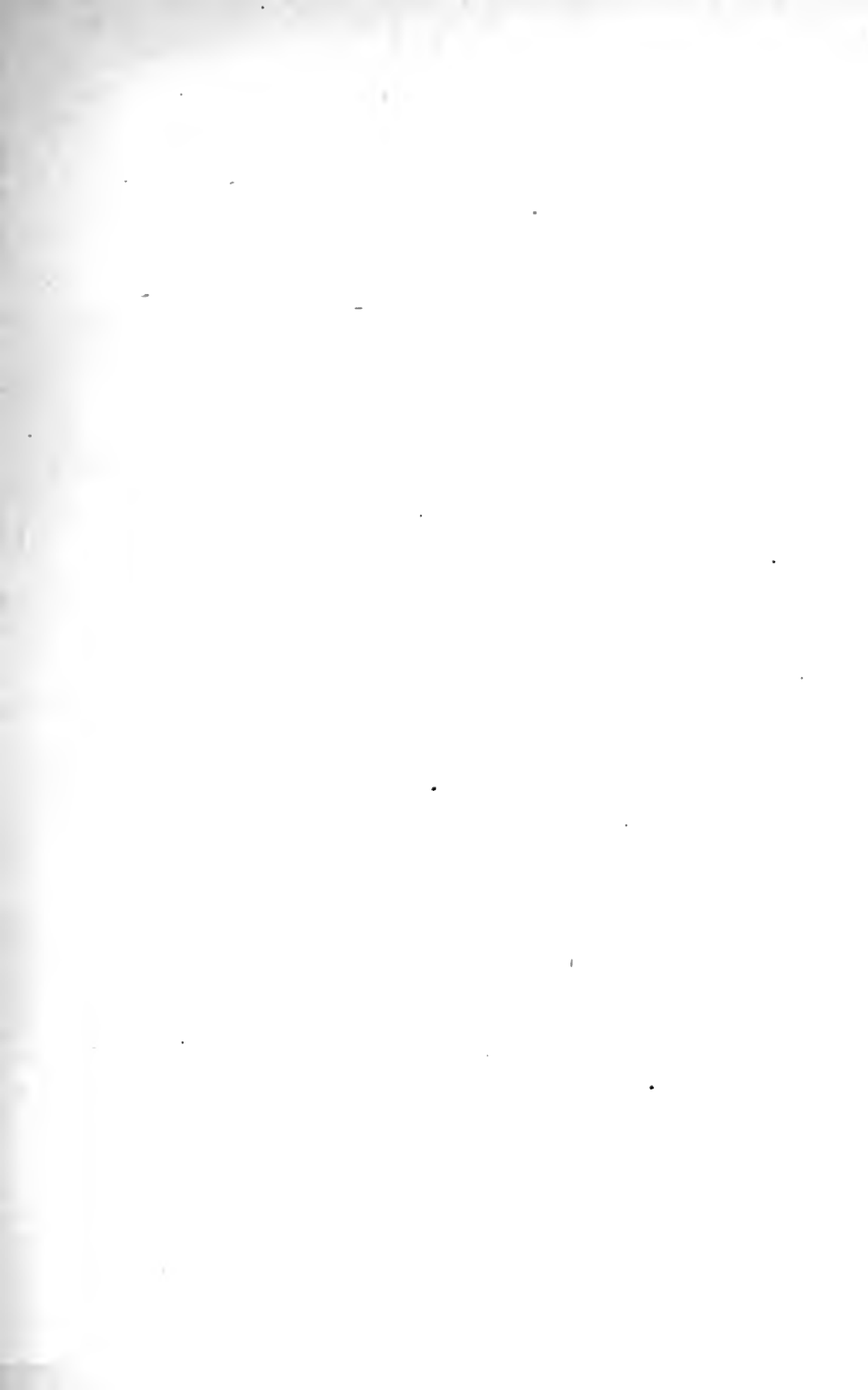
lonely ruins in the still watches of the night. I rapped on the floor with my cane, and the sound ceased, only to begin again a moment afterwards. Foolish as it may appear, it seemed to me that I was disturbing some one; and a feeling of superstitious awe crept over me. All the strange inmates of this royal dwelling seemed to be gazing at me with wondering, frightened eyes. The tritons and satyrs and sirens, the winged cupid who has been playing with a garland of flowers in the Hall of the Chevaliers for three hundred years, the caryatides half concealed in luxuriant vines and shrubbery, the naiads listening to the water as it dripped from their urns, — all seemed to fix their eyes upon me with a sad, even threatening expression.

I left the palace and re-entered the courtyard, still pursued by the strange sound made by the mysterious inmate of the Hall of the Chevaliers.

As I set foot on the perron, the moon suddenly shone out clear and brilliant from a big rift in the clouds, and the massive front of Frederick IV.'s palace suddenly loomed up before my startled eyes, refulgent in a light like that of day, with its sixteen colossal statues, several of them looking even larger than they really are in the fantastic light that streamed upon them. One statue, which had been struck and partially overturned by a cannon-ball, — Count Palatine Casimir, with his pallid face, aquiline nose, and pointed beard, — reminded me strongly of Henry IV.

I left the castle by way of the garden; but before resuming the descent of the mountain, I paused a

moment on one of the lower terraces. The immense ruin loomed up behind me, completely hiding the moon from view; below me lay the sleeping town, its windows dark, its doors closed, and its streets deserted; beyond, flowed the Neckar. I could hear it whispering softly to the hill and plain as it passed; and the consciousness of the insignificance of man both in the past and in the present, the grandeur of Nature, and the eternity of God, which had visited my mind before that evening, returned with increasing, yes, even overwhelming force, as I slowly wended my way downwards through the gloom, between the restless river, the sleeping town, and this palace of the dead.



Strasbourg.

Photo-etching by John Andrew and Son Company,
from Photograph.



CHAPTER IV.

STRASBOURG.

The Miseries of Night Travel. — Sézanne. — Nancy. — The Influence of Climate upon Architecture. — A wonderful Panorama.

I AM very comfortably established in Strasbourg. My windows overlook the Place d'Armes. On my right stands a clump of magnificent trees; on my left, the cathedral, the bells of which are pealing vociferously at this very moment; opposite me, at the other end of the square, is a very handsome sixteenth-century house, — though it is painted yellow, unfortunately, and has green shutters. Behind this house loom up the tall towers of the Library. Around the square is a cordon of antiquated and rather picturesque roofs, and in the centre of it stands a rough wooden structure, from which a monument to Kléber is soon to emerge, they say.

I have had very few adventures, but the two nights just spent in a diligence have given me a very exalted idea of the strength and endurance of the human body.

A night in a diligence is a terrible thing. At first, all goes well; the postilion cracks his whip, the bells jingle merrily, the erratic movements of the vehicle only excite one's merriment. Gradually the shades of twilight close in upon you; conversation begins to flag, and one feels one's eyelids growing more and more

heavy. The lamps are lighted; they flicker wildly for a while, then go out altogether. Everything is now shrouded in gloom, and the occupants of the coach fall asleep. The road chooses this precise moment to become frightful beyond description, and the coach begins to dance about in the wildest manner. Surely, it is no ordinary road we are traversing, but a chain of mountains, with lakes and precipices. Two entirely different motions are felt, as if two enormous hands had seized the coach and were shaking it furiously, — a motion from front to back and from back to front, and a motion from left to right and from right to left. One is no longer in a coach, but in a whirlpool. One pitches madly about, bounds up in the air only to be dashed down again, and then hurled against one's neighbour, sleeping all the while, for strange as it may seem, one does sleep. Slumber holds you firmly by one hand, the infernal stage-coach holds you by the other, and the result is a strange but hideous nightmare.

About five o'clock in the morning, just as one begins to think one's self at the point of death, the sun rises, and one's sufferings are forgotten.

Of course it would be utterly impossible to gain a very correct idea of a region traversed in this manner. I passed through Sézanne, and my only recollection is of a long, ill-paved street, bordered with small, low houses, a public square with a fountain, and one open shop, dimly lighted with a bit of candle stuck in a board.

I passed through Phalsbourg, but I have only a vague remembrance of creaking chains and drawbridges, of a

squad of soldiers examining us by the light of their lanterns, and of some grim, fortified gateways, through which the coach had to pass.

The country between Vitry-sur-Marne and Nancy was traversed by daylight, but it did not impress me as remarkable in any way.

Saint-Dizier consists of a single, long, broad street with a handsome stone Louis XV. house here and there. Bar-le-Duc is quite picturesque. A very pretty river — the Ornain, I believe — flows through the town.

Ligny is a remarkably pretty town. Three or four high hills environ a star-shaped valley, in which the town nestles. It can boast of a lovely stream and two quite imposing towers in ruins.

I have some doubts about the cathedral at Toul. I suspect it is not unlike the cathedral at Orleans, which promises so much when seen from a distance, but is so disappointing on a nearer view.

Toul too lies in a valley. The coach descended the hill on a gallop just as the setting sun was flooding the front of the cathedral with crimson light. Seen from a distance, the edifice is extremely venerable in appearance and really very handsome; but on approaching it, I perceived that its antiquated appearance was due to dilapidation rather than age; that the towers were octagonal in form, which displeased me, and surmounted with a balustrade similar to that on the towers at Orleans, which shocked me. Still, I do not condemn the cathedral at Toul altogether. Viewed from the rear, it is a very handsome structure.

Nancy, like Toul, lies in a valley; but in a large, beautiful, and fertile valley. The town is not at all imposing in appearance; the towers of the cathedral look like pepper-boxes. Nevertheless, I took quite a liking to the place: first, because I got an excellent dinner there, and I was terribly hungry; and secondly, because the little square in front of the Hôtel-de-Ville is one of the prettiest and most complete rococo parks it was ever my lot to see. The adornments, though rather too lavish perhaps, are all in excellent taste. There are elaborate fountains in rock-work, quaintly trimmed trees and shrubbery, richly gilded railings and gratings, a statue of King Stanislaus, and even a triumphal arch of intricate and amusing design. Even the pavement of different coloured pebbles is laid in sections like a mosaic.

I regret that I did not have more time to devote to this town, which is almost exclusively of the Louis XV. style of architecture. The rich ornamentation of the eighteenth-century style very often atones for its bad taste; and in warm climates, as for instance, in Lisbon, which might almost be styled a rococo city, the tropical sunshine seems to have had the same effect upon stone as upon other kinds of vegetation. A strong current of sap seems to circulate through the very granite itself, causing it to put forth a profusion of branches and burst into tropical bloom. Convents, palaces, and churches are alike loaded with ornamentation, with or without a pretext.

I reached Nancy about seven o'clock in the evening, and the diligence started again at eight. The night that

followed was less uncomfortable than the first. Either I must have been more fatigued, or the road was better, for I slept much more soundly.

About four o'clock in the morning, I woke. A cool breeze was blowing in my face, the rain had ceased, the clouds were rapidly dispersing, and the horses were galloping swiftly down a steep incline,—the side of the famous Saverne Mountain. An occasional opening through the trees that bordered the road afforded me a glimpse first of a frightful precipice, next of a wide stretch of heath, then below me immense plains through which meandered streams that shone like molten silver in the moonlight, and in the dim distance a dark, uneven, but heavy line, the Black Forest. I knew that France, Germany, and Switzerland lay before me, Strasbourg with its wonderful spire, the Black Forest with its mountains, the Rhine with all its windings. I tried to see all this: I imagined I saw it all, and I really saw nothing.

The descent took about a quarter of an hour. Half an hour later, the grey light of dawn began to creep over the eastern sky, a cluster of white houses roofed with dark tiles became visible on the summit of a neighbouring hill, the constellations began to pale, the air suddenly became sharp, and we were obliged to close the windows. A cold violet light began to predominate over the silvery beams of the moon. In a few minutes the sun had risen, and the first sight it revealed to me was the village notary shaving by a bit of looking-glass at his window, under a red chintz curtain.

A few miles more, and the peasants became pictur-

esque and the teams really magnificent. I saw one wagon with thirteen mules attached to it. One felt that one was, indeed, approaching Strasbourg, the quaint old German city.

We passed through Wasselonne on the gallop; then, as we came to an abrupt turn in the road, the fog suddenly lifted, and I beheld the cathedral. It was now six o'clock in the morning. The enormous edifice, the highest that has been erected by the hand of man since the building of the great pyramid, stood out with wonderful clearness against a dark background of majestic mountains. The work of God made for man, the work of man made for God, — the mountains and the cathedral seemed to be trying to surpass each other in grandeur.

I never beheld a more beautiful and imposing sight.

CHAPTER V.

STRASBOURG (*continued*).

The Cathedral. — The Baptismal Font — The Statue of Erwin von Steinbach. — View from the Cathedral Tower. — The Church of St. Thomas. — A Prince and Princess of Nassau.

I VISITED the cathedral yesterday. It is a marvel of beauty. The portals of the edifice are superb, especially the Roman portal. There are three magnificent equestrian statues on the front; the rose-window is both noble and exquisite in shape and design, and the entire façade is an admirably composed poem. But the crowning glory of the cathedral is the spire which, with its crown and spire, forms a superb tiara in stone. It is a marvellous example both of the gigantic and of the delicate. I have seen Chartres; I have seen Antwerp; but Strasbourg excels them all.

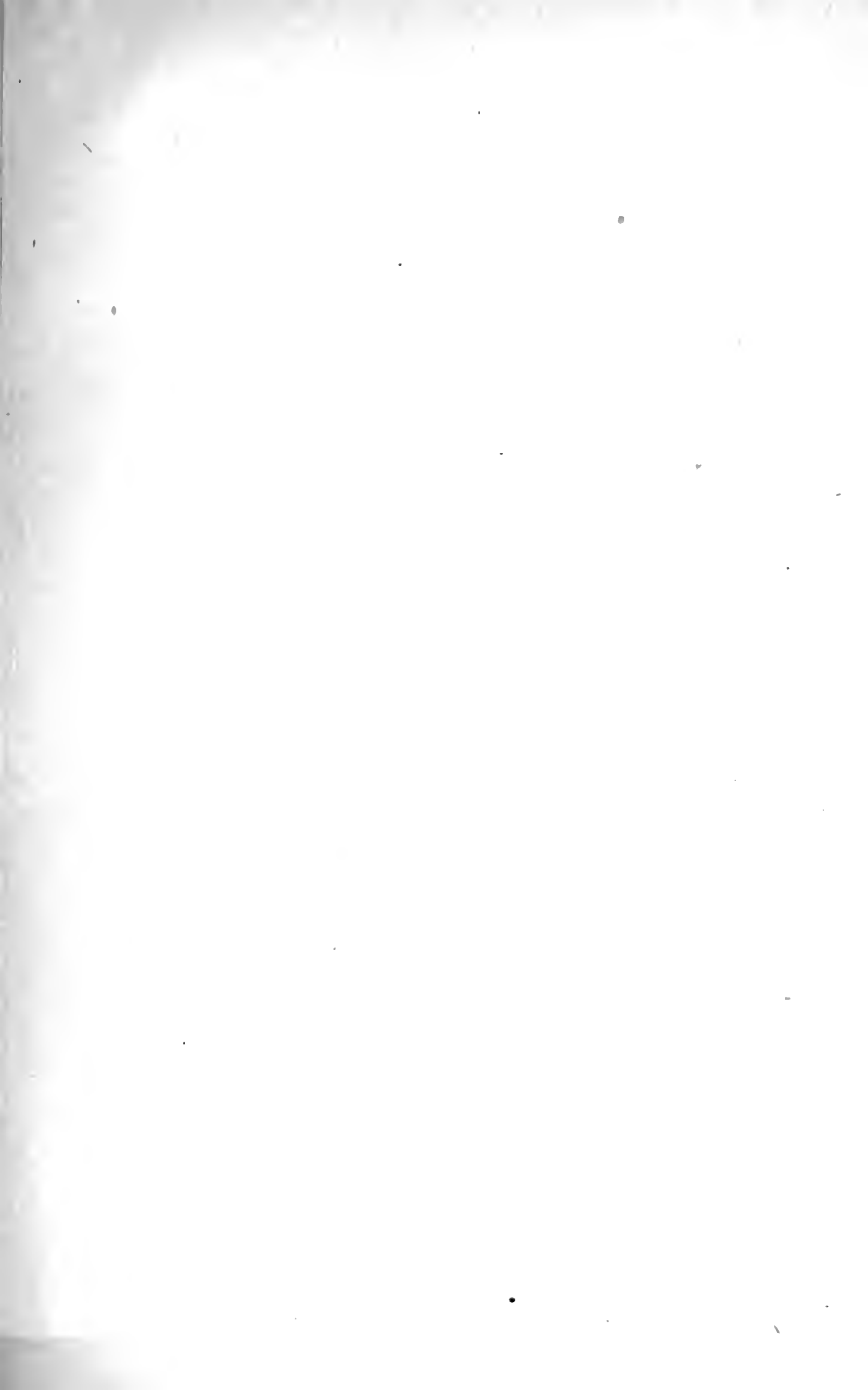
The church has never been entirely completed. The apse, which was rebuilt and decorated to suit the taste of Cardinal de Rohan, is hideous; and one window, copied from a common tapestry design, positively ignoble. The other windows are very fine, especially the large rose-window. Some parts of the sculptures have been restored with admirable taste. The pulpit is a charming little structure of the fifteenth-century type, ornately Gothic in design, but admirable in style. Unfortunately,

some one has been so stupid as to gild it. The baptismal font is of the same epoch, and has been very judiciously restored. It is an exquisitely shaped vase, surrounded by a big bunch of the most graceful and admirably carved rushes conceivable.

In a gloomy chapel to the left of the choir there are two tombs. One is that of Conrad of Lichtenberg, a bishop of Louis XV.'s time. His sepulchre is an example of the dread thought that Gothic art has expressed in so many different forms. The bishop, arrayed in his pontifical robes, and with his mitre on his head, is lying on his bed asleep, under a daïs. Beneath this bed is an enormous marble slab in which two heavy iron rings are inserted. This is the covering of the tomb. The sculptors of the sixteenth century displayed the corpse; those of the fourteenth concealed it, which was still more terrible. It would be impossible to conceive of anything more grimly eloquent than those two iron rings.

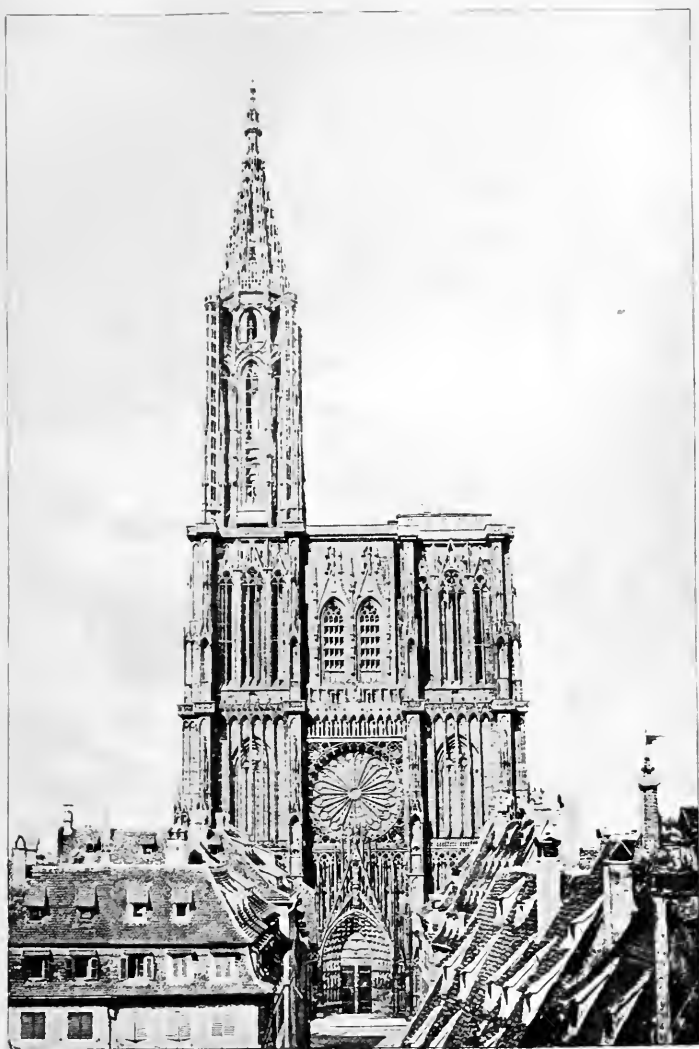
I was aroused from my reverie by an Englishman who asked me some questions in relation to the famous necklace and Mme. de Lamotte, supposing that he was viewing the tomb of Cardinal de Rohan. In any other place, I should have found it difficult to repress a smile. Still, why should I have felt inclined to smile? Is there not some subject in relation to which each one of us is grossly ignorant? I know a famous physician who talks of DENTRIFICE, — proof positive that he knows little or nothing about either Latin or French.

But to return to the cathedral. The tomb to which I



Strasbourg Cathedral.

Photo-etching by John Andrew and Son Company,
from Photograph.



have just alluded is in the left arm of the cross. In the right there is a chapel, which I was unable to see on account of a scaffolding. On one side the entrance into this chapel is a small gallery, on which stands a figure leaning against the balustrade and apparently gazing at a pillar adorned with admirable late-romanesque sculptures representing eight angels and four evangelists. The solitary figure in the gallery is said to represent the chief architect of the cathedral, Erwin von Steinbach.

I was unable to see the famous astronomical clock in the south transept, as some men were engaged in repairing it, and it was entirely concealed from view by a covering of boards.

The church inspected, I turned my attention to the spire, resolved not to miss the ascent of one of the highest towers in the world. The spire is very nearly five hundred feet in height, and it gives one a delightfully exhilarating sensation to move about in such an enormous mass of masonry so thoroughly permeated with light and air, and which palpitates and vibrates with every breath of wind. I soon climbed to the platform. On my way, I met a tourist coming down, pale and trembling, half carried by his guide. There was really not the slightest danger, however; that began where my ascent ended. Four spiral staircases enclosed in the exquisite turrets which conceal the corners of the upper part of the tower, lead up to the Crown. This is about thirty feet below the Lantern surmounted with a cross that forms the extreme summit of the spire. The steps

of these staircases are very steep and narrow, and of course become more and more narrow in proportion as one ascends higher and higher. There are three hundred and thirty steps in the main staircase, and about one hundred in each of the four spiral staircases. When one reaches the Crown, one is four hundred feet from the ground. There is no railing, or at least none worth speaking of. The entrance to the upper stairways is closed with an iron grating, which is opened only when special permission has been granted by the mayor of the city; and then the visitor must be accompanied by two of the bell-ringers, who fasten around his body a rope, the other end of which they tie from time to time, as he ascends, to the iron bars that stay the mullions. About a week ago three women, Germans, — a mother and her two daughters, — made the ascent. Only the bell-ringers are allowed to ascend to the Lantern, — the open space directly below the base of the cross. There is no staircase leading up to that, but merely iron bars that form a sort of ladder.

The view of the city and of the valley of the Rhine, as seen from the tower, is very fine. Three different mountain chains are distinctly visible, — to the north, the hills of the Black Forest; to the west, the Vosges; to the south, the Jura range. I walked from turret to turret, gazing in turn upon France, Switzerland, and Germany; for each turret faces a different country.

On leaving the cathedral, I went to St. Thomas, the oldest church in the city, and the burial place of Marshal Saxe. This tomb is to Strasbourg what Bridan's

Assumption is to Chartres,— a widely celebrated, much-lauded, and essentially mediocre work of art. It is an extremely pretentious operatic composition in marble by Pigalle, in the style of which Louis XV. considered himself the inventor and guide, depicting the victories of Marshal Saxe. Very fortunately, there are many other things worth seeing in St. Thomas. First, the church itself, which is of the romanesque order and extremely imposing in character. There are also some beautiful stained glass windows, as well as a large number of interesting tombs and busts. One of these tombs dates from the fourteenth century, and consists of a marble slab with a spirited figure of a magnificent looking German knight carved upon it. The heart of this knight, enclosed in a small silver casket, was deposited in an opening made in the statue's body. In '93, some local Brutus, imbued with a hatred of knights and a love for silver caskets, removed the heart from the statue, leaving a yawning vacuum in the body.

Another mural tablet bears a representation of a Polish colonel in the handsome armour warriors still wore in the seventeenth century. One would suppose him to be a knight, but he was only a colonel. There is also the massive granite sarcophagus of a bishop, — a magnificent affair, richly decorated with figures and flowers, and supported by three lions, one at the head, and two at the foot of the sarcophagus. As it is in a deep niche, only the front of it is visible, which is very unfortunate, as it could be seen to much better advantage in the open chapel. The church, the sarcophagus, and

the tourist would alike profit by such a change; but what would become of the sacristan,—and the sacristan is the chief consideration in all churches.

It is needless to say that the nave of St. Thomas is painted a lively yellow.

I was about to leave the church when the sacristan, a burly, red-faced Swiss, touched me on the arm. Would I like to see the mummies? Of course I would. Another hiding-place, another locked door, and I am ushered into a vaulted room. These are not Egyptian mummies, but a count of Nassau and his daughter, whose embalmed bodies were found in the vault under the church, and placed in a glass case in this out-of-the-way corner. Here the poor creatures lie exposed to view, the tops of their coffins having been removed. The old prince is attired in the fashion of Henry IV.'s time, — high-heeled black shoes, big yellow gauntlets, and a guipure lace collar. The face is the colour of bistre, the eyes are closed. There are still a few hairs of the moustache left. The daughter wears the magnificent costume of the Elizabethan age. Her face has lost all semblance of human form, and become a veritable death's-head, though a bow of pink ribbon still rests on the bare skull. There are rings on her fingers, slippers on her feet, a profusion of lace, ribbon, and jewels on her sleeves, and a small, richly enamelled cross on her breast. Visitors are especially requested not to touch the coffin, lest what was once a princess of Nassau should turn to dust again.

As I turned to take another look at the prince, I

noticed the strangely glossy, shiny appearance of his face. The sacristan—still the sacristan, you see—explained that eight years ago, when this body was first discovered, it was thought advisable to varnish it. Think of that! What does it profit one to be a count of Nassau, if two hundred years after death one must submit to the indignity of being varnished by a French house-painter? The Bible may say that the wicked shall be scattered to the farthestmost ends of the earth, that they shall be trampled under foot in the mire, or that they shall be consumed like smoke; but it certainly does not say, “ They shall be varnished like a pair of boots. ”

CHAPTER VI.

FREIBURG.

Friendless and Penniless in a strange City. — A happy *Dénouement*. — The Minster. — The Tomb of Berthold V. — The Last of his Race. — A Bird's-eye View of Freiburg and the surrounding Valley.

I LEFT Strasbourg at seven o'clock in the evening, in a pouring rain. The night was spent in the coupé of a diligence, rolling along smooth and well kept roads, and through a number of neat, thriving villages with pretty gardens attached to nearly all the houses. When I woke from a doze about four o'clock in the morning, I found that the wind had dispersed the clouds, and the vast plain that lay on my right was quite plainly visible in the waning moonlight. On my left, from behind a tall hilltop crowned with trees, the blue-grey light of early dawn was stealing up over the sky. Suddenly, at a turn of the road, an immensely tall, dark object loomed up before us. We were in Freiburg.

A few minutes afterwards, the diligence paused in a broad, well kept street, and landed packages, valises, and travellers, pell-mell, under a big *porte-cochère* lighted by one small, flickering lantern. A fellow-countryman who had made the trip with me, bade me good-by and left me. I was not sorry that I had reached my journey's end, for I was very tired; and I was about to walk boldly into the house when a man

seized me by the arm, and made some remark to me in German. I assured him in irreproachable French that I knew nothing whatever about German, and then appealed to those standing around me; but all the other travellers were either Austrians or Prussians, and not one of them knew a single word of French. After a vast amount of jabbering and gesticulating I finally succeeded in finding out that this house was not an inn, but merely the diligence office; but what I was to do, or where I was to go, remained a mystery. I might have followed my fellow-travellers, but they were all residents of the town returning to their homes; so in about five minutes I was left alone under the *porte-cochère*, for the diligence, too, had departed. Then, and not until then, I discovered that my valise, which contained not only my clothing, but also my money, had mysteriously disappeared. Matters were certainly beginning to assume quite a tragical aspect. Finding myself penniless and friendless in a strange city, I turned to my right and began to walk straight ahead. Meanwhile the sun, that great benefactor of the human race, had come to my assistance; for it was now daybreak. I looked longingly at the different houses I passed, but they were all hermetically closed. The only thing I saw to console me was a beautiful fifteenth-century fountain, which was playing gaily in a big stone basin. It was light enough for me to distinguish the triple row of statuettes that adorned the centre column. After having made the circuit of the basin in order to secure a good view of all the figures, I resumed my walk.

A few yards farther on, I perceived a coloured lantern burning over an open door, which I promptly entered.

There was no one in the hall.

I rapped, but no one answered. Directly in front of me was a stairway; on my left, a door.

I pushed the door open and found myself in an unlighted room with one closed window.

"Anybody here?" I called out.

But there was no reply.

Groping my way along the side of the room I at last discovered another door, which yielded to my touch as promptly as the other had done.

This room too was dark, but a faint light shone through a half-open door at the farther end of it. I walked to this door and looked in.

In a long, narrow room, supported in the middle by two pillars, several pale, silent, singular-looking beings were seated at a long table.

At the end of the table, nearest me, sat a tall, elderly woman, with a white cap surmounted by a huge black bow on her head. On one side of her sat a sallow, solemn-faced youth of seventeen, enveloped in an immense dressing-gown, with a black silk cap pulled down over his eyes; beside the youth sat an old man with a three-story head-dress, consisting of a white cotton nightcap, a bandanna handkerchief, and a hat.

Below them, on both sides of the table, sat five or six queerly dressed men, with immense felt hats shading their copper-coloured faces and bead-like eyes.

The rest of the long table, the farther end of which

was lost to sight in the gloom that pervaded the other end of the room, was unoccupied.

Each of these singular-looking beings had a white cup, and some oddly shaped dishes on a small tray in front of him; but not one of them uttered a word, though they occasionally raised the white cups, which seemed to be filled with some dark liquid, to their lips.

These spectres were evidently taking coffee.

Having arrived at this conclusion, I decided that the time for action had come; so pushing open the door, I walked boldly in.

The tall, elderly woman seated at the head of the board, did condescend to turn her head and look at me; but none of the other phantoms even vouchsafed a glance in my direction.

A trifle disconcerted, I advanced a few steps, hat in hand, and fearing to show any want of respect in this castle of Udolpho, said deferentially, —

“Is this not an inn, gentlemen?”

The old man uttered an inarticulate growl which was smothered in his huge cravat, but the others made no sign.

Thereupon I must confess that I lost all patience, and shouted wrathfully, —

“Hallo, here, inn-keeper, tavern-keeper, hotel-keeper, or whatever you call yourself! *Garçon!* I say, *Garçon!* *Kellner!*”

In my wanderings along the banks of the Rhine I had picked up this word *Kellner*, without any very definite idea of its meaning, and had carefully stored it away in

a corner of my memory with a vague notion that it might sometime be of service to me.

At the magical sound, a door at the farther end of the room opened and closed again after admitting an apparition that came straight towards me.

No "Open Sesame!" could have proved more effectual.

It was a pretty though rather pale young girl, dressed in black, who advanced towards me, wearing a strange head-dress that looked like an enormous black butterfly with wings outspread.

"*Kellner?*" she repeated inquiringly.

"*Kellner,*" I responded intrepidly.

She picked up a candle, and motioned me to follow her; and in the middle of the first room I had entered she pointed, with a smile, to a man who was sleeping the sleep of the just on a wooden bench with his head pillowed on my valise.

Greatly surprised and delighted at this discovery, I shook the man; he woke. He and the young girl exchanged a few words, and five minutes afterwards my valise and I were comfortably ensconced in a pleasant room, with curtains white as snow.

For I was in the Zähringer Hof Hotel. It seems that the conductor of the diligence having heard me converse in Latin — not without many blunders — with a worthy pastor who was returning to Zurich, and in Spanish with a Colonel Duarte who was going to rejoin Don Carlos, rather rashly concluded that I knew German also, and so gave himself no further trouble about me except to point me out to the porter of the

Zähringer Hof inn, who was awaiting the arrival of the coach, and remark, "There's a guest for you," as he handed him my valise, while I was standing half-demented in the centre of the group of Germans. The *Kellner*, supposing I was aware of all this, had preceded me to the inn with my luggage. You can guess the rest.

The spectres I saw silently drinking coffee were passengers on the diligence between Frankfort and Geneva, taking advantage of the short rest allowed them at day-break; the young girl was a pretty servant of the inn; the big black butterfly, the national head-dress of the country.

The minster of Freiburg compares very favourably with that of Strasbourg. Though differing somewhat in design, it displays the same elegance and *verve*, and a portion of the tower consists of the same airy pyramid of open-work masonry. There are two other towers on the cathedral of Freiburg. Both of these are in the romanesque style and are placed, not at the ends of the transept as is usual, but at the angles, where the small nave intersects the large nave.

In the shadow of the church, and fronting upon the same square, is a fifteenth-century building devoted to some municipal use. The immense roof is covered with coloured tiles, and there is a balcony with two projecting turrets above a handsome portico supported by five pillars. Between the arches of this balcony are four small statues, — Maximilian I., Philip I., Charles V., and Ferdinand I. On this side of the Rhine, every-

thing is painted red; and this handsome structure is no exception to the rule. People here decorate their churches as the South-Sea Islanders decorate their faces.

Fortunately, the cathedral has escaped, though the church itself — the cathedral being really independent of the church, though connected with it — is covered with a coat of grey paint, which one is almost inclined to admire when one recollects that it might have been made beet colour. The stained glass windows — nearly all of which have been preserved — are of remarkable beauty. As the tower occupies the place in the façade usually allotted to a large rose-window, a small rose-window has been inserted in the triangles on either side of the tower in the front. The pulpit, which is said to have been hewn out of a single block of stone, is superb. The entire lower part of the church is roman-*esque*, as well as the side portals, one of which has been disfigured by a portico in the Renaissance style.

Beneath one of the many arcades that border both sides of the nave reposes Berthold V., Duke of Zähringen, who died in 1218, childless, and who was interred beneath his statue, — *sub hac statua* says the epitaph. The immense nave, in fact, is almost paved with the moss-grown tombstones of the ancient knights and former rulers of Breisgau.

Before entering the choir, one should pause to inspect two exquisite Renaissance galleries, one in the right the other in the left arm of the cross. In a richly gilded niche in a small chapel, near by, stands a hideous skeleton, superbly arrayed in gold brocade and pearls, —

Saint Alexander, the martyr. Another chapel, the Communion Chapel, is filled with statues, — Jesus with all the apostles and the traitor Judas; another, the Holy Sepulchre Chapel, contains but a single statue,— Christ in the Tomb. Several figures representing sleeping soldiers are carved upon the sarcophagus.

The choir and the choir chapels are reserved for the sacristan's benefit; and his fee is by no means money wasted, for he is the custodian of quite an extensive museum.

There are pictures by Holbein, and superb wood-carvings, and costly Venetian stuffs, and Byzantine jewelry, and the choicest products of Persian looms. The *bas-reliefs* of the dukes of Zähringen are fine works of art; but what I admired most was a Byzantine figure of Christ upon the cross, fully five feet high, brought from Palestine by a bishop of Freiburg. The figure of Christ, and even the cross itself, is of gilded copper, enriched with precious stones. The tunic is of marvellous workmanship, and the wound in the side is represented by an immense uncut ruby.

I did not go up into the tower. A high hill, almost a mountain, much taller than the tower, overlooks Freiburg on the east; so I preferred to climb the hill instead of the tower, and was richly rewarded for my trouble by a superb view of the town and the lovely valley of the Dreisam. In the centre of the town, lying at my feet, was the grim cathedral with its lofty spire, surrounded with quaint, peaked-roofed houses covered with bright coloured tiles, and here and there among

them some of the square towers that once belonged to the old fortified wall, while beyond stretched an immense plain of richest green, with a wooded height on the left that reminds one of the hat of the Doge of Venice in shape, and hundreds of miles of mountains for a horizon.

As I was about to descend the hill, I noticed a foot-path that seemed to lose itself between two perpendicular walls of rock. I followed this path a short distance, and suddenly found myself gazing out, as if through a window, at another valley of entirely different aspect. One might have supposed one's self suddenly transported a thousand miles away. This was a narrow, gloomy, morose valley, hemmed in on every side by lofty hills, and with only an occasional dwelling hidden among the trees. A dense mass of cloud covered the extreme summits of these hills; but below the clouds, and through the gaps between the hills, I could see, as if through the loopholes of an enormous tower, bits of bright blue sky.

By the way, at Freiburg I ate some of the famous trout of the Haut-Rhine. They are excellent fish, and very pretty, being blue, spotted with red.

CHAPTER VII.

BASLE.

Alpine Flowers. — The Cathedral. — Lament for the noble Cloister of Saint Waudrille. — Valuable Archives. — The Museum.

I LEFT Freiburg at five o'clock in the morning and reached Basle about noon. My route becomes more picturesque each day. The road from Freiburg to Basle skirts a magnificent range of hills, — that is what they call them here, though they are high enough to cut the clouds; and two hours before we reach Basle, we pass through a corner of the famous Black Forest.

From my window at the inn, which overlooks a small square, I can see two beautiful fountains, one of the fifteenth and one of the sixteenth century, side by side.

The number of fountains in this region is something truly marvellous. I counted eight in Freiburg; in Basle there is one at every street corner, and I understand that they are equally numerous in Zurich, Berne, and Lucerne. This is due to the mountains. Mountains produce torrents, torrents form streams, and streams make fountains, hence it follows that the beautiful Gothic fountains that abound in Swiss towns should be included in the *flora* of the Alps.

The first glance at the cathedral of Basle is very disappointing and unsatisfactory. In the first place, there

are no stained glass windows left worthy of mention; and in the second place, the edifice has been painted a bright red, not only inside, but out, and from the foundation to the very top, so the really beautiful fifteenth-century spires look like two immense carrots. But one's first disappointment over, one really finds a good deal of a consoling nature. The roof, with its arabesques in coloured tiles, is both original and graceful, the spires are exceedingly symmetrical, and the principal façade is adorned with four very interesting female figures,—two saintly and devout women engaged in reading and meditation, and two foolish, scantily attired beauties, who display their plump shoulders and laugh mockingly on either side of the Gothic portal. A new way, this, of depicting good and evil. Two equestrian statues of more than life size—Saint Martin and Saint George—complete the decoration of the façade.

The left portal is a poem. Beneath the archivolt stand the four Evangelists; on either side, in small niches, are statuettes representing different deeds of charity. These niches are encased between pilasters and surmounted by an architrave upon which sits an angel with a trumpet, proclaiming to the world the efficacy of these good works, and thus concluding the poem with an ode.

The right portal is much less interesting, but it leads into a noble cloister, walled and paved with tombs, and bearing some resemblance to the admirable cloister of Saint Waudrille, so stupidly destroyed by some senseless manufacturer. In this cloister, I saw the tomb of Eras-

mus,— a large slab of light brown marble inserted in the wall, with a long epitaph in Latin. Above this epitaph is a figure which strongly resembles the portrait of Erasmus by Holbein. Below it is written the mysterious word, *Terminus*. The sarcophagus of the Empress Anne, wife of Rudolph of Hapsburg, too, is here, and her child sleeps beside her.

The pulpit is a superb work of art. It rises out of the pavement of the cathedral in the form of an immense tulip encased in its leaves; but here, as at Freiburg, the effect is greatly marred by the absurd canopy which has been placed over it.

Take it all in all, Calvinism, though no doubt unintentionally, has played sad havoc with this poor church by painting it and frosting the windows; but it has respected the beautiful arches in the choir, as well as the crypt under the altar, where there are some fine twelfth-century columns and a few thirteenth-century pictures.

Several mediæval monsters of types which are now extinct, very fortunately, repose upon the pavement of this crypt, and one involuntarily steals by them on tiptoe lest one should arouse them.

The old woman who acted as my guide offered to show me the archives of the cathedral. These consisted principally of a large, superbly carved wooden coffer, magnificent, but empty, and a huge *armoire*, also of the fifteenth century, with innumerable drawers. I opened several, — they were empty; but in one I found some small engravings of Zurich, Berne, and the Rigi. In

the largest drawer there was a picture representing a number of men seated around a camp fire; under it were the words, *A Bohemian Bivouac*. Add to these, a few old bombs ranged on a window-sill, a motley collection of antiquated weapons, a very poor reproduction in wax of Jean Klauber's celebrated *Dance of Death*, destroyed with the cemetery of the Dominicans in 1805, some fossils found in the Black Forest, a Liége Almanac for 1837, and you have the archives of the Basle cathedral.

The view from the tower is very fine. Three hundred and fifty feet below me flowed the broad green waters of the Rhine; at my feet was Great Basle; in front of me, Little Basle, — for the Rhine divides the town into two parts, and as is usual in such cases, one part has prospered at the expense of the other. A long wooden bridge unites the two towns, which make a charming border of sharply-pitched roofs, Gothic fronts, turrets, towers, and balconies along both sides of the stream. Never before have I seen a city which so abounds in all sorts of quaint architectural conceits, in curious buildings of every epoch. Among other remarkable structures there is a large building now used as a carriage shed, each door and window and nook and corner of which is profusely adorned with clusters or garlands of leaves. Stone, here, seems to be twisted and braided as if it were osier.

The Rath-haus is a fine specimen of sixteenth-century architecture. The front, surmounted by a plumed warrior bearing the escutcheon of the town, would be very handsome if it had not been painted red, and still further disfigured by a number of painted figures on a

balcony in the Gothic style of 1810. The main staircase is adorned with two statues, — the lower one, a handsome warrior, said to represent the Roman consul, Munatius Plaucus; the other a *valet de ville* with a document in his hand. This statue is painted; his clothing is half black and half white, the colours of the town, and there is a big red seal on the folded paper. This German *valet de ville* has survived all the revolutions in Europe. I met him this morning near the hotel, alive and well, going about the town on official business, preceded by his guard bearing a sword, to the intense amusement of some clerks who were reading the morning paper at the door of a *café*.

I could not leave Basle without visiting the museum, for I knew that Basle is as celebrated for Holbeins as Frankfort is for Albert Durers. There is a little of everything in this museum; but turn which way you will, everything is a Holbein. There is a Luther, an Erasmus, a Melancthon, a Catherine von Bora, a portrait of Holbein himself, and of his wife, — a handsome and still charming woman of forty years or thereabouts. There is also a Sir Thomas More with his entire family, his father, his children, and his monkey, — for the great chancellor loved monkeys. Then there are two dead Christs, one painted, one done with a pen, both by Holbein, and both sublime in their realism, imaginative power, and invention. I have always been a warm admirer of Holbein's genius; besides, his paintings are always characterized by the attributes that touch me most deeply, — gentleness and quiet melancholy.

The museum also contains several Roman bronzes found at Augst, a magnificent Chinese coffer, a tapestry *portière* from Venice, and the table used by the Diet of the Thirteen Cantons. It is a magnificent sixteenth-century table, inlaid with pearl and ivory, and with superbly carved figures of lions, griffins, and satyrs supporting a shield with the coat-of-arms of Basle emblazoned upon it, — a table around which those incorruptible Swiss magistrates that were the dread of princes deliberated; the table from which this solemn truth was promulgated to the rulers of men: *Supra naturam præsto est Deus*.

This table is now in a very dilapidated condition, however. The museum is badly kept, articles being piled upon each other indiscriminately. I saw a small picture by Rubens which was propped up against a pile of old books, and which must have had several falls already, as the frame was badly broken. So you see there is a little of everything in this museum, — pictures, articles of furniture, rare fabrics, and a few books, as well.

CHAPTER VIII.

ZURICH.

The Walls and Towers of Basle. — Augst. — The Valley of the Aar. — Historic Ground. — Brugg and its charming Maidens. — The Lake of Zurich.

I LEFT Basle about daybreak. The road to Zurich runs parallel with the ancient wall of the city for a mile or more, so we passed several of the old fortified towers. I have neglected to mention the towers of Basle though they are really quite remarkable, inasmuch as they all differ greatly in shape and in height, and were originally connected together by a high, crenulated wall, bordered by a deep, broad moat, in which the residents of the town now cultivate potatoes with marked success. The gates of the city are still ornamented with ponderous, fourteenth-century hersillons; and the sight of their crooked, bristling iron teeth above your head makes you feel as if you were emerging from the frightful jaws of some hideous monster. Nearly all the gates of Basle are really fortresses of quite a formidable character. This is especially true of the Polygon, — an imposing tower with a sharply pitched roof, flanked with two turrets, and ornamented with statues like the gate at Vincennes and the old Louvre. It is needless to say that this too has been covered with a coat of mastic and then painted, — red of course. As we reached this

gate a body of troops, numbering perhaps two hundred men, was re-entering the tower, with one cannon. It was probably the army of Basle.

Near this gate is an exquisite fountain which has been shamefully mutilated. Of the figures which once adorned the centre column only the headless trunks and an occasional arm or leg remain,—a piece of vandalism for which the army is accountable, I suspect.

But I forget that I am on my way to Zurich. For four hours, or until we reach Rheinfelden, the road traverses a lovely, mist-veiled valley. We pass Kreuznach, which lies a little to the left of us, and whose high tower is plainly visible from the cathedral spires of Basle; then we come to Augst. Augst! What a barbarous name! It should really be Augusta. Augst is the site of the ancient Roman city Augusta Rauracorum, founded by the Roman consul, Munatius Plaucus, whose statue adorns the Rath-haus at Basle. Augusta Rauracorum, in spite of its high-sounding name, would now make a charming stage-setting for a Swiss vaudeville, and that is about all. A group of picturesque huts built upon a rock in the shadow of two ancient towers, and two moss-covered bridges beneath which that pretty stream the Ergolz dances gaily along, and an old cemetery in which I noticed a strange old crumbling tomb of the fourth-century type, as I passed, — that is Augst. Excavations are frequent; in fact, the entire soil seems to have been sedulously overturned, for quantities of tiny bronze statuettes have been found here, from the sale of which the museum at Basle derives a small revenue.

A half-hour more brings us to a pretty row of wooden houses on the other side of the Rhine, close by a cascade. This is Warmbach. After a couple of miles the Rhine suddenly widens, and in the middle of the stream rises an immense rock covered with ruins and connected with both shores by two queer-looking covered bridges. A little Gothic village, bristling with towers and turrets, seems to be rushing madly down to one of these bridges. This is Rheinfelden, and the pile of ruins on the little island in the river is all that remains of the once famous Stein Castle of Rheinfelden. Under the wooden bridge, which consists of but a single arch on the farther side of the island, the Rhine is no longer a river, but a seething whirlpool; and many boats come to grief there.

Rheinfelden is a charming village, and I lingered there a while. The principal street is adorned with a very beautiful fountain, the central column of which is surmounted by a handsome warrior who holds the coat-of-arms of the town proudly uplifted above his head.

At Rheinfelden we leave the river, and do not get another glimpse of it until we near Säckengen, with its ugly church and covered bridge,—an insignificant town situated in a charming valley; then, after a short drive through several pretty villages on a broad, high plateau surrounded by lofty hills, we suddenly come to a beautiful grove near an inn, hear the sound of a busy mill-wheel, and forthwith plunge down into the lovely valley of the Aar. In the distant horizon a long chain of steep and rugged mountains is dimly visible, while to the

eastward lies the pretty town of Brugg, with its encircling walls and conical towers and bridge over the Aar; and a short distance off, perched on a gloomy, thickly wooded height, stands the old castle of Hapsburg or Habsburg, the cradle of so many Austrian kings.

This beautiful valley is, indeed, historic ground. The legions of Rome fought here; here Vitellius won his signal triumph over Galba; here Austria was born. This crumbling ruin, built in the eleventh century by an Alsatian nobleman, was the fountain-head of the torrent of archdukes and emperors that has submerged modern Europe.

The northern part of the valley where the Aar, the Reuss, and the Limmat unite their waters is veiled in mist. The Limmat comes from the Lake of Zurich, and brings with it the mountain torrents of the Todeberg; the Aar comes from the Lakes of Brienz and Thun, and brings the cascades of the Grimsel and the Schreckhoen; the Reuss comes from the Lake of the Four-Cantons, and brings the waters of the Rigi and Mount Pilatus. The Rhine bears all this on to the sea.

I was aroused from my meditations by the charming view of Brugg that burst upon my vision. Brugg is certainly the most beautiful and picturesque conglomeration of fantastic roofs, turrets, and towers I have yet seen. I had always promised myself that I would be sure to look at an antique *bas-relief* inserted in the wall near the bridge, if I ever visited Brugg, — a *bas-relief* that is said to represent the head of a Hun; but as it happened to be Sunday, and the bridge was covered with

a crowd of pretty, smiling, wondering, girls in their best clothes, I forgot all about the ancient Hun. When he at last recurred to my mind, the city was several miles behind me.

With their ribbon-butterfly, not quite so exaggerated in size as in Freiburg, on the front of their heads, their black velvet bodices trimmed with silver braid and buttons, their high velvet collars embroidered with gold, their plaited brown skirts, and wide-awake air, all the women of Brugg seemed to me pretty, — some of them very beautiful, in fact. The men dress very much as our mechanics dress on Sunday, and are frightful to look upon. It would not surprise me to hear that there were a great many love-sick swains in Brugg, but it is hard to imagine an instance in which their love would be returned.

The town itself is extremely neat and thriving in appearance; and though it consists chiefly of the snug little homes of working people, it is none the less attractive on that account. One thing struck me as very remarkable when I passed through the town on that Sunday afternoon. All the women were assembled at the bridge gateway, all the men at the gate of the road leading to Zurich. I noticed the same thing in the fields; you see first a group of men, then a group of women. Even the children observe this custom, which seems, by the way, to prevail throughout the entire canton and even in Zurich. It seems very odd; but like many strange things, it is a very good thing. In this region, abounding in such exuberant life and exquisite

costumes, where Nature inclines man to be rather forward and presumptuous, and dress tends to make woman coquettish, custom fortunately interposes a barrier between them.

This valley is not only a confluence of rivers, but likewise of costumes. The Reuss crossed, the black velvet bodice becomes a corselet of gay brocade; while on the other side of the Limmat, the brown skirt assumes a scarlet hue, and a coquettish apron of embroidered muslin is added to it. Every style of coiffure, too, is worn. In ten minutes, one meets pretty girls with the immense combs worn in Lima, with high black straw hats, as in Florence, or with lace mantillas on their heads as in Madrid, but one and all have a bouquet of natural flowers at their side.

The variety of head-dresses was so great that I began to be prepared for almost anything; still, I was a trifle nonplussed on suddenly perceiving in front of me an old woman wearing a sort of enormous sombrero of black Spanish leather ornamented with a pair of boots and an umbrella. I was on the point of making a note of this astonishing fact when I discovered that the good woman was merely carrying a traveller's valise on her head.

Baden is on the Limmat. For about half an hour you follow the bank of this swift stream, which makes a terrible uproar at the bottom of a charming vine-clad ravine, then a massive gateway flanked by four turrets suddenly bars the way. Beyond this gateway a crowd of wooden houses seems to be rushing pell-mell down into the ravine; above it, among the trees, stands a

ruined castle whose battlements form a sort of cockscomb on the mountain. At the bottom of the ravine, under a covered bridge, the Limmat dashes impetuously along over its rocky bed, and then one perceives a spire covered with coloured tiles. That is Baden.

There is a little of everything in Baden. Gothic ruins, Roman ruins, thermal springs, a statue of Isis, and a *hôtel-de-ville*, where Prince Eugène and the Marshal de Villars exchanged signatures. As I was anxious to reach Zurich before nightfall, I contented myself with examining a charming fountain in the public square, surmounted, like that of Rheinfelden, by the commanding figure of a soldier. By the way, the Romans called the thermal springs at Baden, *aquæ verbigenæ*.

The shadows were lengthening as our fresh relay of horses galloped along an excellent road, though it traversed a region that was almost a wilderness. A little to the left of us stood a convent,—a white building with a red tower like a child's toy; some distance ahead of us loomed up a mountain so tall that the woods upon it looked like a growth of heather. In the dreary convent garden, a white robed monk was walking, engaged in conversation with a monk in black. High up on the mountain-side, an old tower occasionally peeped out, its face reddened by the glow of the declining sun. What building is this? The castle of Conrad von Tagerfelden, one of the Emperor Albert's assassins, was somewhere in this wilderness. Can this be the remains of it? I am only a passing traveller, and cannot say; but somehow

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I cannot help thinking of that tragedy of 1308, and of Agnes's terrible revenge, as the windings of the road conceal the tower from view more and more, until it disappears from our sight altogether.

It was dark, and I was sound asleep in a corner of the carriage when the loud ring of horses' hoofs on a board floor awakened me. I opened my eyes. At first it seemed to me that I was in a strange sort of cave. Immense beams and rafters, supported in the most intricate manner, formed a vaulted roof over my head; while to the right and left of me, low arches formed of heavy scantling revealed two dark, narrow, galleries with occasional openings through which came the evening breeze and the soft murmur of the river. Far off in the distance, at the end of this strange cave, I vaguely discerned the gleam of bayonets. As the carriage rolled slowly along, a distant torch cast a flickering light over the massive wooden arches. I was on the covered bridge of Zurich, and some patrols were bivouacking just outside.

Zurich, seen by daylight, is rather disappointing. The towers of the cathedral are mere pepper-boxes, and the fronts of nearly all the houses are stuccoed and whitewashed; but the lake is beautiful, and the view of the Alps indescribably grand and imposing. It tones down the rather too exuberant cheerfulness of the glittering waves bordered with white houses and emerald-green fields.

The blue waters of the lake are wonderfully transparent. The mountains, and even the forests upon these

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mountains, are distinctly mirrored on the bottom of the lake. It gives one the impression that these rocks and forests must have been submerged by another deluge; and as I lean over the edge of my boat and gaze down into the depths below, I feel very much as Noah must have felt when he gazed out of the window of the ark. Occasionally, I saw big, tawny fish striped with black, like tigers, darting about.

As for the city itself, setting aside the Roman portal of the cathedral, and a few quaint old houses, lost among the modern ones, a church spire or two, and three or four imposing towers — one of them prodigious in size — in the ancient walls, I am not sufficiently advanced in my ideas to admire Zurich. I have searched in vain for the famous tower of Wellemburg that stood in the middle of the Limmat, and that served as the prison of the Count of Hapsburg and Councillor Waldmann, beheaded in 1488. Can it be that these people have demolished it?

At the inn where I am staying the traveller is not fleeced; he is cleverly dissected. The proprietor sells a view of his lake at eight francs a window by the day. The fare reminds me of a verse of Ronsard, —

“ La vie est attelée
A deux mauvais chevaux, le boire et le manger.”

Surely, there is no place where these two steeds can be worse than at the Hôtel de l'Épée.

By the way, I have omitted to mention that Zurich was once called Turegum. The river divides it into

two parts, which are united by three handsome bridges, "upon which the *bourgeois* often promenade," says Georges Bruin of Cologne. The vineyards are too much exposed to the sun. There is a great difference in the quality of the Zurich wine and Zurich wheat.

CHAPTER IX.

ZURICH.

A dismal Day. — A strange Volume unearthed.

I HAVE left the Hôtel de l'Épée and taken lodgings in the town; but though I find myself much more comfortable in many respects, I often think with regret of the magnificent view I once enjoyed.

This was especially true yesterday; for the rain fell in torrents, and I was a close prisoner in my bare and cheerless room. I opened the window—one of those hideous affairs of fifty years ago, very appropriately styled guillotine windows—and gazed gloomily out. The street was deserted, all the windows in the house across the way were closed, and not a human face was visible there, nor was there a single pedestrian on the street paved with round dark pebbles that shone like ripe horse-chestnuts in the rain. The only thing that imparted an air of animation to the scene was the spout on a neighbouring roof,—a sort of gargoyle representing an ass's head in galvanized iron, from the open mouth of which streamed a yellow, turbid flood which had cleansed the tiled roof, and was now about to wash the pavement below. It seems a pity that anything should take the trouble to descend from heaven merely to transform dust into mud.

As I have remarked before, I was a close prisoner, and my surroundings were far from pleasant. How should I employ my time? How find any pleasant diversion?

There were two or three cupboards in the room. I opened them mechanically, as if in the hope of discovering some solution to the problem there, but such cupboards are always empty. It is only the permanent home that can boast of a full cupboard.

As I was about to close the last one, I fancied I saw something on the topmost shelf. I reached up and laid hold on it. The first thing I discovered was dust; the second was a book,—a small, square, paper-covered book. What a piece of good fortune! I shake off the dust and open the volume. It is written in French. I glance at the title.

“Secret Loves of Napoleon Bonaparte, with Engravings.” I glance at the illustrations. They all represent a short man, with all a plethoric alderman’s marvellous rotundity of figure, and the face of a buffoon, attired in an immensely long redingote and cocked-hat, and in company with more or less scantily clad women. I look at the date, — 1814.

I had sufficient curiosity to read it, but doubt if I can give you a very correct idea of the contents of this remarkable volume, published in Paris by some infamous libeller, and probably left here in Zurich by some Austrian.

“Napoleon Bonaparte was extremely ugly; his small, deep-set eyes, wolf-like profile, and prominent

ears made him frightful to look upon. He conversed miserably, possessed neither wit nor tact, walked very badly, held himself awkwardly, and always took lessons of Talma when he was obliged to make a speech in public. His military genius, too, was greatly over-rated; he won victories only by overwhelming superiority of numbers. He lost many more battles than he gained. It was not Napoleon who won the battle of Marengo; it was Desaix. It was not Napoleon who won the battle of Austerlitz; it was Soult. He was a military commander of the second rank, vastly inferior to the famous generals of former times, — Turenne, Condé, Luxembourg, and Vendôme. Even in our own day his military talent cannot be compared with that of the great Duke of Wellington. Personally, he was a coward. He secreted himself while the cannonading was going on at Brienne. [At Brienne, of all places!] He was so avaricious that he gave one of the victims of his lust — a poor woman he kept a close prisoner in a little lonely street in the Faubourg Saint Marceau, without a human being to wait upon her, and a prey to constant terror and despair — only ten francs a day. This was but one of the loves of Napoleon, however; for this jealous monster was also the grossest of libertines, — a compound of Othello and Don Juan. He had hosts of others in every part of Paris, — in garrets, in cellars, in rooms hired under fictitious names," etc.

Some persons smile at all this, but I must confess that I consider it no laughing matter. Such calumnies against great men, even when they are living, fill me

with rage and disgust. I say to myself, "Is this any way to treat men of genius whose names posterity will honour,—in some cases because they made the nation greater; in others, because they made the human race better?"

Be a great man, and you will be accused of the grossest vice. Hatred and envy do not seem to be endowed with much inventive power, however; for they generally make the same atrocious charges, which become almost harmless by reason of having been so often repeated. A slanderer is generally only a plagiarist. The public does not always realize the fact, but the public does know that what is said of the great man of to-day is precisely what was said in former times of the great man of former times. Great men have scorned to take any notice of these base slanders, you say. True, but is that any proof that they have not suffered on account of them? Who knows what poignant sorrow may have been concealed beneath this mute disdain? There is nothing so revolting to the human soul as injustice; and what can be more bitter than to receive a gross insult when one deserves great praise? How do you know that this odious little book, at which you laugh to-day, may not have been officiously sent to the prisoner at St. Helena, and have cost the hero who slept so soundly on the eve of Marengo and Austerlitz more than one sleepless night? No; I cannot smile at these infamous slanders. When I study the annals of the past, and when I explore the ruins of ancient prisons, I see no more food for mirth in the vile accusations now

almost forgotten than in the hideous implements of torture I find buried in the dust.

Brand with deepest ignominy and disgrace those foul-mouthed wretches who seem to have no other business but to torment, while living, those whom posterity will worship when Death has claimed them as her own.

After I closed the volume everything seemed veiled in even deeper gloom. The storm raged yet more violently outside; the melancholy and discouragement that filled my heart became more intense. My window was still standing open, and as I glanced out mechanically, after some time had elapsed, my eyes chanced to fall on the grotesque spout through which the yellow, turbid flood was still pouring. The sight calmed me, and I said to myself that in most cases persons who offend in this way are not really conscious of the crime they commit, but err rather through stupidity than through positive ignorance.

CHAPTER X.

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

Who shall decide when Doctors and Antiquarians disagree? — The Castle of Munoth. — The Schaffhausen of two hundred Years ago. — A Viand peculiar to the Country.

I WAS about to tell you to spell it *Schaffhausen*, and pronounce it as you please; but you can also have the privilege of spelling it as you please, so greatly do antiquarians differ in that regard. Platin calls it Schaphuse; Strumphius calls it Schapfuse; Georges Bruin calls it Shaphusia, and Miconnis calls it Probatopolis. After the name comes the etymology. Glareau says, "Schaffhausen means a city of sheep." "Not at all." retorts Strumphius. The name is derived from two words, *Schafa*, boat, and *hause*, home, because the boats stop there, it being impossible for them to proceed any farther. There is a like difference of opinion in regard to the old castle of Munoth on the Emmersberg, near Schaffhausen, but which is called Munitio by antiquarians on account of a Roman citadel that once stood there. Now there is nothing left of it but a few ruins, — a large tower and an immense casemate that would hold several hundred men.

Two centuries ago Schaffhausen was much more picturesque in appearance than now. The Hôtel de Ville,

the Toussaint Convent, the Church of Saint John, and the massive walls of the city with their numerous towers were all intact then. There were thirteen of these towers, without counting the colossal tower of the Schloss and the tall towers which supported the strange and magnificent bridge over the Rhine which Odinot destroyed on the 13th of April, 1799, with that ignorance or disregard of *chefs-d'œuvre* which is pardonable only in heroes. And last, but not least, just outside the walls of the city, near the gate leading to the Black Forest, and upon a slight eminence beside a small chapel, stood a hideous little structure of wood and stone,—the gallows. In the Middle Ages, and even no more than a hundred years ago, a well constructed and handsomely ornamented gallows was considered an essential in every sovereign community. A city adorned with a gibbet, the gibbet adorned with its victim,—that meant a free, imperial city.

I was very hungry, and it was late when I arrived, so I began by dining. It was a French dinner, served by a French waiter, with a French bill-of-fare. The orthography of this last was highly original, to say the least; and as I glanced over it with no little amusement, my eyes chanced to fall upon this line at the bottom of the card, —

“Calaische à la choute . . . 10 francs.”

“A national dish, I suppose,” I say to myself. “I must try it. But ten francs! It must be some viand for which Schaffhausen is specially noted.” I call the

waiter, and the following conversation ensues, in French of course; for, as I have said before, the waiter spoke French.

“A *calaïsche à la choute*, if you please,” say I.

“Very well, sir. At what hour to-morrow morning, sir?”

“Not to-morrow morning, — immediately.”

“But it is very late, sir.”

“What difference does that make?”

“Why, it will be dark in an hour, and Monsieur will not be able to see it well.”

“See! See what? I don’t care to see it.”

“I don’t understand Monsieur.”

“Is it so well worth looking at as all that?”

“Yes, indeed sir, it is really wonderful, — *magnifique*.”

“Oh, well, in that case you can place four lighted candles around it.”

“Four candles! Monsieur must be joking. I quite fail to understand.”

“Nor do I,” I retort impatiently. “I am hungry and want something to eat. Bring what I ordered at once. I wish to taste it.”

“Taste what, sir?” (despairingly).

“Your *calaïsche*.”

“Our *calaïsche*?”

“Your *choute*, then.”

“Our *choute*! Eat our *choute*! Monsieur is jesting. Eat the *choute* of the Rhine!”

I burst into a hearty laugh. The poor waiter was completely mystified; and I, myself, was but just begin-

ning to grasp the meaning of all this. I had been the victim of a ludicrous mistake, caused by the inn-keeper's peculiar mode of spelling.

Calaische à la choute really meant *calèche à la chute*. In other words, after having furnished you with a dinner, the proprietor kindly offered you an open carriage in which to visit the Falls of the Rhine at Laufen, for a consideration of ten francs.

Seeing my uproarious mirth, the puzzled waiter evidently mistook me for a madman, and stalked away, muttering angrily, —

“Eat the falls! Light the falls of the Rhine with four candles! This man must be crazy!”

CHAPTER XI.

THE FALLS OF THE RHINE.

The Castle of Laufen. — The Cataract. — A mysterious Signature. — A strange Fact concerning the Rhine and the Rhone.

I HAVE just visited this wonder of Nature. I am only a short distance from it; I can hear the sound of it now. The many thoughts and fancies it has aroused crowd and jostle one another so in my mind that it seems to me I have the Falls of the Rhine in my brain.

I drove out to Laufen this morning. It is a handsome, thirteenth-century castle, built upon a rocky but thickly wooded eminence above the falls. Two gilded dragons with open mouths stand guard at the gateway. One might almost fancy the mysterious sound one hears proceeds from them.

You enter the courtyard of the castle, and find it is no longer a castle, but a farm-house. Chickens, geese, turkeys, and dung-heaps confront you everywhere; a cart stands in one corner of the yard, a barrel of whitewash in another. A gate is opened and the falls burst upon your vision.

A marvellous sight, truly! The first impression is one of frightful uproar and confusion; but as you gaze, you perceive that there are peaceful, quiet places in this

The Falls of the Rhine.

Photo-etching by John Andrew and Son Company,
from Photograph.





seething, frenzied torrent, — a clump of bushes here and there in the foam, charming rivulets trickling softly over moss-covered rocks, and pretty pools bordered with waving grasses, fit haunts for Poussin's shepherds and shepherdesses. Then these details escape you again, and the first impression returns. Eternal turmoil! Living, madly whirling, fiercely driven snow!

The water itself is wonderfully transparent. Rocks that are fully ten feet below the surface seem to reach to the top of the water. Two huge clouds of mist overhang the two principal subdivisions of the fall. On the other side of the river stands a pretty, quiet village, where I saw busy housewives moving tranquilly about.

While I was gazing, my guide talked incessantly.

"Lake Constance was frozen over during the winter of 1829 and 30. It had not been frozen over before for more than a hundred years. People were able to cross it in carriages. A number of persons perished with the cold in Schaffhausen."

I climbed a little nearer to the edge of the falls. The sky was overcast, the torrent roared like an angry tiger. The deafening roar of the water and the rapidity of its flow were terrible. From my new post of observation I could see the entire cataract. Five immense projecting rocks divide it into five distinct parts of varying heights and entirely different aspects. The first of these rocks was very peculiar in form, and reminded me not a little of a Hindoo idol; and some clumps of grass attached to its summit heightened the resemblance, so

much did they look like tufts of hair. At another place in the fall a huge rock appeared only to disappear again beneath the foam, like the head of a drowning giant who had been struggling in this rush of waters for six thousand years.

All the while my guide continued his monologue.

"The Falls of the Rhine are about six miles from Schaffhausen. The height of the entire fall is seventy feet."

The steep path that leads from the castle down to the base of the cataracts traverses a garden. As I walked through it, half deafened by the roar of the flood, a child accustomed to living beside this marvel of Nature was playing gaily among the flowers.

There are a number of places in this footpath where a trifling fee is exacted. The poor cataract cannot be expected to work for nothing. See the trouble it takes. Of course, when one thinks of all the spray it throws upon the trees and rocks and flowers, it can but be expected to throw a few francs in somebody's pocket as well.

Soon, I came to a sort of wooden gallery or balcony which projected almost into the torrent. The sensation you experience as you lean upon the trembling balustrade is one of mingled bewilderment, terror, and delight. Everything is covered with spray. The ladies in the little Turkish pavilion have protected themselves with oil-skin cloaks. From the overhanging rock upon which the balcony stands, water drips drop by drop into the cataract below. Upon a rock in the middle of the fall

stands a painted figure of a knight leaning upon a red shield adorned with a white cross. Some man must have risked his life to mar this grand and eternal poem of Almighty God by this tawdry decoration.

I walked to the end of the balcony, the boards were wet and slippery, but in a crevice in the rock I noticed a tiny tuft of grass which had perished for want of moisture. Here, under this mighty cataract, in this roaring flood, the much needed drop of water was wanting. There are hearts that resemble this tuft of grass. In the height of earthly prosperity they become parched and withered. Alas! what they lack is that precious drop of water which comes not from the earth, but from heaven, — love!

In the pavilion there is a book in which visitors are requested to inscribe their names. I examined it, and noticed this signature: *Henri*, followed by this character: *Y*. Is it a *V*?

How long I remained on this overhanging rock gazing at this wonderful spectacle, I know not. Under such circumstances the hours pass, leaving no trace behind. At last some one came to warn me that the day was nearing its close. I returned to the castle, and from there made my way down to a little cove below, from which one can cross to the right bank of the river. This cove is only a short distance below the fall, so one crosses the stream only a few yards from the base of the cataract. The trip is made in a pretty little boat as light and exquisitely shaped as an Indian canoe, but constructed of a tough, elastic, fibrous wood, and pro-

pelled, like nearly all the boats on the Rhine and the Meuse, by a paddle.

As the skiff glided along, I gazed up at the tile-covered roof and sharp turrets of the castle which crowns the precipice. On one side of the river stands the castle, on the other, the little village of Neuhausen; and the mighty cataract that fills the beholder with such indescribable wonder, admiration, and awe is forced to turn mill-wheels on the other side of the Rhine.

As our skiff danced merrily along, I could not but admire the exquisite colour of the water. One might have fancied one's self floating through liquid serpentine.

How strange it is that each of the two great rivers of the Alps, on leaving the mountains, assume the hue of the seas to which they are hastening. The Rhone, when it flows out of Lake Geneva, is as blue as the Mediterranean; the Rhine, on quitting Lake Constance, is as green as the ocean itself.

Unfortunately, the sky was overcast; consequently, I cannot say that I saw the Falls of the Laufen in all their splendour. It is hard to imagine anything more rich and beautiful than the shower of pearls which the cataract diffuses around it; still, the scene must be a hundredfold more entrancing when the sunlight converts these pearls into diamonds, and the rainbow plunges its emerald throat into the dazzling foam like some gorgeous bird that has come to drink from the abyss.

From the opposite bank of the Rhine where I am now writing, the cataract can be seen in its entirety, divided into five distinct parts, which form a sort of crescendo. The first is a mill-tail; the second, in its marvellous symmetry, might be one of the fountains of Versailles; the third is a seething, foaming cascade; the fourth is an avalanche; the fifth is chaos itself.

A few steps from the fall the government is opening a large quarry; for the limestone here is very fine. Upon one of the ledges of rock a convict in his prison-garb of striped grey and black, with his pick in his hand, and double chains on his feet, stood gazing at the cataract. Chance seems to take delight occasionally in thus comparing by these sometimes sad, and sometimes even appalling contrasts, the works of Nature with the works of society.

CHAPTER XII.

VEVAY. — CHILLON. — LAUSANNE.

The Church at Vevay. — Edmund Ludlow. — Andrew Broughton. —
Another Exile. — Chillon. — Lausanne.

JUST now I am flitting from place to place in pursuit of sunshine. Wherever I hear of a bit of cloudless sky, thither I hasten. Clouds and rain and chilling winds seem to follow close at my heels, and to take possession of each unfortunate city as I leave it.

It is raining now in Strasbourg which I visited a fortnight ago; in Zurich, where I spent last week; and in Berne, where I was yesterday.

Now I am in Vevay, — a neat, pretty, comfortable, English village, warmed as by a furnace by the southern slopes of Mount Chardonne, and protected as by a gigantic screen by the Alps.

I have the azure sky of summer above my head, and as I bask in the warm sunshine, and gaze at the hill-sides covered with ripe vineyards, and at that magnificent emerald, Lake Lemman, framed as if in silver with snow-clad mountains, I rejoice at my own good fortune, and sincerely pity those who are less favoured.

Vevay can really boast of only three attractions, but they are very powerful attractions, — its neatness, its climate, and its church. I ought rather to say the

tower of its church, for the church itself is in no way remarkable. In fact, it has been subjected to that sort of careful and methodical devastation which protestantism has inflicted upon most German churches. Everything has been sedulously swept and cleaned and polished until the aspect of the edifice is a mixture of barbarism and neatness. All altars, chapels, relics, statues, and painted figures have been removed; a table and some wooden benches in the nave, and you have the church at Vevay.

I was walking through it rather glumly, attended by the old woman who fulfils the duties of beadle in all Calvinistic churches, when I perceived a black marble slab inserted in the wall in an obscure corner. It was the tomb of Edmund Ludlow, one of the judges of Charles I., who died, a refugee, in Vevay, in 1698. I had supposed he was buried in Lausanne. As I stooped to pick up my pencil which had fallen on the floor, the word *depositorium*, carved upon another slab met my gaze: I was standing upon the grave of another regicide, and of another proscribed man,—Andrew Broughton. Andrew Broughton was the friend of Ludlow. Like him, he condemned Charles I. to death; like him, he at first admired, but subsequently hated, Cromwell; like him, he now lies in the dreary church at Vevay.

In 1816 David, an exile like Ludlow and Broughton, passed through Vevay. Did he visit this church? I do not know; but certainly there was much that the judges of Charles I. might have said to the judge of Louis XVI. They might have told him that nothing

is lasting in this world, that every revolutionary idea is a two-edged sword which is sure sooner or later to wound the person who wields it; that an exile who has condemned another person to exile, — a proscribed man who has proscribed others, — lives ever in the shadow of impending doom, and is always regarded with mingled pity and detestation, for the recollection of the sufferings of others cast a lurid light upon his own misfortunes. They might have told him, too, that the serene skies and azure waters of Lake Lemman awaken in the intelligent mind more noble and kindly thoughts, and more ideas that are of real service to humanity than would result from century after century of such revolutions as cost Charles I. and Louis XVI. their lives; and that high above political agitations, immeasurably beyond the reach of those climacteric tempests in a nation's career, which bear on their turbid waves a Marat quite as often as a Mirabeau, — sit, proudly enthroned, art, which proves the intelligence of man, and nature, which proves the omnipotence of God.

While I was meditating thus, a ray from the setting sun stole into the gloomy church, and as it played upon these tombs like the flickering light of a torch, I read the epitaphs inscribed upon them. They are long and dignified inscriptions, and state the leading facts in the lives of these really honest and pure-minded regicides without anger, but also without the slightest reservation. They are straightforward and rather haughty phrases, worthy of being perpetuated in marble, but one

can see that both these men pined for home. One's native land is always beautiful, even when it is foggy, dingy London, viewed from the sunny shores of Lake Lemán. But that which struck me most forcibly was that these two old men seemed to meet death with such entirely different feelings. Edmund Ludlow's soul soared with joy to its eternal home: "*Sedes æternas lætas advolavit*," says the epitaph inserted in the wall. Andrew Broughton, weary of life's conflicts and toil, fell asleep in the Saviour, — "*in Domino obdœmivit*," says the epitaph on the marble slab in the floor. One had condemned a king to death and longed for the joys of Paradise; the other had done the same deed, and only asked for rest. But do not these few brief sentences merely reveal the difference in these two men's characters and opinions? Ludlow was a thinker; he had forgotten the dead king, and saw only an emancipated nation. Broughton was a working-man; he had forgotten all about the people, and thought only of the dethronement and decapitation of the king. Ludlow looked forward; Broughton, backward.

As I was leaving these graves, a third epitaph attracted my attention, a long and solemn adjuration in gold letters on black marble like Ludlow's. Between the two regicides lies an apothecary, named Laurent Matte, a very honest and charitable man, no doubt; who, merely because he happened to make a fortune at Libourne and afterwards came to Vevay to live on his income, insists that the passer-by shall pause and reflect upon the uncertainty of all sublunary things: "*Morare parumper*,

qui hac transis; et respice rerum humanarum inconstantiam et ludibrium."

Last evening, I took a long walk on the borders of the lake. I was some distance from the town when the sound of voices reached my ears, and I saw a fishing-boat putting out from the shore. The fishing-boats of Lake Lemman are specially adapted to these waters being furnished with two lateen-sails attached in opposite directions to two different masts in order to profit by the two prevailing winds,—one which comes from the plains, and enters the lake by way of Geneva, the other, which comes from the mountains by way of Villeneuve. In the daytime, the lake is blue and the sails snowy white, and the boat looks like an immense dragon-fly darting over the water with wings outspread. At night, the water is grey and the fly black. As I stood watching the boat as it moved slowly towards Meillerie, I was deeply impressed with the air of profound repose and peacefulness that pervaded the broad landscape, and even the town; and as I gazed upon this region which God had endowed with such wonderful peace and beauty, but which man had so often devastated by his wars, the thought occurred to me that it is usually the unhappy fate of the most beautiful places to attract invasions and avalanches. Men are like snow; they are always precipitating themselves upon some sunlit valley. For three thousand years these lovely shores of Lake Lemman have been laid waste at short intervals by hostile legions which came, strange to say, from the South, as well as from the North. The Romans found traces of the Greeks

here; the Germans found traces of the Arabs. The tower of Glérolle was built by the Romans as a protection against the Huns. Nine hundred years afterwards, the tower of Goure was built by the Vaudois as a protection against the Hungarians. One protected Vevay; the other Lausanne. While examining, the other day, in the Library at Basle, a rather curious copy of Cæsar's "Commentaries," my eyes fell upon a paragraph in which the writer said that several tablets inscribed with Greek characters were found in the camp of the Helvetians. "Repertæ sunt tabulæ litteris græcis confectæ."

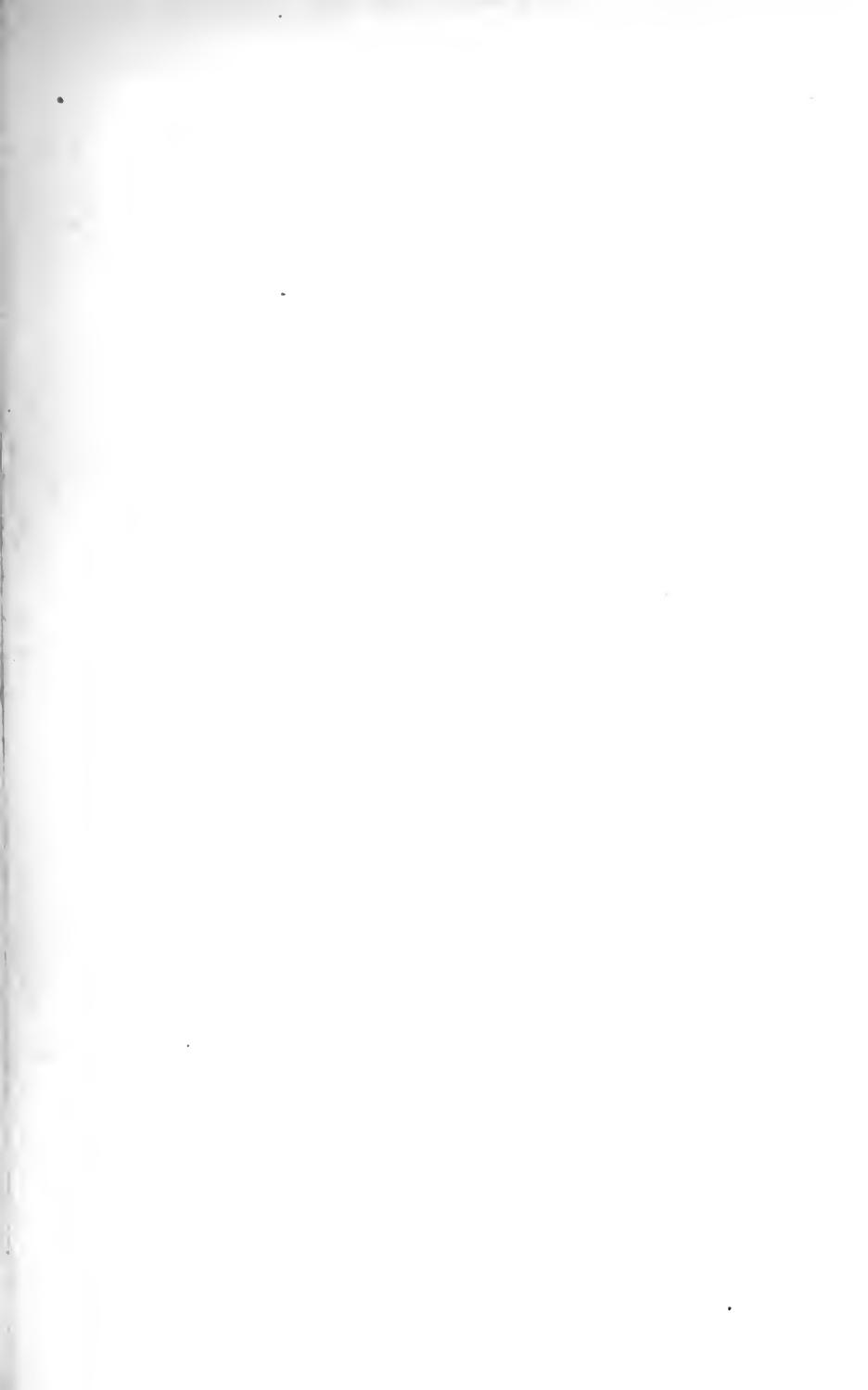
The Romans left in this beautiful land two or three fortresses, a number of tombs, — among others, the one bearing the beautiful and touching epitaph of Julia Alpinula, — numerous milestones, and portions of the great military road constructed from Valais to Avenches; while traces of Greek occupancy still exist in the holiday processions which Thespis might have organized, and in which maidens crowned with ivy are drawn in antique chariots, as well as in the Gruyère *koraulés*, which, as the name χορός and αὐλή signifies, are dances to the sound of the flute.

I visited Chillon this morning. The road passes through the vineyards that border the lake. The wind made Lake Lemán an immense, rippling, glittering expanse of blue; the sails shone with dazzling whiteness in the bright sunshine, and the gulls were sunning themselves on the rocks below. Towards Geneva, the horizon reminded one of the ocean.

Chillon is an irregular mass of towers built upon an isolated rock. The entire castle is of the twelfth and thirteenth century with the exception of some of the doors, ceilings, and tables, which are of the sixteenth. It is now used as a magazine for the military stores of the canton of Vaud. The mouths of the cannon graze the embrasures made for the catapults.

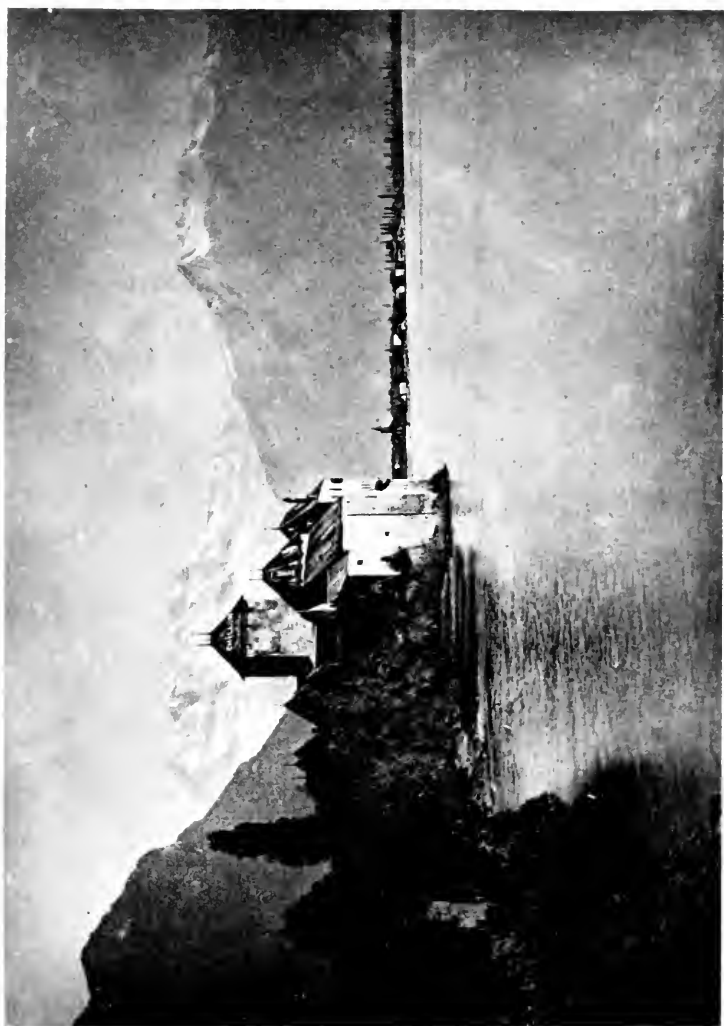
The crypt, which is on a level with the waters of the lake, is divided into three large halls. The first, which serves as an entrance to the other two, was originally the guard-room. It consists of two vaulted aisles, not unlike the nave of a church, supported in the middle by a row of romanesque pillars. The second apartment, which is much smaller, is subdivided into two gloomy rooms, — the first is a dungeon, the second is an even more grim and sinister place. In the first, there is a large bed hewn in the solid rock; in the second, a ponderous beam on which criminals were hung. Opposite it, is an aperture in the wall through which their bodies were thrust into the lake. This opening has been closed up, and is now only a tiny niche which forms a dark stain near the foot of the wall. The winding staircase leading up to the massive oaken door of the Hall of Justice starts only a few feet from this niche.

The third subdivision strongly resembles the first but is much more dimly lighted. The partition walls between the pillars, which once separated it into small cells, have been removed. It was the fifth cell which Bonnivard rendered famous. Nothing remains of it now but the pillar; of the chain that was attached to



The Castle of Chillon.

Photo-etching by John Andrew and Son Company,
from Photograph.



his feet nothing remains save the ring inserted in the column; of the chain fastened around his neck, everything save a hole in the column for the ring to which this chain was attached has been removed. I stood a long time gazing at the pillar around which this great and good man paced drearily to and fro like a wild beast for six long years. He could not lie down, even upon the rock, without great difficulty and then he could not stretch out his limbs to their full length. He wore a hole at the base of the pillar with his heel.

I laid my hand in the cavity thus made. He marked in the same way, with his foot, a slight elevation in the granite which his chain just allowed him to reach. His sole horizon was the grim wall of living rock opposite the side of the dungeon laved by the waters of the lake. Such were the cages in which despotic rulers imprisoned intellect in 1530.

The first of the cells interested me quite as much as the fifth. In Bonnivard's cell, intellect was held captive; in this, devotion. A young man of Geneva, named Michel Cotié, entertained a profound affection mingled with admiration for the Prior of Saint-Victor. When he learned that Bonnivard was a prisoner he resolved to free him. He was familiar with the interior of the castle, and finally succeeded in gaining an entrance there in a menial capacity. Some act of imprudence betrayed him, and he was detected trying to communicate with Bonnivard. He was treated as a spy, and placed in a dungeon, — the first on the right as you enter. They would have hanged him, but the Duke

of Savoy hoped to extort from him a confession that would compromise Bonnivard. Cotié bore the torture bravely. One night, he attempted to escape. He filed his chain asunder, and managed to climb up to the window and wrench out an iron bar. He thought his escape was certain, now. The night was very dark and he jumped, as he supposed, into the lake. He had visited Chillon before only in the summer, and had then noticed that the waters of the lake rose to within a few feet of the dungeon windows, but now, it was winter, and in winter there are no melting snows, so the waters of the lake are much lower, and leave the rocks on which the castle is built almost entirely bare. He could not see them in the darkness, and was dashed to pieces.

All that remains of him now are a few charcoal drawings on the wall of his cell, — drawings which are certainly not devoid of artistic merit, — a picture of Christ, a kneeling saint, a Saint Christopher, and a Saint Joseph.

The window through which Michel Cotié precipitated himself is opposite the third pillar. It is upon this pillar that Byron carved his name with an old ivory-handled stiletto found, in 1536, in the Duke of Savoy's chamber by the Bernese who liberated Bonnivard. This name *Byron* cut in large, slanting letters in the granite column sheds a strange radiance over the gloomy cell.

Noon came and I was still in the dungeon, for I had taken a fancy to the head of Saint Christopher and concluded to copy it, when chancing to glance up at the

ceiling, I perceived that it was of a beautiful azure hue, — the phenomenon of the Blue Grotto was effected here by Lake Geneva quite as successfully as by the Mediterranean. Kind mother Nature forgets no one, you see. She did not even overlook Bonnivard immured in this subterranean dungeon. At noon, she changed his gloomy cell into a palace by colouring the vaulted ceiling a superb blue.

Then, too, she sent birds to amuse the prisoner, — king-fishers who flitted gaily in and out of his narrow window. The Dukes of Savoy have left the Castle of Chillon, but the king-fishers still inhabit it. These dreary dungeons have no terrors for them; one might suppose they fancied it had been built for their special benefit, so boldly do they enter it and seek a shelter there, now from the glaring sunshine, now from the chilling storm.

There are seven pillars in this hall. There were formerly seven dungeons. The people of Berne found six prisoners here, — one of whom was Bonnivard, — and freed them all except a murderer named Albrignan whom they hung from the potence in the adjoining room. It was the last time the gibbet was used.

Each tower of the castle could tell its own grim story. In one, I was shown three cells built one above the other. You entered the upper one by an ordinary door; the others, by a trap-door which was lifted and subsequently replaced after the entrance of the prisoner. The lowest dungeon was dimly lighted by a tiny aperture but the intermediate cell had neither light nor ventila-

tion. A little more than a year ago some one descended into it by means of ropes, and found on the floor a bed of straw on which the imprint of a human body was still visible, and human bones were strewed about here and there. The topmost cell is ornamented with those prison pictures that seem to be drawn with blood. There are arabesques and flowers and armorial escutcheons and a palace front of the Renaissance type. Through the narrow window the prisoner could see a little grass and shrubbery in the moat.

In another tower, is the *oubliette*. It is over ninety feet deep, and the bottom bristles with huge knives. A trap-door shut out the light, and the prisoner found himself on a small spiral staircase consisting of three steps. The wretched victim lost his footing when he attempted to step on the fourth, and was precipitated upon the immense knives below. A skeleton was found here, and an old grey and black goat skin that I stood upon as I gazed down into the frightful abyss.

In another tower, there was a crumbling vault which Lord Byron asked permission to explore in 1816, but the request was refused upon some trivial pretext. The vault was subsequently found to be the sepulchre of Pierre, Duke of Savoy, one of the greatest men of his time, who was surnamed the "Little Charlemagne," — two very incongruous words, by the way.

In the year 1268, the famous duke was interred with great pomp in this vault. Now both tomb and duke have entirely disappeared. I saw the dilapidated door of the vault resting against the side of an old shed in a

neighbouring courtyard, but of the great duke naught remains save the mark made by his sarcophagus which was destroyed by the Bernese.

The courtyard referred to was once a cemetery in which several great noblemen were interred, but there is nothing to be seen there now except a little grass and an aged ivy which still clings to the crumbling wall.

I could not see the chapel as it was filled with cartridges. The ducal chamber is directly over the burial vault. The Bernese mutilated the wainscoting and converted the apartment into a guard-room. The pipes of the soldiery have blackened the magnificent coffered ceiling adorned with silver *fleurs-de-lis* and crosses. The coat-of-arms of Savoy has been obliterated. A secret closet in which the duke's valuables were concealed is still shown, and it is said that the Bernese dragged the costly plate and jewels from it with vociferous exclamations of joy. Those marvellous vases and goblets of Benvenuto Cellini must have looked strangely indeed tumbling out pell-mell into the guard-room. The chamber was formerly decorated with a beautiful fresco representing a hunting scene, but an arm and leg here and there are all that can be distinguished now.

The door leading into the ducal chamber was torn from its hinges during the attack upon the palace, and is now exhibited in a neighbouring room where there are also some curious tables and a very handsome mantel. The door is of massive oak, strengthened by heavy wrought-iron plates. Near the bottom of the door is a round hole. A Bernese bullet passed through the heavy

iron sheathing and entered the wood. If you put your finger in the opening, you can feel the ball.

The Hall of Justice adjoins the ducal chamber. It is a superb room, with an elaborately carved ceiling. It is warmed by a magnificent fireplace, and still further adorned with ten or twelve three-lobed lancet windows of the thirteenth century style. The furniture now consists wholly of cannon, which do not look at all out of place there, by the way. All the neighbouring rooms are full of ammunition, bombs, howitzers, and cannon. Through the half-open doors one can see the formidable mouths of the huge guns gleaming in the darkness.

Beyond the Hall of Justice is the Torture Chamber. A ponderous beam traverses this room a few feet below the ceiling, and in this beam I saw the three holes through which the ropes of the strappado passed. This cross-beam is supported by a wooden pillar crowned by a charming painted and gilded capital. The base of the pillar to which the victim was bound, is deeply scored with marks of a hot iron. The room is lighted by a beautiful arched window which commands a lovely view.

Strange to say, the Castle of Chillon, although surrounded by water, is so free from dampness, that the windows are left open in winter as well as in summer. In the spring, the birds build their nests in the mouths of the howitzers. After a stay of about three hours, I returned to Vevay and paid another visit to the church.

It seems to me a wise ruling of Providence that the tomb of Ludlow, and the cell of Bonnivard should be so

near together, for though the two men lived nearly two hundred years apart, there was a strange bond between them, nevertheless. They were both actuated by the same motives,—the emancipation of human thought, as well as of the nation. The reformation which was inaugurated by Luther and in which Bonnivard assisted, may be compared with justice to the revolution headed by Cromwell, in which Ludlow played such a prominent part one hundred and thirty years afterwards. What Bonnivard hoped to accomplish for Geneva, Ludlow hoped to accomplish for London; but in Bonnivard's case it was an example of the idea persecuted, in Ludlow's, an example of the idea persecuting. What the Duke of Savoy did to Bonnivard, Ludlow repaid with interest to Charles I. The history of human progress is full of these startling requitals.

I have reached Lausanne. A cold wind is blowing in upon me through my window, but I keep it open for love of the lake which is visible almost its entire length from this point. Strange to say, Vevay is the warmest town in Switzerland, and Lausanne the coldest, though they are not more than twenty miles apart.

The average number of rainy days per year in Paris is one hundred and fifty-one; in Vevay, fifty-six.

Lausanne cannot boast of a single ancient edifice that puritanical bad taste has not spoiled. All the beautiful fifteenth century fountains have been replaced by hideous granite columns. The Hôtel de Ville has a handsome belfry and roof, and is adorned with elaborate painted gargoyles, but the windows and doors have been

retouched, unfortunately. The minster is a noble structure of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, but nearly all the statues have been removed, and the same may be said concerning the pictures and stained glass windows. There are still a few superb figures left under the south portico; and the door presented by M. de Montfaucon, the last bishop of Lausanne, remains intact.

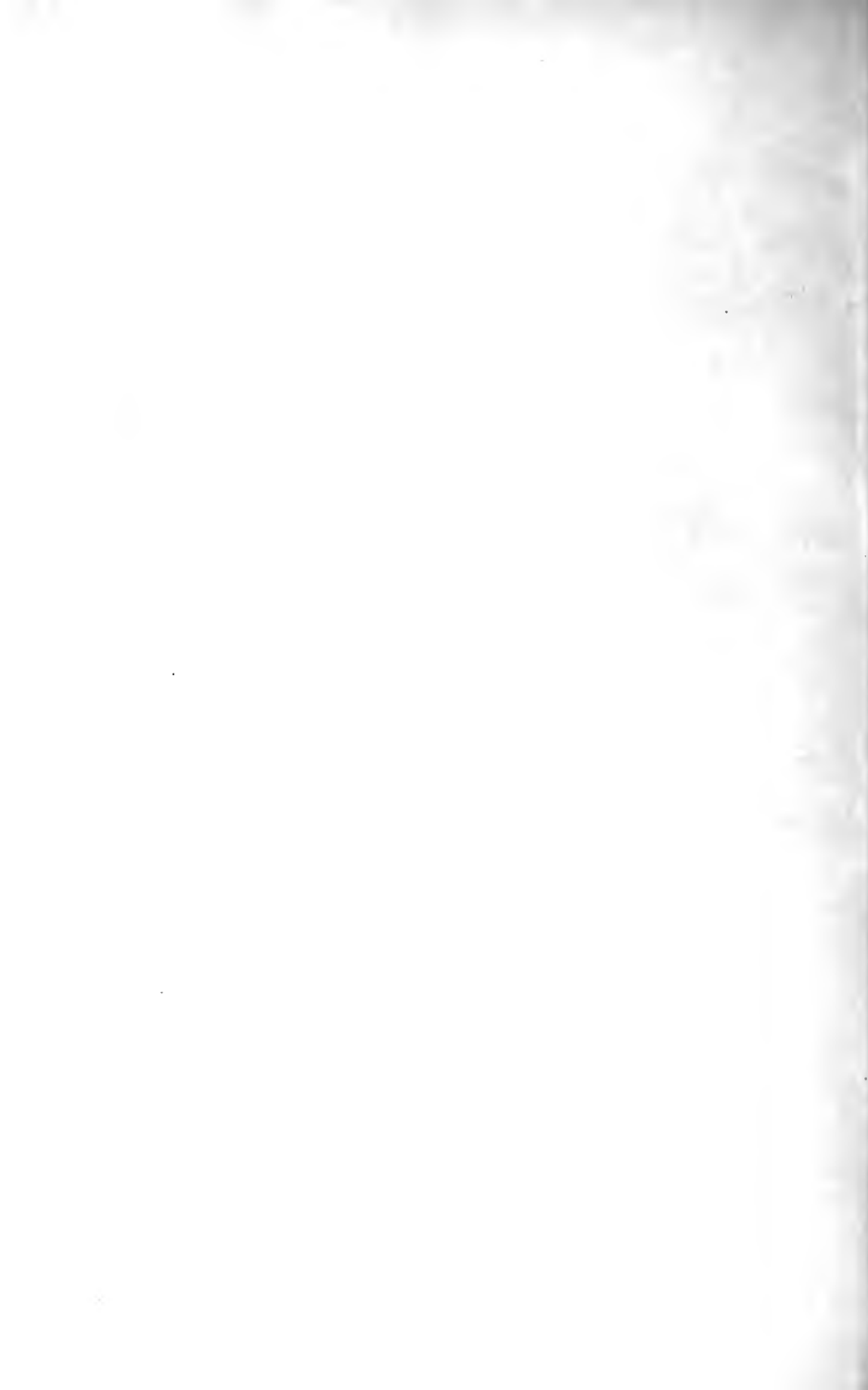
I forgot — there is one stained glass window left in the interior — a handsome rose-window.

An exquisitely carved church-warden's pew, the gift of this same M. de Montfaucon, has likewise been spared, as well as a number of pillars crowned with Roman capitals of elaborate and graceful design, and several admirable tombs, among them that of M. de Rebecque, Benjamin Constant's grandfather. Lausanne consists of a large number of quaint and picturesque houses scattered over two or three hills, and crowned, as with a tiara, by the minster. Standing on the esplanade, in front of the cathedral, I could see beyond and above the house-tops, the lake; above the lake, the mountains; above the mountains, the clouds; and high above the clouds, the stars. It reminded me of a grand staircase, up which the soul ascended step by step, becoming more and more dignified and ennobled with each successive degree of elevation. You may have noticed how much more elongated and flat in shape the rapidly cooling clouds become at eventide, and how frequently they assume the form of immense crocodiles. One of these huge monsters was sailing slowly along the western

Lausanne Cathedral.

Photo-etching by John Andrew and Son Company,
from Photograph.





sky, its gigantic tail almost concealing from view a luminous portico the clouds had built at sunset, and with two or three stars issuing like sparks of fire from its mouth. Beneath it, lay the lake, cold and dark, but gleaming here and there with the metallic lustre of molten lead. The southern horizon looked grim and threatening. Only the base of the mountains was visible; their tops were completely hidden in immense masses of cloud of inky blackness. We shall have a tempest to-night, unquestionably.

In ten days I shall be in Paris.

CONCLUSION.

I.

IN the early part of the seventeenth century, a little more than two hundred years ago, Europe consisted of six powers of the first magnitude, — the Holy See, the German Empire, France, and Great Britain (we will mention the other two presently); eight powers of secondary rank, — Venice, the Swiss Cantons, the United Provinces, Denmark, Sweden, Hungary, Poland, Muscovy; five powers of the third rank, — Lorraine, Savoy, Tuscany, Genoa, Malta; and, finally, six powers of the fourth rank, — Urbino, Mantua, Modena, Lucca, Ragusa, and Geneva.

Or re-classifying them according to their several forms of government, we find five elective monarchies, namely: the Holy See, the German Empire, the kingdoms of Denmark and Poland; twelve hereditary monarchies: the Turkish Empire, the kingdoms of France, Great Britain, Spain, and Sweden, the grand duchies of Muscovy and Tuscany, the duchies of Lorraine, Savoy, Urbino, Mantua, and Modena; seven republics: the United Provinces, the Thirteen Cantons, Venice, Lucca, Ragusa, and Genoa, and lastly Malta, which was at once a military and ecclesiastical republic with a knight for

a reigning prince and bishop, an island for a home, the sea for a battlefield, Christianity for a country, and civilization for its object.

From this list of republics we have purposely omitted the petty states of Andorra and San Marino. History is not a microscope.

Venice, the most important of all the republics, was only a second-rate power. In Venice, the doge was considered a private individual and ranked only as a sovereign duke; but outside of Venice, he was considered a public personage,—he represented the republic and took his place among the crowned heads. It is a remarkable fact that there was no republic among the first-class powers; but there were two elective monarchies, the Pontifical States and the German Empire. It is also quite remarkable that there should have been no elective monarchies among the third and fourth rate powers, but five republics,—Malta, Lucca, Ragusa, Genoa, and Geneva.

The five elective monarchies were all limited in their character,—the Pope by the Sacred College; the German Emperor by the Electors and Diets; the King of Denmark by the five orders of the kingdom; the King of Hungary by the Palatine, and the King of Poland by the Counts Palatine, the chief castellans, and the secular nuncios.

The twelve hereditary monarchies, small as well as great, were all absolute in character with the exception of Great Britain, limited by the two houses of Parliament; Sweden, and to a certain extent, France, as the

king of that country sometimes, though very rarely, found himself opposed by the *États Généraux*.

Four of the eight republics, Venice, Genoa, Ragusa, and Malta, were aristocracies; three, the United Provinces, Geneva, and Lucca, were democracies, the power being vested in representatives elected by the people; the only republic in which the supreme power was vested in the people themselves was Switzerland, though rank was held in high esteem, and there were certain towns in which no person could be a magistrate unless he could prove his right to four quarterings.

Malta was governed by a Grand Master, appointed for life, and assisted by eight conventual magistrates, and by the priors of the twenty provinces who acted as advisers.

Venice had a doge elected for life. The entire republic watched the doge; the Grand Council watched the republic; the senate watched the Grand Council; the Council of Ten watched the senate; the three inquisitors watched the Council of Ten; and the inquisitors were denounced through the Bronze Mouth, if necessary. Every Venetian magistrate was a spy, spied upon.

The Duke of Genoa held his office ten years, under the close supervision of the Council of the Four Hundred, the Council of the Hundred, the eight governors, the foreign podesta, the sovereign syndics, the Order of Saint George, and the Council of Forty-four, so called on account of its having been instituted in 1444. His term of office ended, he was escorted from the ducal palace to his home, with these words resounding in his

ears: " Vostra serenita ha finito suo tempo, vostra eccellenza sene vada a casa. "

Ragusa, a sort of unhealthy excrescence of ancient Albania, perched upon a rock in the Adriatic, a nest of pirates rather than an abode of gentlemen, was governed by a prince chosen by ballot, by acclamation, and by lot. This chief magistrate ruled one month; and, during his short term of authority, had for advisers and supervisors, the Grand Council, consisting of all the nobles, the Petty Council, the sixty *pregadi*, six consuls, five judges, the two *Camerlingues*, and three chancellors; and, his reign concluded, he received five ducats for his services.

The government of the United Provinces was administered by a vice-gerent, who styled himself the Prince of Orange or Nassau or both, and by two states-general, from which Holland and Friesland excluded the clergy while Utrecht admitted them.

Lucca was governed by a Chief Council composed of eighteen citizens and the Grand Council consisting of one hundred and sixty members. The twenty-five thousand inhabitants formed a sort of National Guard that defended the city and maintained order therein.

The government of Genoa consisted of a senate composed of twenty-five members.

This General Diet was held at Berne, and was the supreme authority in all matters connected with the government of the Thirteen Cantons. All these republics, consequently, differed widely in character. The existence of the people was entirely ignored in Malta,

was unheeded in Venice, made itself felt but little in Genoa, asserted itself strongly in Holland, and reigned supreme in Switzerland.

By some mysterious law of equilibrium the powerful monarchies protected the weak republics, thus preserving the germs of future liberty. The Grand Duke of Tuscany cast longing eyes upon both Lucca and Genoa, but the King of Spain forbade him to lay a finger upon Genoa, and the Emperor of Germany protected Lucca in like manner.

Ragusa had two formidable neighbours; Venice to the west of her, and Constantinople to the east. The Ragusans being uneasy, as was only natural under such circumstances, conceived the happy idea of offering the Grand Sultan forty thousand sequins a year. The sultan accepted it, and from that time on, protected the rights of the Ragusans, and although Venice threatened the city from time to time, and the big republic often evinced a strong inclination to devour the little one, a despot prevented it.

Strange sight! A baby-wolf threatened by a grown wolf, and defended by a tiger!

The German empire, situated in the heart of Europe, strongly resembled Europe in composition. In fact, Europe seemed to be reflected in it. At the time of which we speak, in the ninety-eight states which formed this vast confederation were exemplified all the different forms of government reproduced in Europe on a larger scale. There were hereditary sovereignties, notably the Arch duchy of Austria; one kingdom,

Bohemia; several elective sovereignties, among which the three ecclesiastical electorates of the Rhine held the first rank, and seventy free cities, that is to say, republics.

The emperor, as emperor, received only a small salary, but the revenue he received as Arch Duke of Austria and King of Bohemia amounted to much more. He received, too, an income of five million francs from Alsace, Suabia, and the Grisons, where the house of Austria held jurisdiction over fourteen small provinces. But although the head of the government received such a small compensation, at least apparently, the empire itself was immense, and extended from the Baltic Sea on the north to the Adriatic on the south. It touched the Turkish empire at Szolnock, Hungary at Boszomeny, Poland from Munkacz to Lauenbourg, Denmark at Rendburg, Holland at Gronigue, Flanders at Aix-la-Chapelle, Switzerland at Constance, Lombardy and Venice at Roveredo.

Although much smaller and less powerful than Germany, Italy, thanks to her radiant sunshine, was much more alert and progressive.

The Duke of Savoy was a powerful personage, being also the Marquis of Suze and of Cleves, Count of Nice and of Maurienne, and the possessor of an income of a million a year. He was a strong ally of the Swiss, and also of France who repaid him by conferring the Marquisate of Saluces upon him; he was also an ally of the house of Austria, as well as of the German princes, by reason of his descent from the house of Saxe. Strength-

ened by this quadruple alliance, his position would have been almost impregnable had he not excited the distrust and animosity of the Duke of Mantua and of the Sublime Porte by his designs upon Montferrat and Achaia. The Grand Duke of Tuscany had a country that was called the Iron Country,—one frontier consisting of fortresses and another of mountains; ten millions in his state treasury; an army of about thirty thousand men; his arsenal at Pisa; his military port on the Island of Elba, and his porcelain factory at Leghorn. He was connected with the house of Austria by marriage, and with the duke of Mantua by blood; but a question of boundaries invoked him in quarrels with the Duke of Urbino who was less powerful, and jealousy with the Duke of Savoy who was much more powerful.

In addition to Mantua, which was a very strong city built prior to the founding of Troy, and which could be reached only by boats, the Duke of Mantua possessed sixty-five cities, an income of five hundred thousand crowns, and the best cavalry in Italy; but like the Marquis of Montferrat, he was held in check by the Duke of Savoy. The Duke of Modena was Este. He owned Modena and Reggio, but as an aspirant to Ferrara, he felt the power of the Pope. The Duke of Urbino reigned over quite a large area of country,—seven cities, three hundred castles, and an army of twelve hundred well-drilled and hardy men; but like his neighbour, he, too, dreaded the power of the Pope, and paid him 2240 crowns a year. In the heart of Italy dwelt the Pope, who held in his right hand the keys of Paradise; a fact,

which did not prevent him from holding in his left, the key to lower Italy, — Gaeta. His power was immense. Respected by the rulers around him, venerated by those who were afar off, crowning his cardinals with the haughty hexameter, "*Principibus præstant et regibus æquiparantur*," endowed with the power of conferring power and honours without cost to himself, rewarding without expense, and chastising without being obliged to go to war,— he ruled all the Christian princesses of the Christendom by means of the golden Rose, and all the princes by means of the golden sword, and to humble the German emperor who could put an army of two hundred thousand men in the field, he had merely to show the plumed helmets of his Swiss Guards who cost him two hundred crowns a year.

In the extreme northern part of Europe were two monarchies, too far off, apparently, to exercise much influence over Central Europe. Nevertheless in the sixteenth century, at the request of Henry II., Christian II., King of Denmark, despatched ten thousand troops by sea to Scotland.

Sweden alone had thirty-two battalions of seven hundred men each, thirteen regiments of cavalry, and a fleet of seventy war-ships.

At the time of which we speak, the military power of France was much felt in Europe, but the literature of France was still in its infancy. England was too much engrossed with internal dissensions, to exert much influence over other European nations. Switzerland sold her armies to the highest bidder. Some years ago, the

writer of these lines visited the Arsenal at Lucerne and while he was admiring some stained glass windows which the Lucerne senate is said to have endeavoured to sell to a foreign banker at a thousand francs per window, a guide called his attention to a coarse jacket hanging near a pike, and to a gorgeous scarlet tunic richly trimmed with gold braid hanging by a halberd. The coarse jacket was once worn by a peasant of Sempach, the gay scarlet tunic was the uniform worn by one of the Emperor of Germany's Swiss Guards. "What is this halberd doing here beside this pike?" inquired a passing tourist. "Illustrating the history of Switzerland," the author could not help replying.

This rough sketch of Europe at this epoch would not be complete if no allusion was made to the strange monarch—a sort of Arabian Nights compound of genie, deity, and prince who sat enthroned beyond the Don, near the Asiatic frontier—the Czar of Muscovy.

This personage who was Asiatic rather than European in character, fabulous rather than real, reigned over a vast domain periodically laid waste and depopulated by the incursions of the Tartars. Strange tales were told concerning him in Parisian *salons*. "The Czar is fabulously rich," wrote Mme. Pilou; "his power over everybody and everything is absolute. His subjects hunt fur-bearing animals. He appropriates the finest and most valuable skins to his own use, and just as many as he pleases."

The princes of Europe chiefly through motives of curiosity sent ambassadors to his court, though the King

of France hardly regarded him as a king and an equal. Philip Pernestan, who was sent by the Emperor of Germany to Moscow to ascertain the real condition of affairs there, returned amazed by the magnificence of the Czar's crown, which far exceeded in value, he declared, the combined crowns of the Pope, the King of France, and the German Emperor. His robe was thickly covered with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones as big as hazel-nuts. Pernestan brought back with him as a present to the emperor a large number of superb blue fox and sable skins, valued at many thousand crowns. He stated, too, that the Russian infantry numbered at least twenty thousand men.

The ideas concerning this distant monarch's power and habits were extremely vague. Probably the majority of Europeans pictured him as seated upon a throne between a statue of Jesus and of the Virgin, with a mitre on his head, and fingers loaded with rings—attired in a long white robe like the Pope's, and surrounded by men covered with gold from head to foot. When European ambassadors visited him, he changed his mitre every day in order to dazzle them.

Beyond Moscow, still farther off in the dim distance, the European vaguely discerned a vast region in the centre of which gleamed the pearl-filled waters of Lake Caniculu, but where shells and bits of bark formed the only legal tender—a country inhabited by men clothed in skins flayed from the bodies of their enemies, and by women clad in black in summer and white in winter, like the barren earth. In the midst of these people

whose religion was a compound of Mahometanism, Christianity, and idolatry, in the gigantic city of Cambalusa, inhabited by five thousand astrologers, and guarded by an immense body of cavalry, sat cross-legged, upon a round carpet of black felt, the Khan of Tartary, repeating at intervals with a terrible air the words engraved upon his signet: "God in Heaven, the Khan on earth."

Strange tales were told of the Khan as well as of the Czar. The empire of Tartary had been founded, it was said, by Canguiste, whom we call Gengis-Khan, and whose power was so absolute that he was obeyed one day by seven princes when he commanded them to kill their offspring! His successors were no less powerful. The name of the great Khan was inscribed in letters of gold on the front of all the temples, and one of his titles was *Soul of God*.

In the seventeenth century — and do not forget that this was only about two hundred years ago — there were to the north and east of Europe, a number of strange and mysterious potentates who exercised a weird fascination over the minds of poets and adventurers. When one travelled towards these princes, they seemed to recede still further into shadow, but while seeking their domain, one sometimes discovered a new world, as in the case of Columbus, and sometimes an epic, as in the case of Camoëns.

The first, the nearest, and consequently the best-known of all these extraordinary personages was the Grand Duke of Lithuania; the second, still tolerably

distinct, was the Czar of Russia ; the third, rather vague and mythical, was the Khan of Tartary ; and after these, the Sherif on his silver throne, the Sofi on his throne of gold, the Grand Mogul surrounded by his elephants, and the Grand Lama, each becoming more and more vague, more and more weird, and more and more shadowy, until they were finally lost to view entirely in the wilds of distant Asia.

II.

BUT for a few minor details which will be mentioned in due time, the foregoing pretty accurately describes the state of affairs in Europe at the time of which we speak. To the thoughtful observer, the Divine hand which leads the successive generations of men on and on, was even then apparent in the internal and external arrangement of the elements which composed this great division, — for this busy hive of kingdoms and nations was admirably constructed for the rapid spread of ideas and the consequent advance of civilization.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the advancement of knowledge, and consequently of civilization, was much more rapid in Europe than anywhere else on the face of the earth. Among the great men of the time, may be cited Galileo, Grotius, Descartes, Gassendi, Harvey, Lope de Vega, Guido, Poussin, Vandyke, William of Orange, Gustavus Adolphus, Richelieu, Rembrandt, Salvator Rosa, Milton, Corneille, and Shakespeare ; and each king, each man, and each nation were earnestly striving for one and the same object, — that

for which the generations of mankind are still striving, — the advancement of the human race and the improvement of its condition; that is to say, civilization.

Europe, consequently, was then, as it is now, a great workshop where all were labouring together for the amelioration of everything and everybody; but there were two powerful interests continually on the watch for an opportunity to play havoc in this huge European workshop. These two interests, which by the way were natural enemies, were embodied in two colossal empires, — Turkey and Spain. The first of these great empires which had secured a strong position on one corner of the continent at the farther end of the Mediterranean, represented the spirit of war, violence, conquest; in short, barbarism. The other, located at the other corner, on the threshold of the same sea, represented the spirit of commerce, craft, and corruption.

It was only natural that these two empires should inspire Europe, one with profound terror, the other with deep distrust.

Islamism, under Mahomet II., had bestridden the straits of Bosphorus and audaciously planted its banners in a city which could boast of seven hills like Rome, and which had had churches when Rome had only temples.

Since that fatal year, 1453, Turkey, as we have before remarked, had been the representative of barbarism in Europe. In fact, everything it touched, lost every vestige of civilization in a few years. Over the city which Constantine's shining cross had so long dominated,

there now streamed either a continual whirlwind of flame or a black flag.

One of those mysterious chances in which the thoughtful mind sees the direct decree of Providence had given as a prey to this formidable nation, the very metropolis of human society, the land of genius, of poetry, philosophy, and art, — Greece. By contact with the Turks, Greece, the daughter of Egypt and the mother of Italy, had become barbarous. Its people, its soil, its monuments, even its admirable language, were disfigured as if by leprosy. Even the names of the Greek cities had become deformed and hideous.

All Europe watched the savage ruler of this barbarous nation with fear and trembling. The riches of the Sultan, or of the Turk as he was usually called, were fabulous; his income was more than fifteen millions a year. The Sultana, Selim's sister, had an income of twenty-five hundred golden sequins per day. The Turk had a larger force of cavalry than any European monarch. Without counting his body-guard of forty thousand janizaries — foot-soldiers — he kept constantly around him on a war footing, fifty thousand spahis and one hundred and fifty thousand *timariots*, — making two hundred thousand horsemen in all. His galleys were innumerable, the Ottoman fleet far outnumbering the combined navies of Christendom. His artillery, too, was so formidable that, if we may believe common hearsay, the wind his cannon made sufficed to shatter the strongest wall. People remembered with dismay that at the siege of Constantinople, Mahomet II. had constructed of

masonry, strengthened by iron bands, and placed upon rollers an enormous mortar so heavy that two thousand yoke of oxen could scarcely draw it, and this ponderous engine of war belched forth torrents of burning pitch and huge rocks night and day. The sultan held communication with the kings of Christendom only at the door of his own palace. He wrote in the saddle the letters, or rather the orders, he gave them. When he became angry he had the teeth of their ambassadors knocked out.

The Turks, themselves, regarded their ruler with mingled terror and awe. "Where his horse treads, the grass never grows again," they said.

The King of Spain and of the Indies was richer than all the other princes of Christendom combined. Every year he received from Italy and Sicily four millions in gold, two millions from Portugal, fourteen millions from Spain, and thirty millions from America. The seventeen provinces of the Pays-Bas—which included at that time Artois, Cambresis, and the Ardennes—paid his Catholic Majesty three millions a year. Milan was a rich prize, coveted by every ruler, and consequently difficult to guard. It was necessary, too, to watch that jealous neighbour, Venice; to line the frontier with troops, to hold the Duke of Savoy in check, and to keep the citadels and fortresses of his Italian possessions in good repair, especially at Novara, Pavia, and Cremona. As this latter city was rather refractory, it was absolutely necessary to maintain a strong garrison there; but though it cost considerable time and money to thus

retain possession of Milan, all expenses deducted, the Milanese paid Spain eight hundred thousand ducats a year. The tiniest fragment of this enormous kingdom paid its part; even the Balearic Islands paid fifty thousand crowns a year. This was the ordinary revenue only; the extraordinary was almost incredible. Every three years the kingdom of Naples gave the Spanish monarch twelve hundred thousand crowns, and in 1615, Castille offered the king, — who kindly condescended to accept it, — four millions in gold, payable in four years.

This boundless wealth was, of course, attended with corresponding military and naval power. The King of Spain's infantry was as noted as the Sultan's cavalry. To be as grave as a great nobleman, to be indifferent to the attacks of enemies, imperturbable in danger, to follow his leader blindly, forget nothing, shrink from nothing, endure cold, hunger, heat, thirst, pain, and fatigue without a murmur, march while others were fighting, fight while others were marching, — such were the recognized attributes of the Spanish soldiery who never knew defeat until they came face to face with the great Condé. The Spanish cavalry, which was second only to the Turkish cavalry, was the best mounted in Europe, and the arsenals of his Catholic Majesty were filled to overflowing with munitions of war. In the three arsenals of Lisbon alone, there were corselets for fifteen thousand foot-soldiers and cuirasses for ten thousand horsemen.

But powerful as were the fortresses, cavalry, and infantry of Spain, that country's greatest strength lay

in her navy. This Catholic sovereign who had the best disciplined soldiers in Europe, had the best seamen also. At that time, there were no navigators equal to the Biscayans, the Portuguese, and the Genoese.

To have some idea of the maritime power of Spain in those days, we only need know the composition of the Great Armada sent out by Philip II., that famous Armada concerning which so little is really known, as is often the case with famous things. True, history speaks of it and even goes into ecstasies over it; but history who hates to descend to details, — though there I think she makes a great mistake, — does not give the figures. I have hunted up these figures, with no little difficulty, and here they are. Nothing, it seems to me, could be more curious and instructive.

It was in 1588 that the King of Spain resolved to have it out once for all with the English, who had already begun to tease and annoy this Colossus. So he fitted up a fleet, consisting of three hundred and fifty vessels, many of immense size, manned by nine thousand sailors.

The supply of provisions required was enormous, and consisted in part of seventy-five thousand quintals of bread, eleven thousand quintals of salt meat, eleven thousand quintals of lard, twenty-three thousand barrels of salt fish, twenty-eight thousand quintals of cheese, fourteen thousand quintals of rice, and twenty-six thousand puncheons of wine.

This fleet carried an army, — twenty-five thousand Spaniards, twelve thousand Italians, twenty-five thou-

sand Germans, and sixteen hundred light-horsemen from Castille, making in all, including the nine thousand sailors, seventy-three thousand eight hundred men.

This immense Armada would have annihilated England had not a gale annihilated it instead. The storm that raged on the night of the 2d of September, 1588, revolutionized the world.

Spain had its invisible as well as its visible forces. Its extent of surface was great, but its depth, too, was immense. Subsequently, when Richelieu began to upturn the soil of Europe with his spade, he was surprised to encounter Spain everywhere. In the affairs of the universe, at that time, one might truly say that there was more of Spain under ground than above ground.

She controlled the Italian princes through their marriages; the republics through their commercial interests; the Pope through her religion, which was more Catholic than that of Rome itself; the world through the gold to which she held the key. America was the strong box; Spain the keeper of it.

It was only natural that Europe should feel ill at ease between these two colossal empires. Hemmed in by Spain on the west, and by Turkey on the east, and subjected to the continual pressure they brought to bear upon it, the European frontier receded further and further towards the centre. A portion of Poland, and half of Hungary were already invaded; the Order of St. John of Jerusalem had already been driven from Rhodes to Malta; and Genoa which had formerly possessed Cyprus, Lesbos, Chio, Pera, and a part of Thrace had been com-

pelled to relax her hold on place after place before the advancing Turk.

Europe united all her forces to resist the encroachments of the two invaders. France, England, and Holland combined against Spain; Germany aided by Poland, Hungary, Venice, Rome, and Malta struggled valiantly against the Turks.

The King of Poland was poor, though much better off than if he had been king of either Scotland, Sardinia, or Navarre, for the monarchs of these countries had an income of only one hundred thousand crowns a year, while he had six hundred thousand which Lithuania paid.

He had little or no infantry except a few Swiss or German regiments, but his cavalry composed of one hundred thousand Poles and seventy-six thousand Lithuanians was admirable. This cavalry, though scattered over an immense frontier, proved sufficiently effective to protect the large but trembling family of civilized nations from the Sultan's hordes. The emperor guarded the rest of the frontier from Knin, on the Adriatic, to Szolnock, near the Danube, with twenty thousand lansquenets,—a wholly inadequate force in time of war, but a terrible burden on the country in time of peace. Venice and Malta guarded the seas.

Genoa requires only a passing mention; for defeated and humiliated again and again, she confined herself to guarding her own shores and remained closely at home, under the protection of the King of Spain.

Malta possessed three powerful elements of strength,—

her fortresses, her ships, and the wonderful valour of her knights. These brave gentlemen, who were subject to such severe rules and regulations in Malta that not even the person highest in rank among them could get a new coat without permission, made up for this constraint by displays of incredible valour. Lambs on shore, they became roaring lions on the seas, and a Maltese galley armed with sixteen guns and carrying five hundred men never hesitated to attack three Turkish war vessels.

Venice, rich and daring, mistress of Frioul, Istria, and the Adriatic, and assisted by the important cities she possessed in Lombardy, maintained a standing army of nearly ninety thousand men and stoutly opposed the Sultan. Though she had lost the islands of Andros and Paros which she had once possessed in the Archipelago, she still retained possession of Candia, and stationed on this great natural barrier which closes the Ægean Sea, she held barbarism in check by closing the outlet of the Archipelago and the entrance to the Mediterranean against the Turk.

All the captains and officers of the Venetian ships were noblemen, and the republic always kept at least forty vessels on the seas, — twenty of them being of great size; while, in her well-equipped navy yard, the only one in the world at that time, she had two hundred ships and workmen capable of turning out thirty vessels every ten days.

The Holy See was of great assistance. In these days, it is hard to conceive of a prince invested with the

immense temporal and spiritual power which the Pope then wielded. Rome, despite the fact that her territory had been reduced to but a third of its former area, and that the great city had been subjected to pillage and devastation seven times, was still a mighty power in the land. Though desecrated repeatedly, she remained holy; though shorn of much of her former splendour, she remained strong. Rome will always be Rome. The Pope possessed one of the most important seaports of Italy, Ancona, and one of the strongest of the duchies of Lombardy, Spoleto; Comacchio, too, was his; and the mouths of the Po, upon the Gulf of Venice, as well as Civitavecchia, on the Mediterranean Sea; the provinces of Sabina and Umbria,—that is to say, everything in the shadow of the Apennines, the Duchy of Ferrara, the sea-coast provinces of Ancona and Romagna, Perugia, Bologna, and a part of Tuscany, fifty bishoprics, and a population of 1,005,000 souls. The Holy Father possessed in addition, the province of Venaissin, containing that famous stronghold Avignon. The Sovereign Pontiff was also enormously rich. He sowed indulgences with a liberal hand and reaped a rich harvest of ducats in return. He had merely to give his signature to elicit munificent contributions from the entire world. "So long as I have a pen, I shall have plenty of money," said Sextus V. This remark is far more applicable to a Pope than to a great writer, and Sextus V., who was a man of letters, an artist, and a dignitary who spared no expense, stored up in five years a reserve fund of four millions in gold in the Castle of Saint Angelo. With

the contributions received from the faithful, the Holy Father maintained an army of about fifty thousand men in Rome and on the frontier. Gregory VII. and Alexander III. made short work of several princes who ventured to appropriate some of the pontifical possessions; and one day the Duke of Ferrara chancing to covet Comacchio, "the Holy Father," — we quote here a couple of lines from one of Mazarin's letters, — "by his arguments and an army which he quickly raised made the duke repent," and took his possessions from him.

This well-organized army made the power of Rome respected everywhere. Add to this the formidable natural fortress where Hannibal took refuge, and the most dangerous line of sea-coast in all Italy, and it will be seen that any attack upon the Pontifical possession was well-nigh impossible, the Pope being guarded and defended on two sides, by the winds and waves.

Thus protected, he joined in the bitter and incessant warfare waged against the Turk. Now the Holy Father sends cameos to the Pacha of Egypt and sails about in his steam yacht "Mahmoudiéh." What a change! But in those days, he bravely fulfilled his duty as Pope by sending his well-equipped galleys to the Levant; and in the war of 1542 against the Ottoman Empire, Paul III. sent Charles V. twelve thousand foot-soldiers and five hundred horses.

Near the close of the sixteenth century, in 1588, a storm saved England from Spain; near the close of the seventeenth, in 1683, Sobieski saved Germany from Turkey. To save England meant merely to save Eng-

land; to save Germany meant to save Europe. One might truly say that at this memorable juncture, Poland performed the task that had formerly devolved upon France. Up to that time, it had always been France that had had to bear the brunt of the conflict with barbarism. In 496 the hordes from the north had been scattered by Clovis; in 732 those coming from the north were dispersed by Charles Martel.

But neither the destruction of the Invincible Armada by the hand of God, nor the defeat of Kara-Mustapha by Sobieski could fully reassure Europe. Spain and Turkey were still powerful and aggressive nations, and the Europeans of that day were confident that they would become infinitely more powerful and dangerous in the near future.

In a book entitled "Les Forces du Roy d'Espagne," printed in Paris in 1627, the writer says: "It should be the king's ambition to secure possession of everything. He should aspire to universal sovereignty. His immense fleet, too, can easily hold England in check, and prevent the vessels of other countries from roving the seas according to their fancy."

In another book, published about the same time, and entitled: "A Brief Account of the Condition of Turkey," we read:—

"The ease with which the Sultan could raise an enormous army is very naturally a source of great anxiety and apprehension to all Christendom. No person of sound judgment can contemplate the possibility of such a deluge without terror and dismay."

III.

Now by the mysterious force of circumstances Turkey and Spain have both fallen from their high estate.

To-day, assignats, the loathsome vermin that infest effete nations, are devouring Turkey; and another nation, like the savage who fastens his cloak with the claw of a dead lion, has long held Gibraltar.

So in less than two hundred years, the two gigantic ogres of which our forefathers stood in such mortal fear have become well-nigh harmless.

But is Europe entirely safe? By no means.

A twofold peril threatens her now, as in the seventeenth century. Generations pass away, but man remains; Empires totter and fall, but others, equally dangerous and covetous, take their place. Now, as two hundred years ago, there are two powerful nations gazing at Europe with covetous eyes. A spirit of warfare, violence, and conquest is still rampant in the East; a spirit of greed and craftiness and adventure is still rampant in the West. The two giants seem to have moved a little further northward as if to seize the continent a little higher up.

Russia has taken the place of Turkey, England has succeeded Spain.

Take that immense segment of the globe extending from the northernmost cape of Europe to the northernmost cape of Asia, from the Toenéa to Kamtchatka, from the Black to the Okhotsk Sea; bounded by Sweden and the Baltic Sea on the east, devouring Poland, jostling

Turkey on the south, absorbing the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea, invading Persia, skirting Turkestan and China, grazing Japan at Cape Lopatka, stretching continuously, first across the whole European continent, and then across the entire continent of Asia to Behring Straits; group around it the islands of Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen, Liakhov, St. Matthew, St. Paul, St. George, and the Aleutians; scatter sixty millions of people over this vast extent of territory,—and you have Russia.

Russia has two capitals, one coquettish and elegant,—a city of to-day, the residence of the emperor and his court; the other, gloomy, antiquated, and long since abandoned. The first, St. Petersburg, represents Europe; the second, Moscow, represents Asia. The Russian eagle, like the German eagle, has two heads.

The Russian government can place an army of eleven hundred thousand men in the field, and it is the possibility of an invasion from this power that has caused the ruler of China to repair the walls of his empire, and the French to construct a wall around their capital.

The Veleki Kniaz made himself a czar; the czar made himself an emperor; and with each skin he shed, the Muscovite prince appeared more and more like an European, that is to say, like a civilized ruler; but Europe does not forget that there is a great difference between to seem and to be.

England owns Scotland and Ireland, the Hebrides and the Orkney Islands. With the Shetland Islands she

separates Denmark from the Faroe Islands and Iceland, closes the North Sea, and keeps a watchful eye on Sweden. With Jersey and Guernsey, she closes up the channel and watches France. Then, turning her attention to the peninsula, she brings her influence to bear upon Portugal, and planting her heel upon Gibraltar enters the Mediterranean after having first possessed herself of the key to it. There, she sees Malta and establishes herself upon it, between Italy and Africa: from Malta, she reaches out and seizes Corfu, and there she stands guard over Turkey by blocking up the Adriatic. Then she seizes Cerigo where she can keep a close watch on Candia. Here, Egypt barred the way, — the Suez Canal was not even thought of at that time, — so she is obliged to retrace her steps; and entering the ocean again, she turns her attention to Africa where she first gains a foothold at St. James, at the mouth of the Gambia. A second stride brings her to Cacheo, her third to Sierra Leone, her fourth to Cape Cross. From there, she again ventures out into the Atlantic, and takes possession of St. Helena, Ascension, and Fernando Po islands in the Gulf of Guinea. Thus protected, she makes her way down to the cape and takes possession of the southern extremity of Africa, as she did of Gibraltar. From there, she proceeds cautiously up the eastern coast, pausing on an island here and there, and finally establishing herself on the Seychelles Islands, where she controls the entire eastern coast from Cape Delgado to Cape Guardafui. Here she is separated from the Mediterranean and the Archipelago only by the Red

Sea. She has made the circuit of Africa, and returned almost to the very point from which she started.

The Indian Ocean and Asia are before her.

From the Seychelles to the Laccadive Islands, is but a step. She takes it, after which she reaches out her hand and seizes Hindostan, — the whole of Hindostan, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, the three provinces of the East India Company, each an empire in itself, and the kingdoms of Nepaul, Oude, Baroda, Nagpoor, Hyderabad, and Travancore. Here, she is separated from Russia only by Turkestan. Hindostan gives her Ceylon. From Ceylon, she slips in between the Andaman and Nicobar Islands and gains a foothold on the western coast of the Malay peninsula which gives her control of the Bay of Bengal. To command the Bay of Bengal is to rule Burmah. The Malay Peninsula extends nearly to Malacca, so Great Britain reaches out and grasps that, and soon she has possession of the two principal capes of Asia, as well as of Europe and Africa.

Nor is that all; two worlds remain, Australia and America. From Malacca she makes her way through the labyrinth of islands, and taking entire possession of what was then known as New Holland, peoples it with her convicts, guarding it jealously from Bathurst Island on the north and Van Diemen's Land on the south.

Then following Captain Cook's route for a while, she leaves the six archipelagoes of Oceanica on her left, and sails down the western coast of South America, rounds Cape Horn, and proceeds up the eastern coast almost to

the equator where she founds British Guiana. One step more, and she is mistress of the Windward Islands; another, and she is in possession of the Bahamas, — the long line of islands that barricade the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico. There are twenty-four of the Lesser Antilles; she takes twelve of them; there are four of the Greater Antilles, — Cuba, San Domingo, Jamaica, and Porto Rico; she contents herself with one, Jamaica. Afterwards, she must needs take a slice out of the very middle of the Isthmus of Panama at the entrance to the Bay of Honduras, establishing the colony of Balise there. Here, Mexico checks her onward career for the moment, and then the United States, — the colony whose existence as a nation is a deadly affront to her. After retracing her course as far as the Bahamas, she proceeds northward to the Bermudas where she plants her flag, and then wends her way onward to Newfoundland. This is the scene of her last effort, and a gigantic one it is. With one sweep of her arm she gathers in fully one half of North America, — a vast area of country extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and embracing the Island of Nova Scotia, Canada, Labrador, Hudson's Bay, Baffin's Bay, and the land of the Iroquois, the Chipewas, and the Esquimaux. Then and not until then, does she pause, for she finds herself suddenly face to face with Russia. The spot which England has reached by water, Russia has reached by land, for Behring's Straits are no barrier, and there, near the Polar circle among the frightened, hideous savages, in a region of eternal snow and ice, in the light of the aurora

borealis, the two rival nations meet and recognize each other.

The people of England are by no means a sovereign people so far as their home government is concerned, but they are the sovereign people of many other nations. They exercise a despotic sway over 2,375,000 Scotchmen, 8,280,000 Irishmen, 244,000 Africans, 60,000 Australians, 1,600,000 Americans, and 124,000,000 Asiatics; that is to say, 40,000,000 Englishmen own 137,000,000 inhabitants of the globe.

IV.

THE causes that led to the downfall of Turkey were —

First, the immense extent of its territory composed of adjoining but non-cohesive countries. That which binds a nation together most effectually, is unity of thought. People are not likely to adhere together unless they possess one and the same language. The next most potent factors in creating unity of feeling, are art, poetry, literature, — *humaniores litteræ*. There was nothing one could dignify by the name of art or literature in Turkey, so there was no unity of thought, no point of union. Some of the inhabitants spoke Latin, some Greek, others Persian, Arabic, or Hindoo. Turkey was not an empire; it was a huge block hewn out by the sabre, an unwieldy conglomeration of nations that knew little or nothing of one another.

Secondly, the despotism of its rulers. The sultan was emperor and pontiff in one, the spiritual as well as

the temporal sovereign of his people. His subjects belonged to him body and soul. He could not only punish them here, but condemn them to eternal perdition hereafter. As sultan, the lives of his subjects were completely at his mercy; as commander of the faithful, their souls, too, were completely in his power. Woe to the man who is at the same time ordinary as a man, and extraordinary as a prince! Too much power is bad for any man. To be a priest, a king, and a god is too much. The confused murmur of the thousand desires and ambitions which demand gratification benumb his brain, dull his understanding, prevent coherency of thought, and finally bring on insanity. There is proof positive that nearly all the Roman emperors, as well as the sultans, were more or less demented. There are, doubtless, examples in history of an illustrious and intelligent tyrant, but they are rare. The despotic sway which is sometimes almost a necessity with men of genius, unhinges the ordinary mind. What is wine to the strong, is poison to the weak.

Thirdly, dissensions in the seraglio, domestic conspiracies and treachery, the strangling or poisoning of the despot by his brothers, the father's distrust of the son, and the son's distrust of the father, family quarrels, concealed hatred, strange illnesses, and mysterious deaths.

Fourthly, a miserably organized and conducted government, — a government at the same time tyrannical and weak, a government that kept the people continually groping in the dark. Of their own interests and future,

they knew little or nothing. The officials who might have influenced them were ignorant of most of the real motives and intentions of the government and misunderstood the rest, and in such cases misconception is even more dangerous than ignorance. Such a nation so governed, reminds one of a blind man led by a near-sighted man!

Fifthly, the servitude imposed upon the masses. Under Turkish rule, the labourer does not belong to himself, he is nothing more or less than a beast of burden, hence the lack of thorough cultivation of the soil everywhere. Liberty and ownership make a man love the soil, servitude makes him loathe it. Most assuredly there is little or no hope for a nation where the two extremes in social rank are characterized by an equal lack of intellect. What hope can there be for human society between a prince besotted by despotism and a peasant imbruted by slavery?

Sixthly, the abuses practised in the conquered countries, a barbarous language imposed upon the vanquished, a noble and illustrious nation, great in its memories and its hold upon the sympathies of all Europe, a country which had been one of the greatest republics the sun ever shone upon, exterminated, devastated, delivered up to the sword and scourge, and trampled underfoot. These outrages perpetrated upon a vanquished people were witnessed with cries of horror and excited the wrath and indignation of the whole civilized world. An hour comes when long-oppressed nations rise in revolt, and the world espouses their cause.

Seventhly, religion without intelligence or comprehension, faith without reflection, in other words, idolatry. A nation of fanatics without any conception of the beautiful, the noble, and the just,—implicit believers in fatalism.

Such were the causes that brought about the downfall of the Turkish nation. Let Russia remember them and beware!

The chief causes that led to the ruin of Spain were —

First, the ownership of the soil. In Spain every inch of land that did not belong to the king belonged to the Church or to the nobility. The Spanish clergy were scandalously rich. In Philip III.'s time, the archbishop of Toledo had an income of at least five million francs. The Abbess of Las Buelgas de Burgos owned twenty-four cities and fifty villages. The clergy, in addition to its many perquisites, owned one third of the soil, the nobility the rest. The domains of the great Spanish noblemen were small kingdoms. The Spanish noblemen were not only the great landed proprietors, but they were the great farmers and stock raisers of the kingdom. In 1617 the Marquis of Gebraelon owned a herd of eight hundred thousand sheep. Entire provinces were often devoted exclusively to grazing. Petty proprietorship has its disadvantages, doubtless, but it also has its advantages; it attaches the people to the soil, and inspires a man with love for his fatherland. Whether one possesses only a tiny bit of earth or half a province matters little, the effect is the same; but when the Church and the nobility own everything, and the people nothing, the people have nothing at stake, and

desert the government at the first sign of impending danger.

Secondly, the abject poverty of the lower classes. When the aristocracy own everything, there is nothing left for their inferiors. The soil belonged to the nobility, and as a natural consequence the wheat and the bread. These great noblemen sold bread to the people and made them pay dearly for it, — a fatal mistake which aristocrats are proverbially wont to make. Even in the reign of Charles V. many people died of cold and hunger in the streets of Madrid. The more abject the poverty, the more intense the rancour! The aching void which hunger creates in the human breast is speedily filled with deadly hatred. At last these smouldering passions burst forth and then comes Revolution. In the mean time thievery is rampant. There was a regularly organized band of thieves in Madrid, and during the minority of Charles II. the regent was entreated to send from the city a regiment, the soldiers of which assisted this band of thieves in robbing citizens who ventured out into the streets after nightfall.

Thirdly, the manner in which the government of subjugated countries and provinces beyond the sea was administered. There were but two Spanish governors in the New World, — the Viceroy of Peru and the Viceroy of Mexico; and these two important functionaries were almost always bad and unscrupulous men. Representatives of Spain, they disgraced that country and made her odious by their extortions, their cupidity, and their cruelty. They murdered the native princes of the country and almost exterminated the population.

Fourthly, religious intolerance. We shall probably have occasion to speak of the Inquisition presently. Here we will merely say that the bishops wielded an immense power in Spain. A poor clergy is generally devout and evangelical in character; a wealthy clergy is worldly, sensual, ambitious, and consequently intolerant. Its privileges are coveted; it is obliged to defend them; it needs a weapon, and intolerance is the most potent.

Fifthly, the enormous public debt of the country. In spite the vast wealth of Spain, the demands of the Court, the large salaries paid to her officials, the numerous foreign wars she was obliged to carry on, and the large grants made to the clergy kept her coffers always empty. For two centuries, the monarchies of Europe have played the part of prodigal sons, and the republics that of usurers. It has been the old story of the noble borrowing from the merchant. Spain borrowed everywhere, and from everybody. In 1600 His Most Catholic Majesty owed Genoa, alone, sixteen millions in gold.

Sixthly, a neighbouring nation, — a sister nation, so to speak, — which had long maintained an independent existence and which had her own princes and rulers, was ruthlessly invaded one fine morning, degraded from a kingdom into a province, and treated as a conquered country.

Seventhly, the character of Spain's armament. Her army was very insignificant in comparison with her fleet. The strength of Spain lay in her navy. The safety of that depended on the winds and waves. The destruction of the Armada sealed the fate of Spain.

Eighthly, the wide diffusion of her immense territory. The vast possessions of Spain, scattered over every sea and every part of the globe, had very little intercourse with their ruler. Many of them, the Indies, for example, were four thousand miles away, and were connected with the mother country only by the track her vessels left behind them. How long could she hope to hold another country by such a slender thread?

Such were the causes that led to the downfall of Spain. Let England, too, mark them well.

Both the Turkish and Spanish empires were characterized by an intense and implacable selfishness, and an utter unscrupulousness of policy; tyrannizing here, cringing there, and never hesitating to break their plighted word and forsake their allies if that would best serve their interests. One was a striking example of martial spirit without the chivalrous attributes that make the soldier one of the chief supports of society; the other of mercantile spirit without the honesty that makes the merchant one of the bulwarks of the state,—a representative, in the first case, of barbarism; in the second, of corruption.

V.

BEFORE proceeding further, we deem it necessary to impress upon the reader the fact that this is merely a calm and impartial historical dissertation. The writer of these lines understands the animosities that exist between nations and the mutual antipathies and prejudices of races. He excuses them, but he does not share

them. Nothing that has been said, or that will be said hereafter, is intended as any reflection upon the people themselves. The author has occasion to blame the government sometimes, but never the people. As a general thing, nations are what they are compelled to be. Their natural instincts are good. God develops these, and causes them to bear fruit. The four nations whose careers have been described here will render civilization notable service the day they adopt as their common aim the good of humanity.

We also deem it advisable to state, as proof positive of our entire independence of thought, that what we say of governments must not be supposed to apply to princes. Just at this time it is considered quite the proper thing to insult a king. To insult a king is to flatter somebody else; nevertheless the writer of this article feels at liberty, and is at liberty, to praise any individual whatsoever whose actions and intentions seem to him worthy of praise, even though the individual in question be a king. He declares, too, unhesitatingly, and with all sincerity, that never in any age — whatever epoch we compare with ours — were princes and people as worthy of praise as they are now.

VI.

THIS said once for all, let us proceed to note the points of similarity between the two empires which so excited the apprehensions of Europe in times gone by, and the two that disturb her present quietude.

First resemblance. There is considerable of the Tartar in the Turk, and this is also the case with the Russian. The Turks, descendants of the Tartars, are men who came down through Asia and entered Europe from the south.

Napoleon remarked one day at St. Helena: "Scratch the Russian, and you will find the Tartar." What he said of the Russian is equally true of the Turk.

The man of the North is always the same. At certain climacteric epochs, he comes down from the polar regions and makes himself known to the southern nations; then he departs, to return two thousand years afterwards, unchanged in every respect.

The following is a description of him that we have before us at the present moment.

"He is essentially a barbarian. In figure he is short and squatty; his neck is short and thick; he dispenses with fire if necessary, even in the preparation of his food. He eats roots and meat dried at his saddle-bow. He never sleeps under a roof if he can help it. He considers a house a tomb. He is trained from infancy to endure hunger and thirst and cold without a murmur. He lives on horseback, buys and sells on horseback, eats and drinks and sleeps on horseback.

"He never tills the soil. He scarcely knows what a plough is. He roams about continually, as if in search of a country and a home. If you ask him where he lives, he is unable to answer you. He is here to-day; he was somewhere else yesterday; he will be somewhere else to-morrow."

By whom was this picture drawn, and in what year? By some frightened editor of the "Moniteur" in 1814, when the Cossacks put the French to rout? No; this was a picture drawn of the Hun, in the year 375, by Ammien Marcellin and Jordanis when Rome was tottering and about to fall. Fifteen hundred years have elapsed since then, and the description is as accurate as ever.

Bear in mind that these Huns of the year 375, like the Cossacks of 1814, came from the frontier of China. The man of the South changes, develops, flourishes, and bears fruit; dies and is born again like the vegetation of his clime, but the man of the North is as unchanging as the Arctic snow.

Second point of resemblance. In Russia, as in Turkey, no one is secure in the possession of anything. The Russian, like the Turk, may lose his avocation, his rank, his liberty, his property, and even his name if such be the Czar's will or caprice. It is a fact worthy of mention, as well as of the attention of rabid democrats, that despotism tends to reduce everything to the same level. The more absolute the despotism, the more complete the equality that exists. In Russia, as in Turkey, any real resistance to the ruler's will is an impossibility. A Russian prince can be deprived of his rank as easily as a pacha, and be instantly transformed into a common soldier or rather a complete nonentity. On the other hand, a Russian prince can be created as easily as a pacha. A pedlar becomes Mehemet Ali; a pastry cook's apprentice becomes Menzikoff.

Despots, like demagogues, hate those who are superior to them either socially or intellectually, and wage a relentless warfare against them. They show no respect either to men of genius or to crowned heads. Sir Thomas More weighed no more in Henry Tudor's scales than Bailly did in Marat's; and Mary Stuart weighed no more in Elizabeth's scales than Louis XVI. weighed in Robespierre's.

The first thing that strikes a thoughtful person when he compares Russia with Turkey is the resemblance between the two governments; the first thing that strikes him when he compares England with Spain is a point of dissimilarity. In Spain, the ruler's power is absolute; in England, it is limited. A little reflection suffices to convince one that this dissimilarity is apparent, not real. So far as the king's authority is concerned, the effect is the same. The King of England served on bended knee is only a nominal king; the King of Spain likewise served on bended knee is also only a nominal king. Both are impeccable. Strange! but the fundamental principle of the absolute monarchy is also the fundamental principle of the most limited of monarchies. "El rey no cae," says the old Spanish law. "The king can do no wrong," says the old English law. How strange that in spite of the great apparent difference between them, absolute monarchism and constitutional monarchism should really rest upon the same fundamental principle and spring from the same root.

The King of Spain might be, without the slightest

inconvenience, — and the same is equally true of the King of England, — a child, a minor, or an idiot. In that case Parliament would govern for the latter; the *despacho* would govern for the former. Spain struggled against Louis XIV. with a king who was an imbecile; England waged war upon Napoleon with a king who was demented.

No one can be more hampered than a king of England unless it be a king of Spain. Of both it might be truly said: "He can do anything he pleases, provided he desires to do nothing."

Parliament hampers the former; etiquette hampers the latter; and as is very often the case entirely different conditions produce the same results. Sometimes parliament revolts and beheads the king of England; sometimes etiquette rebels and kills the king of Spain. Strange but unquestionable parallelism in which the scaffold of Charles I. has its counterpart in the brasier of Philip III.

One of the most important results of this abolition of royal authority from such entirely different causes, is that the Salic law becomes void. In Spain, as in England, women may rule.

A thoughtful comparison shows that there are yet other points of resemblance between the two nations. In England, as in Spain, the foundation of the National character is intense pride and wonderful patience, — an admirable compound which can hardly fail to accomplish marvellous results. Pride is one of the greatest of virtues in a nation; patience, one of the greatest of virtues in an individual.

With pride a nation is sure to dominate; with patience, a nation is sure to colonize. These were the most prominent characteristics of Spain as a nation; they are the most prominent characteristics of Great Britain as well.

As regards the clergy,—in England, too, there is an Archbishop of Toledo. He is known as the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Now let us pass on to an entirely different order of ideas.

There has been, and there is still in some countries, a frightful spirit of fanaticism, a religious insanity protected by law, which establishes as a principle, and really seems to believe that by burning the body, one saves the soul,—that torture in this world preserves a human creature from torture in the next; that Heaven can be gained by physical suffering, and that God is only a grim executioner who smiles down complacently upon all the hideous means of torture that man can invent. If there ever was a dogma calculated to prevent the progress of human civilization it is this. It is this dogma that draws the horrible car of Jaggernaut; and presided a century ago over the annual massacres at Dahomey. Every humane and reasoning mind rejects such doctrines with horror and loathing. The religions of the East have vainly endeavoured to force their way into the West. No country has adopted them though it was a similar doctrine that lighted the fagots around Jews and heretics in Europe in the sixteenth century. The Inquisition erected them; Spain set fire to them. In our day it is this same doctrine that burns widows

on the funeral pyre in India. England does not build these funeral pyres or apply the torch to them, but she stands and watches them burn.

We have no desire to carry these deductions too far, but it is impossible not to feel that no entirely civilized nation would tolerate, even through State policy, such atrocious horrors. As far back as the sixteenth century, France absolutely refused to tolerate the Inquisition, and certainly in the nineteenth century, France would long since have abolished Suttecism had India been a French province.

While seeking the hidden, but none the less real, points of resemblance between England and Spain, we find others that seem to be purely accidental in their nature. Spain had held Francis I. a prisoner; England shared this glory or this disgrace in the imprisonment of Napoleon. The motto at Waterloo, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders," is merely a translation of those memorable words at Pavia, "Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur."

VII.

RUSSIA has devoured Turkey; England has devoured Spain; and one nation can devour another only on condition of reproducing it, at least to a certain extent.

It is only necessary to glance at two maps of Europe issued at intervals of fifty years, to perceive the slow but irresistible manner in which the Muscovite frontier has encroached upon the Ottoman Empire.

It is the old but none the less formidable spectacle of the mighty incoming tide. Each moment the flood rises higher and higher, concealing more and more of the strand from view. The mighty flood is Russia, the strand Turkey. Sometimes the water recedes a little but only to form a still higher wave a moment afterwards, and then break still further up upon the shore. A great deal of Turkey has been completely submerged already. On the 20th of August, 1828, a wave extended even to Adrianople. It retreated a little, but when it reappeared again it touched Constantinople.

As for Spain, the dismemberment of the great Roman and Carolingian empires can alone give the reader any adequate conception of the prodigious losses Spain has sustained. Without counting Milan, appropriated by Austria, without counting Roussillon, Franche-Comté, Ardennes, Cambrésis, and Artois, which have been restored to France, Spain may be said to have possessed in Europe, alone, four distinct kingdoms, — Portugal, Sardinia, the two Sicilies, and Belgium; in Asia, one vice-royalty, India; and in America, nine republics, — Mexico, Guatemala, Colombia, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, La Plata, and Chili. To-day, the greater part of this immense territory is either under English rule or entirely subservient to English influence. Great Britain now owns nearly all the islands that once belonged to Spain, and they are really almost innumerable. As we have remarked before, she has devoured Spain as Spain devoured Portugal. As we glance over the foreign domains of Great Britain to-day, we see only

Portuguese and Castillian names, — Gibraltar, Sierra Leone, Ascension Island, Fernando Po, the Mascarenhas, Cape Delgado, Cape Guardafui, Honduras, Barbadoes, the Bermudas, Trinidad, Santa Margarita, Tobago, and Antigua. Spain is apparent everywhere. Even under the tremendous pressure which England has brought to bear upon them, the fragments of Charles V.'s empire have not yet lost their original form, and one can still distinguish the Spanish monarchy in the domains of Great Britain as one finds a half-digested jaguar in the belly of a boa-constrictor.

VIII.

As has been stated in Section V., the causes which led to the decadence of the two great empires of the seventeenth century were an inherent part of their constitution, but their power though short-lived was sufficiently formidable to nearly destroy civilization, and would unquestionably have done so, had it not been for the vigorous resistance of Europe.

In the seventeenth century, Europe, the guardian of modern civilization, was menaced on either hand by Turkey and Spain. In the nineteenth, she finds herself similarly situated with relation to Russia and England.

Nearly all the petty kingdoms and republics that assisted in the common defence have been shorn of most of their power or have ceased to exist altogether. Among these we may cite Holland, Hungary, Poland, Venice, Genoa, and Malta.

The Pope is now only a nominal sovereign. The

Catholic religion has lost ground, and to lose ground is to lose contributors. Rome has become impoverished. Her states cannot furnish her with an army; she has no money to buy one, nor are there any armies for sale at the present time. As a temporal prince, the Pope is no more.

The only nations of former times that remain are consequently France and Germany. These suffice, however, for France and Germany are really Europe. Germany is the heart; France is the head.

Germany and France are essentially civilization. Germany feels; France thinks; and heart and brain compose the civilized man.

There is a close connection, an undoubted relationship, between these two nations. They were of the same origin; they struggled together against the Romans; they were brothers in days gone by, they are brothers now, they will be brothers in time to come.

Their mode of formation, too, has been the same. They are not isolated nations; they did not acquire their possessions by conquest; they are true sons of the European soil.

In fact, the attributes of a son of the soil are such an inherent part of their nature and have been developed in them to such an extent that any mixture with any invading nation has long been an utter impossibility. Take for example, the Slavonic races which have inhabited German soil for six hundred years. Tollius speaking of them says: "When I was at the Court of Brandebourg in 1687, the Elector remarked to me one day: 'I have

a large number of Vandals in my country. They live on the shores of the Baltic, and speak the Slavonic tongue. They are an unruly, seditious people, fond of change, and thorough infidels so far as religion is concerned. They have a number of cities where at least five or six hundred families reside, and they really have a king who wears a crown and to whom they pay a sesterce a head every year. They retreat into the forests and inaccessible marshes when one attempts to approach them, a fact which has prevented me from opening schools in their midst, but I have had the Bible, the Psalms, and the Catechism translated into their language. They have weapons, but keep them carefully concealed.' After a moment's silence, the elector added: 'Tollius, you are an alchemist, and it may be possible for you to make gold out of copper, but I defy you to make a Prussian out of a Vandal.' "

The task was difficult, indeed, but what no alchemist could do, German nationality assisted by the enlightenment of this nineteenth century has finally accomplished.

The union of *douanes* has done for Germany what the establishment of *départements* has done for France, given it unity.

To maintain equilibrium in the universe there should be in Europe, as a sort of double key to the continent, two countries of the Rhine, both fertilized and closely united by that regenerating stream, — one to the north and east of it, Germany, bordering on the Baltic, the Adriatic, and the Black Sea, with Sweden, Denmark, Greece, and the principalities of the Danube for allies;

the other to the south and west of it, France, bordering on the Mediterranean and the ocean, with Italy and Spain for allies.

For more than a thousand years this same question has been agitated and the scheme has already been attempted by three great princes.

First by Charlemagne. In the eighth century, it was not the Turks and Spaniards, not the English and Russians, but the Saxons and Normans that formed the disturbing element, and Charlemagne constructed his empire with a view to protection against them; still his was a vague but nevertheless unmistakable effort to establish the state of affairs to which we have referred.

A similar attempt was subsequently made by Louis XIV. That monarch endeavoured to construct the empire south of the Rhine which we have indicated. He placed members of his family in Spain, Italy, and Switzerland. The idea was excellent, but the dynasty was worn out; the idea was grand, but the dynasty was petty, and this disparity caused ultimate failure.

Finally, by Napoleon. He established members of his family as rulers not only in Spain, Lombardy, Etruria, and Naples, but also in the Duchy of Berg, and in Holland, in order to include the entire territory between the Mediterranean and the ocean. Then after he had repeated what Louis XIV. attempted, he endeavoured to repeat what Charlemagne attempted. He wedded Austria, gave Westphalia to his brother, Sweden to Bernadotte, and promised Poland to Poniatowski. It was in attempting this herculean task that he found

himself opposed by England, Russia, and *Providence*, and suffered defeat. The time had not yet come. Had he succeeded, the continental group would have been formed.

Perhaps the work of Charlemagne and Napoleon can be accomplished better without Napoleon and Charlemagne. Such great men are often a positive disadvantage to such a project, inasmuch as they are likely to excite national jealousy by their rather French than Germanic personality. Misunderstandings arise from this, and people begin to imagine that they are serving a man and not a cause, — the ambition of one individual, and not the welfare and advancement of mankind. Their zeal flags, and they finally desert altogether. This is what happened in 1813.

It must not be Charlemagne or Bonaparte who is defending himself against his enemies to the east or to the west of him; it must be Europe. When Central Europe is reorganized, as it will be, some day, the best interests of each and every nation must be considered.

France, supported by Germany, will show a bold front to England, — who, as we have before remarked, represents the spirit of commerce, — and force her back into the ocean.

Germany, sustained by France, will show a bold front to Russia, — who, as we have said before, represents the spirit of conquest, — and force her back into Asia.

The proper place for commerce is in the ocean.

As for the spirit of conquest, which has war for its chief agent, and which imparts new life to dead coun-

tries, and destroys living ones, — Asia needs it, Europe does not.

Civilization allows of both the military and commercial spirit, but is not composed of them exclusively. She combines them in due proportions with other human elements. She restrains the spirit of warfare by sociability, and the spirit of barter by disinterestedness. The accumulation of wealth is not her sole object; nor self-aggrandizement her only ambition. To enlighten in order to ameliorate is her aim; and she conquers the passions, prejudices, illusions, errors, and foibles of mankind by the calm and majestic power of thought.

In short, the union between Germany and France would hold England and Russia in check, and insure the safety of Europe and universal peace.

IX.

ENGLAND and Russia, the ruling spirits of the Congress of Vienna, understood this fact perfectly in 1815.

There was then a rupture between Germany and France; the cause of which may be briefly explained as follows:—

The Czar, through an enthusiastic admiration for Bonaparte, had sympathized with France for a time; but on finding that Napoleon was putting northern Europe on its guard against Russia, his feelings underwent a change.

Now, however much Napoleon may have admired and esteemed Alexander as a man, he certainly cannot be

blamed for fortifying Europe against the Russians. It was as impossible for Charlemagne and Napoleon not to form Europe in a certain fashion as it is for the beaver not to construct his habitation in a certain shape in order to protect it from certain dangers. When self-preservation and propagation — those two great natural laws — are involved, the instincts of a genius are as trustworthy, and also as fatal so far as everything else is concerned, as brute instinct.

England had not even shared Alexander's temporary illusion. The peace of Amiens was of the briefest possible duration. Fox, alone, had been fascinated by the Emperor; besides, Napoleon's Europe was organized even more with a view to resisting the encroachments of England than the encroachments of Russia. The events of 1812 are familiar to every one. Napoleon had relied upon the support of Germany as well as France; but harassed upon every side, hated and betrayed by the monarchs of the old *régime*, and hampered in his means of action, he made two great mistakes: one in the North, the other in the South, — he incensed Spain and wounded Prussia. A terrible, and in some respects just, reaction ensued. Prussia revolted, as Spain had already done, and the Emperor was compelled to retreat into France; where for three long months, he struggled like a giant hand to hand with all Europe. But the combat was an unequal one, the Emperor fell, France veiled her face; but, before she averted her gaze, she recognized Germany among the advance-guard of the Russian hordes. Hence the rupture between the two countries.

But in the hearts of generous nations, sisters by blood as well as in thought, angry and resentful thoughts fade away, and the great misunderstanding of 1813 must eventually be forgiven and forgotten. Germany who has proved herself so valiant in war is sure to become reasonable and considerate in time of peace. Everything that is noble and sublime, even beyond her boundaries, arouses her enthusiastic admiration. When her opponent is worthy of her, she fights him to the last, but she honours him when he falls. Napoleon was too truly great for her to be able to long withhold her admiration from him, too unfortunate for her not to love him again eventually; and to the French people who never have, and who never will, forget St. Helena, any person who loves and admires the great Emperor is a Frenchman. The two nations were consequently almost certain to forget their mutual grievances and become reconciled to each other in a given time.

England and Russia foresaw that this was almost inevitable; and, in order to prevent it, they wished to create a permanent cause of animosity between Germany and France, so they took from France and gave to Germany the west bank of the Rhine.

X.

THIS was an act of the shrewdest possible policy. The result was to mutilate the principality sketched by Charlemagne, constructed by Louis XIV., and completed and restored by Napoleon I., — to enfeeble central

Europe, to infect it with a sort of chronic malady, — to destroy it, perhaps eventually, by establishing a painful and ever deepening ulcer near its heart; to make a breach in France, which is as much Rhenish as Mediterraneanish, — *Francia rhenana*, as the old Carlovingian charts say. It was virtually to post the advance-guard of a foreign army only five days' march from Paris.

The profound cunning and craft which conceived this plan also showed itself in the manner in which it was carried out.

To give the west bank of the Rhine to Germany was a shrewd idea; to give it to Prussia was a *chef d'œuvre* of State policy, — a *chef d'œuvre*, too, of hatred, cunning, and discord.

Prussia is a youthful, energetic, clever, chivalric, liberal, powerful, war-like nation; a nation of to-day which is sure of a to-morrow; a nation which can count with certainty upon a brilliant career, especially under its present ruler, — a grave, noble, intelligent, and honourable prince who is worthy to give his people that greatest of dignities, liberty. Realizing perfectly her constantly increasing growth and importance as a nation, it is not strange that Prussia with a natural, but in my opinion mistaken, sense of honour should be unwilling to abandon what she has once acquired.

The English diplomatists took good care not to give the west bank of the Rhine to Austria, for the power of that nation has been slowly, but perceptibly, waning for two hundred years.

In the eighteenth century, almost at the same time

that Peter the Great created Russia, Frederick the Great created Prussia, constructing it for the most part out of scraps of Austria.

Austria might, with truth, be termed Old Germany; Prussia, New Germany, the Germany of the future.

Prussia is to Germany what France is to southern Europe. Consequently, there should be between Prussia and France a united effort, a cordial aiming towards the same great object, and a profound harmony and sympathy. The apportionment of the Rhine created a profound antipathy. There should be friendship between the two countries; this division of territory created hatred, and hatred of the bitterest kind.

To embroil France with Germany was something; to embroil France with Prussia was everything.

The installation of Prussia in the Rhenish provinces was the most important act of the Congress of Vienna. It was a wonderful diplomatic feat on the part of Lord Castlereagh, and Talleyrand's greatest blunder.

XI.

THIS was the one idea in the unfortunate reorganization of affairs effected in 1815. Everything else was done in the most careless, haphazard manner imaginable. The congress thought only of disorganizing France, not of organizing Germany.

Countries were given to princes, and princes allotted to countries, without the slightest regard to suitability or proximity, and in most cases without consulting the

past history, origin, or preferences of the people concerned, or even their *amours-propres*; for nations have their *amours-propres*, which to their honour, be it said, are often more potent in influence than their interests.

One striking example of the manner in which the Congress of Vienna performed its work may be cited here. Mayence is an illustrious city. Even in the ninth century it was powerful enough to punish its bishop, Hatto; and in the twelfth, to defend its archbishop, Adelbert, against the Emperor and the empire. In 1285 it was one of the most prominent of the league of Hanse Towns. It was the home of the Meister singers; it was also the cradle of printing, that is to say, of modern thought. She has preserved and can still show the house occupied by Gutenberg, Jean Fust, and Pierre Schæffer from 1443 to 1450; and which she calls very appropriately the Dreikönigshof, *the house of the three kings*. For eight hundred years, Mayence was the capital of one of the principal German Electorates; for twenty years, Mayence had been one of the chief frontier towns of France. The Congress of Vienna gave it, as it would have given some paltry village to a fifth-rate power, to Hesse.

Mayence was endowed with a distinct, strongly marked, jealous, proud nationality. The electorate of Mayence was a power in Europe; to-day it is garrisoned by foreign troops, and degraded into a sort of sentry-box where Austria and Prussia stand guard with eyes fixed upon France.

In 1135 Mayence recorded upon the bronze doors

presented to her by Willigis the privileges Adelbert had granted her. She still possesses the bronze doors, but the privileges are hers no longer.

In the distant past, Mayence had not a few Roman memories; the tomb of Drusus is there. She has French memories, too: Pepin, the first king of France ever consecrated, was consecrated there by Boniface, the Archbishop of Mayence. She has no Hessian memories, however, unless it be this: in the sixteenth century her territory was laid waste by John Landgrave of Hesse.

This will suffice to give a tolerably correct idea of the proceedings of the famous Congress of Vienna. Never before was a surgical operation conducted in such a careless, haphazard fashion. The members of France must be amputated without delay, the Rhine provinces mutilated, the French spirit exterminated. They tore Napoleon's empire in pieces; one nation seizing this fragment, another that, without once stopping to see if the fragment might not suffer thereby, or if it was not torn from its centre, that is to say, from its heart, and if it would ever be likely to regain its vitality and attach itself elsewhere. No soothing ointment was applied to the wounds thus made, and those which bled then are bleeding still.

Bavaria received a few links of the mountain-chain of the Vosges, — a section of country about one hundred and twenty miles long and eighty wide, containing a population of 517,000 souls: three pieces from our three departments of the Sarre, the Lower Rhine, and Mont

Tonnerre. Out of these three scraps, Bavaria formed four districts. If you ask why these precise figures should have been decided upon, you will find no explanation. It was due merely to caprice.

Hesse-Darmstadt received the northern end of the Vosges, the northern part of the department of Mont Tonnerre, inhabited by 173,400 souls. Out of these people and this territory Hesse-Darmstadt formed eleven cantons.

If one takes up a German map and glances at the region round and about the confluence of the Maine and of the Rhine, one is agreeably surprised to see a large, five-petaled flower blooming there,—a flower formed, in 1815, by the delicate scissors of this same congress. Frankfort, which forms the pistil of this flower, contains a population of forty-six thousand souls, five thousand of whom are Jews. The five petals, which are painted as many different colours on the map, belong to five different governments; the first to Bavaria, the second to Hesse-Cassel, the third to Hesse-Homburg, the fourth to Nassau, and the fifth to Hesse-Darmstadt.

Was it necessary to environ in such a fashion a famous city in which one can almost feel the heart of Germany throb? The German emperors were elected and crowned there; the German Diet deliberated there; Goethe was born there.

If one travels to-day through the Rhenish provinces, the tourist encounters now a white and blue flag, and discovers he is in Bavaria; then a white and red flag, and finds he is in Hesse; then a black and white flag,

and discovers that he is in Prussia. But why? Is there any reason for this? Has he crossed a river or a chain of mountains? Has he noticed any change in the country through which he is passing? None whatever. Nothing has undergone any change except the colour of the flag. The fact is, he is neither in Prussia nor in Hesse nor in Bavaria. He is on the west bank of the Rhine, that is to say, in France; as one is in Germany when one is on the east bank of the Rhine.

One thing is incontestable; the division made in 1815 was a most unequal division. The monarchs merely said: "Here is Joseph's robe, let us rend it and let each person keep whatever remains in his hands."

These fragments have been sewed here and there on each principality, and may be detected at a glance, for never were more strangely shaped and incongruous patches affixed to the map of the world; never did rags adjusted here and there by political policy so conceal and travesty the natural boundaries established by rivers, seas, and mountains.

And sooner or later, the great nations of the Rhine will discover how little their real interests have been considered. They will discover with what infinite disdain the Congress of Vienna treated history, the past, and all geographical and commercial affinities; in short, all that constitutes the unity of a nation,—in the boundaries thus hastily established. Strange to say, these potentates distributed people here and there without paying the slightest attention to the people. Each one paid his debts with a bit of France. One prince

demanded earnest money, they gave him a city; another claimed damages, they tossed him a village.

But under this apparent carelessness and indifference, as we have before remarked, there was one deep-laid and cunning scheme, which was successfully carried into execution, quite as much to the detriment of Germany as of France. The Rhine, the river which should unite them, has been made the stream that divides them.

XII.

THIS state of affairs is too strained and unnatural to be permanent. Time adjusts all such inequalities, and France will eventually regain her natural form and proportions. In our opinion, this change will be brought about gradually and peaceably by force of circumstances combined with the influence of enlightened and unprejudiced thought. There are two obstacles, however, — a material obstacle and a moral obstacle.

XIII.

THE material obstacle is Prussia.

We have no intention of retracting what we have said on this subject. It is certain, however, that Prussia will realize, sooner or later, three very important things.

The first is that, leaving the personal character of the rulers entirely out of the question, an alliance with Russia is and ever will be an utter impossibility for any nation of central Europe. There may be friendly

protestations and overtures in plenty ; but Russia loves Germany as England loves Portugal and Spain, — as the wolf loves the lamb.

The second is that, in spite of all the efforts Prussia has made for twenty-five years, in spite of such enforced concessions as the diminution of taxes on tobacco, hops, and wine, paternal as we must admit its government has been, — the west bank of the Rhine has remained thoroughly French at heart ; while the east bank, naturally and necessarily German in its sympathies and temperament, has become Prussian to the very core. In every inn and shop and bar-room you enter on the east bank of the Rhine, you see the portrait of Frederick the Great and a picture of the battle of Rosbach hanging on the wall. Enter similar establishments on the west bank of the Rhine, and you will see pictures of Napoleon and of Austerlitz everywhere. Freedom of the press does not exist in Prussian territory, but freedom of the house wall does ; and that suffices, as we have seen, to reveal the secret preferences of a people.

The third is that Prussia will soon discover that her territory as formed by the Congress of Vienna is not well shaped. What is Prussia to-day ? Three islands on solid ground. That seems a strange thing to say, but it is true, nevertheless. The Rhine, and above all a want of sympathy and unity of feeling, divides the Grand Duchy of the Lower Rhine, which is, itself, separated from old Prussia by a strait which is formed by an arm of the German Confederation, and in which the electorates of Hanover and Hesse meet. Between

the two narrowest points in this strait, that is between Liebenau and Wilzenhs, stands Cassel as if to prevent any communication between them. Strange, as it may appear, the King of Prussia cannot return to his home without passing through foreign territory.

It must be evident to every one that such a state of affairs as this can only be provisional.

Prussia seems likely to become, in fact, she is sure to become, a great, homogeneous kingdom, firmly united in all her parts, and powerful alike on land and sea. At the present time, she has maritime ports only on the Baltic,—a sea not equal in depth to the waters of Lake Constance, a sea which could be even more easily blockaded than the Mediterranean. Prussia must possess commercial ports upon the ocean.

No one can see into the future; and God alone with his inexorable finger advances, withdraws, or effaces the red and green lines men trace upon the map of the world; but even now, it is apparent to any thoughtful observer that Providence is already putting to rights, in its usual slow, majestic fashion, what the Congress of Vienna disarranged. By separating, through the fortunate accession to the throne of a young girl, the crown of Hanover from the crown of England; by isolating the petty kingdom from the great; by afflicting the House of Brunswick with mental and physical incapacity, that is to say, by dooming it to speedy extinction,—God seems to be already revealing his means and his aim: the union of Hanover with Prussia, and the restoration of the Rhine to France.

When we say the Rhine, we mean the western bank of the Rhine. Prussia has more of the eastern bank than of the western, and she should retain it.

The incorporation of Hanover with Prussia would be a great step towards liberty, dignity, and grandeur. To Prussia, the possession of Hanover would not only mean homogeneity of territory, and the subsequent absorption of Hamburg and Oldenburg, but a secure foothold on the borders of the ocean, unrestricted navigation, and the possibility of becoming as powerful on sea as on land.

What is the western bank of the Rhine in comparison with all these advantages?

XIV.

THE moral obstacle is the uneasiness France excites in Europe.

To understand the powerful influence France exerts upon the continental atmosphere, it is only necessary to compare the Europe of two centuries ago with the Europe of to-day.

If it is really true that social progress must proceed by slow, successive, and peaceful transformations, then it may appear at the first glance that Europe has retrograded instead of advanced.

The reader may recollect that in the seventeenth century there were but twelve hereditary monarchies in Europe; now there are seventeen.

There were five elective monarchies; now, there is only one, the Holy See.

There were eight republics; now there is only one, Switzerland.

Switzerland, we must add, has not only survived, but has increased considerably in importance. It consisted then of thirteen cantons. It can now boast of twenty-two. Permit me here to remark, — for physical causes must not be entirely ignored even though we are discussing moral causes, — all the republics that have disappeared were either in a plain or bordering on the sea. The only one that proved enduring was in the mountains. Mountains seem to be the safeguard of a republic. For the last five centuries, in spite of the leagues against them, there have been three mountain republics in the eastern hemisphere, — one in Europe, Switzerland, that owns the Alps; one in Africa, Abyssinia, containing the Mountains of the Moon; one in Asia, Circassia, containing the Caucasus.

Of the five elective monarchies but one remains, Rome, which has degenerated from the first rank into a third-class power.

Of the eight republics, one, Venice, was a second-rate power. The only one now in existence, Switzerland, is, like Rome, a third-rate power.

The five leading nations, France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and England, are all hereditary monarchies. Consequently it would seem that monarchical principles have gained ground, and democratic principles have lost ground; but although this is apparently the fact, the contrary is really true. Though four elective monarchies out of five have disappeared, seven republics out

of eight have shared the same fate. It suffices to state this fact: France has changed from an almost absolute, to a popular, monarchy.

This is but a step, but this step has been taken by France; and sooner or later every step that France takes, the world will take. This is so true that when she proceeds with haste, the world rebels against it, and takes her to task, finding it more easy to combat her than to follow her. Hence the best political policy for France could be summed up in a few words: "Never proceed so slowly as to retard Europe; never proceed so rapidly as to prevent Europe from overtaking you."

Words are nothing; ideas are everything. What is the use of fighting for or against the word *Republic*, for example, when facts have proved beyond all question that seven republics, four elective monarchies, and seventy free cities have proved a much less important factor in European civilization than the liberal ideas France has disseminated through the world. Governments retard or promote civilization; not by the name they bear, but by the example they set.

And now let us compare the example set by these nations with that set by France.

Venice was an enthusiastic lover of equality. The doge had only his vote in the Senate. The police entered his house as they would have entered the house of the humblest citizen, and, closely masked, examined his papers in his presence without his venturing to utter a word of protest. The relatives of the doge were regarded with suspicion, merely because they were

relatives of the doge. The Venetian cardinals were regarded with as much or even more distrust than foreign princes. Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, in Venice was merely a Venetian dame. One day a senator, who had been created a count by the Emperor of Germany, had a count's coronet carved over his door. The next morning, the coronet had disappeared. The Council of Ten had ordered it destroyed. The senator swallowed the affront in silence, and he was wise. Under Francesco Foscari, when the King of Dacia visited Venice, the republic gave him the title of *citoyen*, and nothing more.

This was all very well, and the most zealous champion of equality could ask no more. But there were *citadins* as well as *citoyens*. The *citoyens* were the nobility; the *citadins* were the people; but the *citadins*, that is to say, the people, had no rights or privileges whatever. Their chief magistrate, who was styled Chancellor of the *Citadins*, and who was really a sort of plebeian doge, ranked far below the most insignificant of the nobles. There was an insuperable barrier between the high and the low, and under no circumstances could a *citadin* rise to the rank of a nobleman. This happened only once, and then in the fourteenth century when thirty wealthy *bourgeois* nearly impoverished themselves to save the republic; and as a reward, or rather in payment for their services, were elevated to the rank of nobles. But this very nearly caused a revolution; and these thirty names have been regarded by aristocratic eyes, even up to the present time, as so many blots

upon the list of patricians. The nobility declared they owed the people only one thing, — cheap bread. This was the Venetians understanding of the word “equality.” In France, the law has abolished privileges of every sort and kind. It has declared all trades and professions open to all men according to their tastes and aptitudes; and this, together with the perfectly equal ground upon which the highest and lowest native-born citizen meet before the law, constitutes the only real equality. Whatever a man’s origin may be, France gives him an opportunity to prove and to develop his natural superiority, and by perfect equality of conditions makes inequality in intellectual endowments all the more apparent.

In Genoa, as in Venice, there were two distinct governments, the *grande république* governed by the doge and the aristocracy; the *petite république* governed by the Order of Saint George; but unlike Venice, here it was the lower classes that hampered and even oppressed the upper class. The Order of Saint George was composed of the creditors of the government. It was powerful and exacting, and often imposed heavy obligations upon the nobility. Nothing can be more despotic than a government of nobles unless it be a government of merchants. Geneva was a nation of debtors governed by a nation of creditors. In Venice, the *citadinance* paid the bulk of the taxes; in Genoa, the nobility were subjected to rates of taxation that were often ruinous.

France, which has proclaimed all native-born citizens equal in the eyes of the law, has also imposed a strict equality so far as taxation is concerned.

In Genoa, justice was administered by a court invariably composed of five foreigners. In Lucca, the court consisted of but three officials; the first being a podesta, the second a civil judge, the third a criminal judge; and in this case, they must not only not be natives of Lucca, but they must also have been born at least fifty miles from the town. France has established both the principle and the fact that the only impartial and just court is the court of the community, — the native court.

In Genoa, the doge was guarded by five hundred German troops; in Venice, the government was defended by a foreign army always under command of a foreign general; in Ragusa, by a hundred Hungarians under their commanding officer, who conducted all the executions; in Lucca, the chief magistrate was protected in his palace by one hundred foreign soldiers, who like the judges must have been born not less than fifty miles from the city. France places her ruler, her government, and her laws under the protection of the National Guards. The old time republics seemed to distrust themselves; France trusts France.

In Lucca, the *Conseil des Discoles* had the power to denounce any citizen as dangerous, and to banish him for three years under penalty of death in case of return before that period had expired. Of course, countless abuses were the result: France has abolished ostracism; France respects the private life of her citizens.

In Holland, the few governed the many. Provinces voted, not individuals. Each province had its special laws, — feudal in Friesland, less conservative

in Groningen, exceedingly liberal in the Overysse. In the province of Holland, but eighteen cities had any voice in the affairs of the republic; seven others were allowed to express an opinion, but only when a question of peace or war and the election of a new ruler was involved. None of the other cities were even consulted; and the cities and villages of the Duchy of Brabant obeyed the general government without the right of representation. In France, the law applies to all cities as well as to all citizens.

Geneva was a Protestant city, but Geneva was extremely intolerant. The crackling of fagots could be heard even above the quarrelsome voices of her doctors of divinity. The fagots lighted by Calvin blazed as furiously in Geneva, as Torquemada's fagots in Madrid. France professes, practises, and protects liberty of conscience.

Strange as it may appear, Switzerland though apparently the land of the peasant, and the freest of republics, was really a land of hierarchy and of inequality. The republic was divided into three parts. The first division comprised the thirteen cantons and ruled all the rest of the country; the second consisted of Saint Gall, the Grisons, Valais, Richtersweil, Bienne, and Mulhausen; the third division consisted of all the conquered and purchased provinces. These last were governed in the most singular manner. Baden in Aargau, acquired in 1415, and Thurgau, acquired in 1460, belonged to the first eight cantons. The first seven cantons exercised entire jurisdiction over the Free Provinces captured in 1415, and over Sargaus sold

to the Swiss in 1483 by Count George de Werdenberg. The first three cantons ruled Bilitona and Bellinzona. Ragatz, Lugano, Locarno, and Mendrisio obeyed all the other cantons, Appenzell excepted. France concedes no such superiority. Alsace is the equal of Touraine; Dauphine is as free as the Maine: Franche-Comté exercises as much power as Brittany, and Corsica is as thoroughly French in character as the *Île de France*.

The comparison which we have just ventured proves conclusively that these old republics expressed local generalities, while France expresses general ideas; in other words, the old republics represented certain interests, France represents rights.

These republics were the natural fruit of the past and of the soil in which they sprung to life.

Inequality between individuals, between villages, between provinces, religious persecutions, unequal taxation, venality of office, division into castes, foreign officials, the presence of a foreign army in the country, — the old republics advocated and practised all these according as political necessities or interest might demand. A united nation, equal rights, freedom of conscience and of thought, the abolition of privileges, equal taxation, justice to all, and a national army, — these are the principles of government France proudly proclaims to the world.

The old republics underwent eclipse and the world was scarcely conscious of the fact, if the like ever happens to France, twilight will envelop the entire eastern hemisphere. Not that the old republics exerted no

influence upon European civilization, but France is certainly essential to it.

In short, the old republics were fruitful only in facts; France is fruitful in principles.

This is the great advantage; this, too, is the great danger.

The extreme liberality of French principles makes other nations anxious to try them. To become a Venice would not be likely to prove a temptation to any nation; to become a France would, and the natural consequences of this are the attempts which crowned heads dread.

France speaks loudly, and continually, and to every one; hence the clamour that arouses some; hence the shocks that make others tremble.

Often that which seems most attractive to nations seems most fraught with menace to princes.

France offers many interesting problems for the consideration of thoughtful minds. Among these problems, there are some that clever and well-balanced minds solve in a sensible and practical manner; there are others, that unsound and ill-balanced minds solve by sophistries; there are others, for which savage and ferocious natures can find no solution save in turmoil, conspiracy, and assassination.

And then — and this is the great objection to theories — we begin by abolishing privileges, and we are quite right; then we abolish certain hereditary rights, in which we are only partially right; then we abolish the rights of the property-holder, in which we are no longer right; then we abolish the family and its ties, in which

we are utterly wrong; then we abolish the human heart by silencing its promptings and the dictates of humanity and thereby transform ourselves into monsters. Even in the abolition of privileges, one errs greatly if one does not carefully distinguish between privileges instituted merely for the benefit of an individual, which are bad, and those granted in the interest of mankind, which are good. The mind of man, guided by that blind thing we call logic, flies swiftly from the general to the absolute, and from the absolute to the abstract. Unfortunately, in politics, from the abstract to the ferocious is but a step. By passing from abstraction to abstraction one becomes a Nero or a Marat. In the early part of the present century, France, — for I desire to extenuate nothing, — made this grievous mistake; but she soon realized it, and returned to the right path.

In '79 she dreamed of a paradise; in '93 she experienced a hell; in 1800 she founded a dictatorship; in 1815 she inaugurated a restoration; in 1830, a free government. She committed all sorts of follies and excesses before she learned wisdom; she passed through all kinds of revolutions before she secured liberty.

But just here permit me to make one slight digression, especially as it relates indirectly to the subject under discussion. Everything for which France has been so severely censured, everything France did then, England had done previously. — But — and can this be the reason England has so entirely escaped censure? — the results of the English revolution proved much less

important and far-reaching than those of the French revolution. The English protectorate, selfish like all those other republics which are dead and gone, made stipulations only for the English nation; the other, as we have before remarked, stipulated for an improvement in the condition of all mankind.

In other respects, too, the comparison is favourable to France. The massacres of Connaught far exceeded in horror those of '93. The English revolution seemed to have more power for evil than ours, and less power for good. It killed a much greater king and produced a vastly inferior man. One admires Charles I.; but one can only pity Louis XVI. As for Cromwell, although he was unquestionably a great man in some respects, his character was really too much deformed to excite very enthusiastic admiration. The Scarron in his composition spoiled the Richelieu; the Robespierre in his character spoiled the Napoleon.

One might truly say that the influence and enlightening power of the English revolution was circumscribed, like England herself, by the sea. The ocean isolates ideas and events as well as people. The protectorate of 1657 is to the empire of 1811, what an island is to a continent.

It is a fact well worthy of note that two crowned heads should have fallen in England within the space of fifty years, one by royal edict, the other by the will of the people, without exciting any emotion save that of pity in the monarchs of Europe.

When the head of Louis XVI. fell in Paris, the fact

seemed unprecedented, the deed atrocious. The blow struck by the vile hand of Marat and of Couthon struck a hundred times more terror to the hearts of kings than the blow struck by the sovereign arm of Elizabeth and the formidable arm of Cromwell. It would scarcely be too much to say, that, to the world at large, anything that has not been done in France has not been done at all.

1587 and 1649, gloomy dates though they be, are forgotten, so lurid is the glare that envelops those four sinister figures, 1793.

As for England, it is incontestable that the *penitus toto divisos orbe britannos* has long been true. England is not as near the continent as she supposes. Canute the Great, who lived in the eleventh century, seems to Europeans a contemporary of Charlemagne. It took even Shakespeare's fame one hundred and forty years to make its way across the channel. In our own day, four hundred men silently assembling in the shadow of the old Porte Saint Martin, and parading the streets for three evenings create more alarm than all the savage turmoil that attends the English elections. People in general, and kings in particular, do not see France as she really is. England does the mischief; France makes the noise.

Now in this, the nineteenth century, we declare with joy and pride that the paramount object of France is the welfare of her people, — and, consequently, not only their gradual elevation intellectually and morally, but also the improvement of the condition of the poor and

afflicted, the amelioration of the present by the education of adults, and the assurance of a bright future by the education of the children.

This is certainly a grand and noble mission.

We cannot deny, however, that quite a large number of the least worthy, but perhaps not the most unfortunate, of our people seem to be governed by evil instincts. Envy and jealousy are rampant in their midst. The loafer watches the gilded idler with sullen, revengeful eyes; and situated between these two extremes in social rank,—extremes which resemble each other more closely than they think,—society, real society, the society which produces and thinks, seems oftentimes threatened with destruction. Hence, we cannot deny that thoughtful men, however kindly disposed they may be towards the lower classes, frequently feel distrust as well as sympathy. But though it is well to be watchful I do not believe there is any real cause for fear. In all the events which so terrified Europe, and which she declared unheard of, there was really nothing new. England had had revolutionists long before we did; Germany, too, had had communists long before we did. England beheaded a king long before France did; Bohemia, too, once overthrew society as well as France. The Hussites, of the fifteenth century practised all the theories of some of our own contemporaneous sectarians. They flaunted two banners. Upon one was inscribed: "Vengeance for the small against the great;" upon the other: "Reduce all the cities of the earth to five!" From these watchwords, it is evident that they were

quite as advanced in their ideas as the communists of the present day, nor were they wanting in similar deeds of prowess. They drove King Sigismond from his capital; they were, for a time, undoubted masters of the kingdom; they could boast of a man of rare ability as their leader, Ziska; they defied the Councils of Basle and eight Diets, — that of Brinn, that of Vienna, that of Presburg, two of Frankfort, and three of Nuremberg. They themselves held a Diet at Czaslau, where they formerly deposed the king and substituted a regency; they successfully resisted two crusades instituted against them by Martin V., and they terrified Europe to such an extent that a general peace was established in order to enable Germany to unite all her forces for their extermination. The terror created by their approach caused the removal of Charlemagne's crown and the crown jewels from Carlstein to Buda, and from Buda to Nuremberg. In the very presence of the German army, they devastated eight provinces; they defeated the best generals in Europe; eight times they nearly exterminated the German army; and among their eight armies there was one numbering at least one hundred thousand men under command of the Emperor Sigismond, one numbering one hundred and twenty thousand men under Cardinal Julien, and another of two hundred thousand men commanded by the electors of Trèves, Saxony, and Brandenburg. And this war, waged by a single sect against entire Europe and the whole human race, lasted how long? Sixteen years, or from 1420 to 1436. Ah, well! if civilization in the fifteenth century was able to

cope with and finally annihilate such a bloodthirsty and formidable enemy, has civilization in the nineteenth century any cause to tremble before a dozen drunken loafers composing political lampoons in a grog-shop? Enlightenment aided by a corporal of police and four subordinates will surely prove sufficient safeguard against such a danger and against such mischief-makers.

Let us cease to trouble ourselves and the continent so unnecessarily.

Leaving Russia and England out of the question, for reasons we have already explained, Europe is composed for the most part of two kinds of monarchical governments, — the ancient and the modern. The ancient are Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, Rome, Naples, and Turkey, and, most powerful of all, Austria. The modern are Belgium, Holland, Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Sardinia, and Greece; while at the head of these youthful kingdoms stands Prussia. There is another great nation, one that enjoys the twofold advantage of being both old and young. Her past is as rich as that of Austria; her future as promising as that of Prussia. This favoured country is France.

Does not this fact indicate clearly enough the indubitable *rôle* of France at this juncture? France is the point of intersection between what has been and what is to be, — the connecting link between the old countries and the new. The flood of centuries may roll on; the passage of humanity over it is assured. France is the granite bridge which will carry the generations of men safely from shore to shore.

Who, then, could think for a moment of destroying this bridge so providentially provided? Who could think of destroying or of dismembering France? A person who attempts it must be mad! A person who succeeded would be a parricide.

That which seems to excite most uneasiness among crowned heads is that France, with the generosity which is one of the chief characteristics of her nature, seems so anxious to diffuse among others the blessings she herself enjoys.

There should be a clearer understanding on this point.

Liberty is necessary to mankind. One might almost say that liberty is the vital breath of the human soul, for in some form or other it is essential to its very existence. Of course, all Europeans are not entirely free, but all enjoy freedom to some extent or in some shape. Here it is the city that is free, there it is the individual; here it is the public offices, there it is one's private life; here it is the conscience, there it is one's political opinions. One might truly say that there are nations which breathe through only one of their faculties as there are invalids who breathe through only one lung. If this respiration should become an impossibility, existence would cease; the nation and the sick man would die; but in the mean time, they live on, perhaps until they regain health, — that is, entire freedom. Sometimes the liberty is, so to speak, a part of the climate; it is nature that makes and confers it. To roam about half-naked, with a scrap of linen for a garment, and bit of sheepskin for a mantle; to bask in the warm

air and bright sunshine, to lie on the steps of the palace at the very hour the king is reclining on the royal couch within, and sleep far better than the king himself sleeps; to do what one pleases, to live almost entirely without work, to sing from morning until night, to live as a bird lives, — that is the freedom the people of Naples enjoy. Sometimes this liberty is a part of the very character of the nation, but it is none the less a gift from Heaven. To sit all day with one's head supported on one's hand in a tavern; to smoke the best tobacco, and drink the best beer; to take the pipe from one's mouth only to lift the glass to it, and yet be spreading the wings of one's soul all the while; to be meditating on the finest creations of the poets and the philosophers; to be concocting all sorts of Utopian schemes, and weaving a thousand charming fancies that effectually conceal the grim realities of life; to forget and at the same time remember; to live on thus, noble, grave, serious, with the body enveloped in smoke and the mind in the clouds, — that is the liberty the German enjoys. The Neapolitan possesses physical freedom, the German mental freedom. The freedom of the lazzaroni produced Rossini; German freedom produced Hoffmann. We French people enjoy the mental freedom of the German, and the political freedom of the English; but we do not enjoy the physical freedom of the Neapolitan. We are slaves to climate; and we are slaves to toil. The words free as air, which apply so well to the lazzaroni, cannot be applied to us. We do not feel disposed to complain, for bodily freedom is the only kind of free-

dom of which a person can be deprived without a loss of self-respect, and France has attained to such a degree of civilization that it does not suffice for a man to be free, but he must also be worthy of his freedom. Ours is, indeed, a magnificent patrimony. France is as noble in her aspirations as Germany, and she is far better able to apply the powers of her fertile mind to the amelioration of the condition of mankind. The Germans possess freedom of dreams; we enjoy freedom of thought.

But for freedom of thought to become general, the neighbouring nations must have undergone a long course of preparation for it. This they have not had as yet; but when that day dawns, French influence, perfected by all it will have seen and will have done, instead of ruining kings, will save them.

At least that is our profound conviction.

Why then should there be a desire on the part of any one to injure or hamper France who may perhaps prove such a powerful benefactress to other nations in years to come? Why refuse her what rightfully belongs to her?

It will be remembered that we have only been endeavouring to find a peaceful solution to this question, but is there not another? In the scales, in which this question of the ownership of the Rhine will be weighed some day, there is already a heavy weight, — the undoubted right of France to that territory. Will it be needful to add another heavy weight, — the wrath of France? We firmly hope and believe this will not be necessary.

Remember what France is!

Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and London are merely cities; Paris is a busy, ever-active brain.

For twenty-five years, France in spite of her sadly mutilated condition has continued to grow in a manner which, although not apparent to eyes of the flesh, is, after all, the truest and best growth, — that is, intellectually. The brightest minds of the present day, either in the political, literary, scientific, or artistic world, belong to France. It is she who has given them to civilization.

France, to-day, is consequently as powerful, and even more powerful than ever before, although in a very different way. That should satisfy her, perhaps, but remember this: Europe cannot be tranquil in mind so long as France is discontented.

And, after all, what possible interest can Europe have in keeping France confined within such unnatural limits, vainly seeking an outlet for the vigour and energy boiling in her veins? — forced, for want of some other *rôle*, to become the Rome of future civilization, the metropolis of humanity as the other Rome was once the metropolis of Christianity; regaining in influence far more than she has lost in territory; recovering, though under an entirely different form, the supremacy that is rightfully hers and that never can be taken from her, — for a queen she is and must ever remain by reason of her literature, her language, which is as universally spoken in this nineteenth century as Latin was in the twelfth, her press, her books, and the sometimes covert, sometimes open, but always profound sympathies of sister nations!

XV.

LET us recapitulate. Two hundred years ago, two formidable invaders threatened the peace of Europe, and menaced civilization itself with destruction. These two nations were Spain and Turkey.

Europe defended herself valiantly against these enemies, which have since fallen.

Now, two other nations, strongly resembling their predecessors, threaten Europe. These two nations are Russia and England.

Europe must again defend herself.

The Europe of mediæval times, which was of extremely complicated construction, has been demolished; the Europe of to-day is much more simple in form, being composed chiefly of France and Germany, — a double centre which should serve as a support for the group of nations to the north and to the south of it.

An alliance between France and Germany would insure the safety of Europe. Germany, sustained by France, could easily hold Russia in check; France, sustained by Germany, could easily hold England in check.

Hostility between France and Germany means the disintegration of Europe, for when Germany turns upon France with warlike thoughts intent, she gives Russia the coveted opportunity to enter; and when the attention of France is directed upon Germany with hostile intentions, a like opportunity is afforded England.

Consequently, what these two invading nations desired above all was the alienation of Germany and

France; and this was skilfully planned and ensured by the Russian and English policy of 1815.

This policy created a lasting cause of animosity between the two central nations. This cause of animosity was the presentation to Germany of the west bank of the Rhine, which naturally belongs to France; and in order that this gift might be well guarded it was given to the youngest and most powerful of the German nations, — that is, to Prussia.

Thanks to the efforts of London and St. Petersburg, two nations which were by nature constituted to understand and love each other feel a mutual antipathy which really amounts to hatred.

And while these two nations have been engaged in watching and threatening each other, both England and Russia have been silently and stealthily enlarging their boundaries.

The danger is increasing day by day, and a reconciliation between the two central nations is imperative if the most disastrous effects are to be averted.

Fortunately, neither France nor Germany are naturally selfish. They are two sincere, disinterested, and noble-hearted nations; formerly nations of warriors, but now nations of thinkers. Their present will not belie their past. Their minds will not prove less generous than their swords.

The solution of the problem is very simple. Do away with all cause of animosity between the two countries; close the gaping wound made in 1815; return to France what God gave her, — the west bank of the Rhine.

There are two obstacles in the case.

One is Prussia; but Prussia will discover, sooner or later, that a nation to be strong must needs have all its parts indissolubly bound together, — that homogeneousness is essential to a nation's longevity; that if she aspires to become the most powerful country of northern Germany she must have seaports, — and, that beautiful as the Rhine is, the ocean is worth far more to her.

Besides, she would retain possession of the east bank of the Rhine in any case.

The other obstacle is the feeling of uneasiness France seems to excite in European monarchs, and consequently the apparent necessity of curtailing her power as much as possible. It is here that the greatest danger really lies, for these efforts on their part only irritate her, and this irritation renders her dangerous. When she is calm, she advances step by step; when she becomes incensed, she proceeds by revolutions.

These two obstacles will vanish. When or how, Heaven only knows, but they will surely vanish. Sooner or later, France will have her share of the Rhine and her natural frontiers; and a permanent peace will be established.

Every European nation will be the gainer by this state of things.

Spain, for example, would again become a power in the land. Great Britain now regards her merely as a market for her products, the *point d'appui* of her maritime ventures; France would make Spain her sister in policy, influence, and civilization. She would be free

to choose between continued deterioration and a return to her former greatness, — between remaining a mere appendage to Gibraltar or becoming the valued friend and ally of France.

It is needless to say what her choice would be. The cause of dissension removed, no one need feel the slightest anxiety concerning the future of Europe.

XVI.

WE do not wish to be misunderstood, however. In our opinion, Europe should be ever on her guard against revolutions, and always prepared for war; but, at the same time, we are firmly convinced that unless some remarkable complication should interfere with the majestic onward march of the nineteenth century, civilization, which has already escaped so many storms and shipwrecks, will be removed farther and farther each day from that Charybdis we call war, and the Scylla we call revolution.

The idea is Utopian, maybe; but do not forget that when mankind is really progressing,—that is to say, when they are striving to attain to the noble, the true, and the just,—the Utopian schemes of one century are the established facts of the age that follows. There are men who say: “Such and such a thing will be some day;” there are others who say: “Behold it now!” Perpetual and universal peace was only a dream until the day when railroads were invented, and the earth became covered with a thick, living network of

rails. Watts is the complement of the Abbé de Saint Pierre.

In years gone by, all the sayings of the philosophers were greeted with the exclamation: "Thoughts and fancies that are sure to end in smoke!" But people have ceased to sneer at smoke now, for it is smoke that rules the world.

For perpetual peace to become a possibility, and theory, reality, two things were necessary: a medium for the rapid service of interests, and a medium for the rapid interchange of ideas, — in other words, a uniform mode of transportation and a common language. These the universe possesses to-day. The first is the railroad; the second is the French language.

In all progressive nations these are the means of communication, that is to say of civilization, or, in other words, of peace. Every one travels by rail and everybody speaks French.

But, strange to say, of all the governments and of all the nations that use these two admirable means of communication to-day, the French government is the one which seems to be least cognizant of their wonderful value and efficiency.

At the present time, 1841, France has only a few miles of railroad within her borders. In 1837, a bit of railroad was given as a sort of plaything to that big baby we call Paris, and for four years our country has been content with that. As for the French language, and as for French literature, they shine resplendent in the eyes of all governments and of all nations except the

French government. Although our literature is more vigorous and full of vivacity than ever, our government seems to be ignorant of its very existence and conducts itself accordingly,—which, by the way, is one of the greatest mistakes it has made for a dozen years. It is quite time that it opened its eyes, and paid some heed to the rising generation, who are as literary in their tastes as their grandfathers were warlike. Art is a power; literature, too, is a power; so let us welcome the new-comers, and give them an honoured place. Consequently, in our opinion, the likelihood of wars and of revolutions will decrease day by day, for in this nineteenth century every nation is either progressing or is sure to progress eventually.

So far as we are concerned, provided that Central Europe were constituted as we have described above, we could see without jealousy, or even uneasiness, Russia make the circuit of the Black Sea and finally reach Constantinople by way of Asia Minor as the Turks did before her. Russian influence is bad for Europe but good for Asia. In comparison with us, she is a barbarous nation; in comparison with Asia, she is a Christian nation. All people are not enlightened to the same extent, and in the same fashion. Darkness reigns in Asia, though it is bright daylight with us. Russia is a useful lamp, and France restored to her former greatness would see with pleasure the Greek cross replace the crescent on the dome of Saint Sophia. After the Turks, the Russians. That is certainly a step forward.

We believe that the noble and pious emperor who

rules so many millions of subjects is worthy to take this step; but he must not forget that the cruel treatment Poland has undergone at his hands may prove an important obstacle to his progress now, and greatly detract from his fame hereafter. The despairing cry of Greece aroused all Europe against Turkey; the Palatinate annihilated Turenne. Let the empire and the emperor take warning.

When one thoroughly understands the *rôle* England plays in continental affairs generally; and more particularly, when one understands the sometimes secret, sometimes open, but never flagging warfare that she wages against France, one cannot help thinking of the old Punic spirit that struggled so long against civilization in ancient times. The Punic spirit is the spirit of commerce, the spirit of barter, the spirit of adventure, the spirit of greed, the spirit of selfishness, and something even more, — the Punic spirit. History sees it established first at the farther end of the Mediterranean in Tyre and Sidon. It excited the antipathy of Greece, who drove it from its strongholds. Then it made its way cautiously along the coast of Africa, and founded Carthage, from which point it endeavoured to subjugate Italy. Scipio warred fiercely against it, and fancied he had destroyed it. But he was mistaken. The consul's heel only crushed the encircling walls; the Punic spirit survived, Carthage is not dead. She has been wandering about Europe for two thousand years. She concealed herself first in Spain, where she seemed to recall the Phœnician legend of a lost world. It was she who sent an expedition across

the sea in search of America, and found it; and afterwards intrenched, as we have seen, in the Spanish peninsula, she seemed for a moment to hold the entire world in her grasp. Providence interfered and compelled her to relax her hold. Now re-established in England, she has again made the circuit of the globe and again threatens Europe. But if Carthage has installed herself in a new region, Rome has done the same. Carthage finds her old opponent located directly opposite her as before. In ancient times, Rome, then called *Urbs*, watched the Mediterranean and Africa; now Rome, better known as Paris, watches the ocean and England.

The antagonism between England and France is so apparent as to excite universal comment. "England is the cat," remarked Frederick the Great; "France is the dog." Even savages seem to be vaguely aware of the great antipathy between these two powerful civilized nations. "Christ," said the American Indians, "was a Frenchman whom the English crucified in London. Pontius Pilate was an officer in the English service "

Ah, well! our faith in the future is so profound, our hopes and ambition for humanity so exalted, that we feel sure God will some day destroy all that is detrimental in this antagonism between the two nations, radical as this antagonism seems to be and as it really is.

Eventually, England will either be crushed by the formidable reaction of the universe, or she will be brought to realize that the reign of Carthage is past. In our opinion, she will come to this last conclusion at no very distant day. Considered merely from a busi-

ness point of view, Punic policy is a bad policy. To consider the whole human race traitors is dangerous; to have but one aim, self-interest, is unfortunate; to invariably espouse the cause of the strong against the weak, is cowardly; to ridicule unceasingly what is known as sentimental policy, and accord no praise to honour, glory, devotion, and the amelioration of misery and want is an ignominious *rôle* for a great nation, and England will realize all this sooner or later.

Islands are made to be of service to continents, not to rule them. The sea is a common highway, not a country. Navigation is a means, not an end. If she does not carry civilization with her, the sea had better engulf her.

Provided the innumerable lines of ocean traffic combine and unite with the network of railroads to continue on the ocean the important circulation of interests, improvements, and ideas, and if by means of these countless ramifications European civilization is carried to the ends of the earth, it matters not if England does possess the greatest navy in the world, provided France ranks second as a naval power.

In that event, the vivifying and improving influence of the globe will be represented by three nations: England, the exponent of commercial enterprise; Germany, of mental development; and France, of intellectual brilliancy.

We would exclude no one. Heaven curses and disinherits no nation. Nations that fall have only themselves to blame.

Henceforth, each enlightened nation should consider it its chief duty to enlighten such nations as are still groping in darkness. Each European country should aid in this great and noble work in proportion to the light which it possesses, and each one should devote itself to that portion of humanity which it can influence most potently.

France, for example, has never succeeded very well in her attempts at colonization. Complete civilization can find few points of contact with barbarism. Strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, that what France lacks in Algeria is a little barbarism. The Turks made much more sure and rapid progress; they were greater experts in the art of cutting off heads.

That which impresses the savage most deeply is not reason, but force.

What France lacks, England possesses; so too, does Russia, in an even greater degree.

These two nations are consequently well adapted for the inauguration of the great work. England and Russia should colonize the barbarous world; France will civilize the colonized world.

XVII.

MAY we, in conclusion, venture upon another slight digression, and refer to the point of view from which this sketch has been conscientiously made?

However grand and noble the ideas upon which a nation is founded may be, one nevertheless feels the

necessity of elevating them still higher, and of basing them upon those laws of humanity which govern the moral as well as the material world.

What we are about to say will not contradict, but rather corroborate, the contents of the preceding pages, and may also serve as a word of advice and warning to metaphysical and speculative minds as well as to practical men.

As in the time of the ancients the South ruled the world and the North overturned it, so in like manner, at the present day under an entirely different state of things, the wealthy, aristocratic, cultivated, and contented classes conduct the government, and the poor, ignorant, and wretched, disturb, and sometimes overthrow it. However great the apparent diversity between the foreign and domestic history of nations may be, at the bottom of both histories for the last three thousand years there has been but a single fact, — the struggle of poverty against wealth, of misery against comfort. From time to time certain unfavourably situated nations have disturbed the organization of Europe precisely as the poor and dissatisfied classes have disturbed the organization of society. Sometimes it is Europe and sometimes it is the government that is suddenly and violently attacked; Europe by those who are suffering with cold, the government by those who are suffering with hunger; that is to say, in the first case by the North, in the second, by the people. The North proceeds by invasions, the people by revolutions. The intervals between these great, and shall we say benefi-

cial, though melancholy catastrophes are merely the measure of human patience marked by Providence in history, — figures placed there to aid in the solution of this grim problem: "How long can a portion of the human race endure cold without a protest; and how long can a portion of society endure hunger?"

Now, however, a new law seems to be revealing itself, — a law which dates primarily from the downfall of Spain, and secondarily from the transformation in the French monarchy. One might suppose that Divine Providence had decided to gradually withdraw from the extreme regions of Europe and from the extremes in social rank the strange right which they have heretofore assumed to tyrannize over and exclude in the one case, and to agitate and destroy in the other. The government of the globe seems likely to be vested henceforth in the temperate regions and in the middle classes. Charles V. was the last great representative of Southern power, as Louis XIV. was the last great representative of absolute monarchy.

But though the South no longer reigns over Europe, and the aristocracy no longer rules society, the intermediate nations and the middle classes must not forget that they can retain their power only upon condition that they open their ranks.

The masses slumbering and suffering in the extreme North are, as it were, awaiting their turn. The North and the masses are the reservoirs of humanity. Let us aid them in peaceably attaining the places, things, and ideas which it seems to be their mission to fructify.

They should not be allowed to overflow their boundaries and rush down upon us like a raging torrent. Prudence, as well as a sense of duty, would prompt us to offer to nations less favoured, so far as location is concerned, a broad and peaceful outlet towards the land of the sun, and to the poor and wretched a share in the comforts and pleasures of life. Do away with want and misery, and you do away with the causes of war on the continent and with the causes of revolution in the state. For domestic as well as foreign policy, for the nations themselves, as well as for the different classes and conditions of men, for Europe as well as for society, the secret of peace may be summed up in these few words: "Give the North her share of sunshine, and the people their share of power."

PARIS, July, 1841.

THE END.



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